00085817

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hermès India
a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay
on 10 August, 2018

IN FOREIGN LANDS

IN FOREIGN LANDS

SOME SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND OCEANIA

By

J. NELSON FRASER, M.A.

(OF THE INDIAN EDUCATION SERVICE)

85817

3-d-75

LONDON

JOHN OUSELEY LIMITED

FLEET LANE, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

00085817

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	KASHMIR	1
II.	OOTACAMUND, THE TODAS AND SOME REFLECTIONS	40
III.	MADRAS AND BURMA	55
IV.	RAJPUTANA	99
V.	NORTHERN INDIA	133
VI.	A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA	166
VII.	AUSTRALIA	292
VIII.	NEW ZEALAND	349
IX.	SOUTH SEA ISLANDS	387

IN FOREIGN LANDS

CHAPTER I

KASHMIR

THE Himalaya Mountains, we all know, run from north-west to south-east, in great parallel folds; between the first two of these folds lies the valley of Kashmir. The Pir Panjal range divides it from the Punjab, and the traveller approaching from the south comes into touch with Kashmir when he gets past Lahore and sees the snowy summits of the Pir Panjal rising across the plain. It is not easy to cross them, certainly not in April, and the general plan nowadays is to go north as far as Rawal Pindi, and enter Kashmir by the Jhelum Valley. The road is long and tedious—two hundred miles long—and the scenery most of the way is dull. There is some interest in the cuttings, which are the deepest on any road in India. The valley is extremely narrow, and the mountains are formed of conglomerate rock, a sort of gravel pudding with large boulders in it. Thus, the side of the road is a wall, sometimes a hundred feet high, with stones large and small sticking out everywhere and threatening to tumble down. This they occasionally do, especially in the spring, when the snow is melting; land-slips are also common, bridges disappear, and the early traveller is saved from brooding over the tedium of the way.

He arrives in Kashmir at Baramula, and makes at once for his objective. As every taste suits itself, so it may be that he is a sportsman, with a long march still before him; or a society man, with his eye on garden-parties; or a lounger, needing nothing but a boat-house; or finally, like myself, a tourist in search of experiences. In this last case he may do what I did—he can do nothing better—take his tents and his coolies and his staff in his hand and march off to the Lolab Valley.

For the shape of Kashmir is such that the bottom of the chief valley is a flat plain, while the mountains which encircle it are full of winding glens. These are the beauties of Kashmir. By each of them you may ascend the mountain chains; if you persevere you may cross them and leave Kashmir behind you; or you may ascend one of them and cross the spur of the mountains and return to Kashmir by the next. You may do this many times before you have seen all the valleys of the country, and they are all worth seeing; but within the space of one vacation you must make a choice. Now Kashmir has been fully explored, and there are many guide books; but they all agree that the Lolab, the Sind and the Lidar Valley are first among their peers. So I started with the Lolab Valley, which is nearest to Baramula.

Cockburn's agency (whom I can recommend) had arranged for tents and stores to await me, together with a head man, Azad Bat, and a cook. They made their salaams at the Dak-bungalow, shivering like all the rest of the world, for there had been three days rain, and the weather was chilly. It cleared up next day; we hailed the sun with joy, and, tramping over the Jhelum, dived into the hills.

Now I had said to myself many times, "I will not be victimised by Kashmir; I will not expect anything one way or another; I will wait and see what the place is like." And when I got there, on that very wet day at Baramula, with nothing visible but pools and pollard willows, and mist and clouds, I said "Even now it is too early to judge." But two or three hours after I left Baramula, I had permitted a verdict to present itself, and by the evening it was the verdict of all my five senses ratified by that presiding spirit, the *manas*, which surveys and co-ordinates their reports. I never questioned this verdict all the time I was in Kashmir, and at this moment I find I have nothing to do but choose emphatic language, and record it.

There are three types of Kashmir scenery, that of the valley, the lower hills, and the snows. That of the valley is not without its own charms, and they are such as the Anglo-Indian is willing to enjoy. There are fields of grass enamelled with flowers, brooks and pools, and groves of mighty trees. First among these is the great chenar, that no tree in the world excels for spreading majesty and shade. Give it light and air, rich soil, and water, which it loves, and a single chenar will fill the landscape. Ten men shall not clasp its trunk, and a hundred herons shall lodge within its boughs unseen. Beneath it a company of soldiers may encamp, and no ray of sunlight shall fall on them from morn to eve. It lives from generation to generation; the chenars that burgeon in the spring to-day were planted by the Great Moghul. They are chief among the arboreal monarchs of the valley, not even the elms of Bawan match them, nor those poplars that skirt the Srinagar Road, and imprison the sky for sixteen miles.

It is the trees that ennoble the Kashmir Valley, but I do not forget the great fen that stretches northwards of Srinagar. Let the mountain and the forest boast themselves as they will; there is a charm they do not possess; the charm of the solitary fen. I have Tennyson with me:

> "Some blue peaks in the distance rose
> And white against the cold-white sky
> Shone out their crowning snows.
> One willow over the river wept,
> And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
> Above in the wind was the swallow,
> Chasing itself at its own wild will,
> And far through the marish green and still
> The tangled water courses slept
> Shot over with purple and green and yellow."

Where did he see it? In his mind's eye, I suppose; not in Lincolnshire certainly. But he might have seen it in Kashmir, had he been with me one day there, from Nandihal to Gunderbal. And when he wrote his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," had he ever in the spirit visited the Dal Lake, where that same Great Moghul made himself, like Haroun Al-raschid, palaces and pleasure gardens? All of them now swept by decay's effacing fingers, but eloquent of their golden prime!

Whatever be the visitor's interest in Kashmir, he should spend a few hours in the Dal Lake and its gardens, and a few hours on the river elsewhere will not be amiss. There is a special point of view from the water's level; he should not fail to take it in. But I think in Kashmir it is less interesting than elsewhere, certainly between Srinagar and Islamabad, where the river flows between high artificial banks. And in any case there is not much to be seen from the house-boat,

except the muddy Jhelum swirling past; the beauties of Kashmir are accessible only to the pedestrian. Let us return then to the Lolab Valley.

The mountains that surround it are comparatively low, though in April there is plenty of snow about. At points you have views of the higher ranges, indeed my first day from Baramula was the only time I saw Nanga Parbat. The weather was clear after the rain, I was well placed, and had all the Himalaya to admire, pre-eminent in the distance being the silver crest of the great summit. But the Lolab is a sylvan glen that rises slowly from the plain. It is strewn with a great variety of little heights and knolls; sometimes you pass a defile, sometimes you survey a plain. The forest is most beautiful. What the chenar tree is in the valley, the deodar is on the mountain side. Pictures have made us familiar with it; yet only the sight of it reveals its grandeur. In the Lolab Valley there are still forests on which no woodman has laid his hand, where the veterans of centuries look down on the seedlings, and giant trunks slowly mouldering to earth show the wheel of nature full circle in its revolution. Ascending and descending amid these forests every sort of view presents itself, long vistas between the columns, and glimpses of the sky and snow. The air is filled with aromatic fragrance, and lest any sense should complain of neglect, the ears are occupied with the quaint amusing noises of the birds. So I went on, rising day by day, till I crossed a higher ridge and looked down on the Woolar Lake. To this I descended, and taking a *kisti* with seven paddlers crossed to the opposite shore. The lake was in a good humour. As the boatmen know, it is easily provoked to anger, and you should

consult the omens before you start. Many hands make light labour; in one hour and a half I was landed on the opposite side and ready to start from Bandipur up Erin Nala.

Here I went a little higher, and it is time to speak of the higher scenery of Kashmir. Nothing in it struck me so much as the size and bold conformation of the rocks. The conglomerate of the lower regions gives place to good honest stone. What more could the eye desire in the way of mountains? Cliff rose above cliff, that neither Pelion nor Ossa could have equalled, till one could only laugh at the sight of them, laughing perhaps at the innocence which had never dreamed of such things. One might have stowed the Matterhorn in a corner of the Sind Valley, and Mr Whymper would not have noticed it. Deodars and pines flourished everywhere, disposed in fringes and clumps, according to the ground, or marshalled in spreading forests. There was plenty of snow, not eternal snow nor quite so radiant as that snow is, but deep and lustrous, and yet unvanquished by the summer sun. At short intervals fresh snow kept falling on the heights, till it veiled the deodars once more in white, while further below winter was slowly retreating.

In the Sind Valley there is a high upland meadow, Sonamarg (which was under snow when I went there) leading to the Zojila Pass. To the east of this valley there is a glen leading to the cave of Amarnath. I remember it as the climax of all that I saw in Kashmir. The strata of the rocks rose and fell in wild contortions, the pines were rooted in incredible places, and the masses of snow were stupendous. Great avalanches had fallen across the glen, perfect mountains in them-

selves, blocking all the communications. Here lay my path to Amarnath, if I meant to go there. The design was not practicable and reluctantly I gave it up. So, too, I had to give up Gurgurbal Lake, and the only consolation is that if ever I return to Kashmir later in the year there will still be something new to see.

However, I did get up the Zojila Pass. By this one escapes from Kashmir into the high land of Baltistan, which is no longer India but Central Asia. This indeed is why I went there, I wanted just for the sake of the thing to say I had been in Central Asia. So early one morning, about three o'clock, I sallied forth with Azad Bat and struggled up the ravine of the Zojila. It was full of snow; the road along the hill-side was not yet open, and all travellers went straight up the ravine. On both sides of them were perpendicular cliffs; beneath their feet unseen flowed the river. There was no difficulty, the winter storms were over, and at that hour there was no chance of avalanches. These came on later in the day, and if we had been inclined to chance them, there was an ominous stake in the snow to caution us, which marked the spot where five coolies lay buried. On the Kashmir side the ascent was steep; beyond, there was a broader valley and a very gradual fall. I went as far as Machihoee, and stayed at night in the bungalow. The weather was intensely cold, nothing to what it had been, but trying enough by contrast with Bombay. I walked about and viewed the scene, and made the reflections I intended to make. "Here," I said, "I am no longer in Hindustan. Beyond that crest of the Zojila the genius of Hinduism has not advanced its flag. Here neither has Parasurama lifted his axe, nor Krishna piped to the enamoured

Gopis. Below in yonder cave sits Mahadeo throned in ice. Thenceforward to Kanya Kumari all is his; not a corner of the land but holds a shrine of him or his compeers. And truly if patient toil gives any claim to possession, his followers have won it him. Who can count the miles that pilgrims have travelled, reconnoitring and annexing territories for the Hindu faith? But all within the sacred limits of Bharatvarsha. And long, long ago, in the days when Panini with the same inquisitive care wrote his Grammar, and Vatsayana the Kamashastra."

To stimulate these reflections I was provided with a contrast, in the shape of a train of Hajis returning to Yarkund. One year they had been away; and now they were nearly home again. They were mostly men, but I saw two women among them. They rode on stout little ponies, that picked their way unerringly through the streams and across the snow slopes. Tall, stalwart men they were, in sheep-skin coats and caps; their high cheek bones and oblique eyes presented the classic type of Asia. I found an interpreter and had a little talk with them. They reported a prosperous journey; no trouble from plague regulations in Bombay, only six of them died on the steamer, they had kissed the Kaaba and seen the beatific vision. One of their ponies fell lame going up the Zojila; it was clear that his travelling days were over. Accordingly they sanctified his carcass by cutting his throat, as the Law prescribes, then they flayed him and dissected him and gobbled him up. His shoes they took off, for some other pony; his skin they dried, and not a morsel did they leave for the disappointed crows. I watched the man nearest me coiling his share of entrails in a pot; neatly he packed it with

snow, lit a fire, and sat down to watch it stewing. A furious snowstorm came whirling up the pass, but the Tartars only crouched a little closer over their cooking. All kinds of weather were alike to them, and I dare say they felt quite jolly going over the Karakoram Pass. But the fact is human nature soon grows hard leading an outdoor life and associating with animals. Books of all kinds become unintelligible; your principal topic is your belly and how to fill it, and you cease to trouble about "dirt." You enter houses with suspicion and reluctance, and I can understand how it is that the Tartars erect their tents inside the room of inns when they have to use them.

However, there remains to be finished off the subject of Kashmir scenery. I have said nothing yet about the flowers. They abound in the greatest plenty and variety. There is hardly an old English friend that does not meet one; the eye-bright and pimpernel raise an inquiring glance and ask if you have forgotten them; buttercups and dandelions recall the decorated fields of England. Strangers by their side are the tulips and tiger-lilies, and the clusters of purple iris that bloom in Mohammedan grave-yards. Directly the snow melts, millions of crocuses twinkle like stars among the grass; marsh marigolds and primulas fringe the streams. If you turn into the woods, you find violets and ferns emulating each other in luxurious growth wherever the wild strawberry concedes them room. Nor should I forget the edelweiss, that carries no burden of tiresome tradition in Kashmir.

Thus we have in this strange country a happy mixture of the temperate and tropic zones. There are some things one misses; there are no daisies and no parrots.

But there is more than enough, and all accordant well. The lark sings as sweetly above the rice-fields as ever he does above English corn; the bees hum their melodies over fields of clover and bushes of fragrant hawthorn. There were moments when I felt unable to bear the magic, the intoxicating splendour of the scene.

There were other moments when I felt again the emptiness of all this natural beauty. Indeed, I believe that natural beauty is never long tolerable except as the background of some activity. Or shall I rather say that we could not much respect the man who spent all his life looking at it? So deeply is this true that when you have determined to dedicate a holiday to scenery, you are much in danger of forsaking it for some subordinate end. The very goal of your daily march becomes the chief object of the day; to reach it in good time becomes an ambition. You pass by the most magnificent views because you feel you would be wasting time if you stayed to look at them.

Conversely, when you have something else to do, the beauty of your surroundings often breaks in upon you. I remember when I was a volunteer officer, on the parade ground—even in the fateful hour of the General's inspection—I used to grow so absorbed in the beauty of the trees around us that I had the greatest difficulty in attending to our evolutions. What a confession! And so much for the "harmonious life," which some educationalists preach, certainly not a life to be lived in this world.

Talking of dandelions, I may say they are much eaten in Kashmir as a spinach. I learned this in the following manner. For several days the cook produced no vegetable; so I made a complaint of this and asked

whether nothing edible grew in the jungle. He replied that there was indeed one plant which grew there, and was freely eaten both by Saheb log and aborigines, but this year people were not allowed to consume it. Last year the Maharajah's son had died; and this year the plant in question had grown up spontaneously on his grave. The Maharajah, therefore, had ordered that for one year it should be spared from the pot. When I asked to see this sympathetic vegetable, he produced a dandelion.

Of bird and beasts Kashmir has now less than its fair share, big game having mostly been exterminated. Still, there are plenty of black bears left, and a few mischievous leopards. Ibex and markhor have retreated beyond the Zojila, where they are protected by stringent regulations. You may take out a license and shoot a fixed number—if you can get them. To accomplish this you must do a good deal of climbing, and the man who returns with a few trophies has certainly earned them. I was not shooting myself, but had the good fortune to see some ibex near the Zojila. They were feeding in the sort of place they love, a bare patch among the snow, about a thousand feet above us. Precipitous rocks are their native element, and like all creatures in such circumstances their certainty and grace of movement are delightful.

The crow and the pie-dog and the moorgi abound in Kashmir as elsewhere. The crow is fatter and more consequential, the moorgi more succulent, and the pie-dog as great a nuisance as he always is. Whatever you leave about in your tent at night, if it is edible, some pie-dog will find it out before morning. I had to mourn a pound of cheese on one occasion. But that

is a small matter. I could forgive the creatures for practising their only possible means of livelihood. But why do they bark in such a fearful manner? Wow—wow—wow—wow—*wow*! A long, quintuple bark with an accent on the last syllable, repeated by every pie twice a minute all the night through. *Why* does the pie-dog do it? Nature does nothing in vain; and this wretch, of all her family, has least energy to spare. Yet there he goes yelping all night long outside your tent; and in the morning, when you stir abroad and begin to think ruefully of your day's march, he and his friends are wrapped in slumber a few yards away,

> "taking their fill
> Of deep and liquid ease, forgetful of all ill."

Among the pleasant places of Kashmir not to be forgotten are the springs at the south-east of the valley. The largest is at Vernag, the acknowledged source of the Jhelum. The volume of water is very great; it was enclosed by Jehangir in a tank of masonry, forty feet deep, with octagonal sides. Round it he built an arcade, crowned with a mansion on one side. Underneath this the water flowed out into a garden, where the Emperor spent many delightful hours. An inscription near the tank recalls this bit of history. "The King of seven kingdoms, the Minister of Justice, the Father of Victory, Nur-ud-din Jehangir halted at this spring in the fiftieth year of his reign. This building was erected by order of his Majesty.

The Angel Gabriel suggested its date:*

"May the mansion last for ever and the spring flow till the end of time!"

Alas for the architect's hopes! The spring flows still,

* This is one of the usual chronograms.

and may flow as long as he desired; but the mansion is a heap of ugly ruins. The stones have fallen and been carried away, and no one has cared to protect or replace them. The *semper eadem* of India.

One of the arches is occupied by a party of Brahmans, who have set up a *ling* there. The sight would have made Jehangir stare, but heedless of this reflection they celebrate their *puja* morning and evening with great zeal. I watched the evening service with much pleasure, listening to the weird notes of the *shankh*, the clash of their cymbals, and the beautiful music of their songs. I asked them to translate these songs, but they politely declined on the ground that they did not know enough Hindustani to do so. When I suggested that Azad Bat should help them out, they rejected the proposal with genuine horror; never, never would they translate Sanskrit within range of a Mohammedan's ears. They brought me on the first day two books to sign, and when I left, and made a contribution to their funds, I found they were divided into two hostile camps. Every other point had been compromised except one, the division of the proceeds. For one camp numbered three followers, the other two; and the question was, whether eight annas in the rupee should go to each side, or three and one-fifth annas to each man. So I left them wrangling over this and went my way.

"How paltry!" some one may say. True; but viewing all things in a just perspective, was this a less exalted dispute than that of the Scottish Churches?

I should not forget the madman who came to the Vernag spring and danced and sang and chuckled to the fishes there. He was an old man, like Father William, but amazingly active, and he filled the air

with strange noises. Madness is one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; and I think the brotherhood of man is evinced more clearly in asylums than anywhere else. There are no asylums in Kashmir, however, though there are plenty of lunatics. In one village they showed me a naked little boy, about eight years old, stout and well-built, but hopelessly mad and possessed by a spirit of dumbness. He had some glimmerings of sensible impulse, at least he understood enough to hold out his hand, and on being conducted to a *chapatti* shop seized two *chapatties* without hesitation. They told me he was an orphan and had invented for himself the plan of seizing pie-dogs—bitches, perhaps, I should say—and sucking their teats, *zubberdasti se*. Later on, very likely, he would be induced to carry loads, and repay the expenses of his education.

At Achebal there are more springs and more gardens. The water there rises up in little mountains, and flows away in the usual artificial channels. There are the usual gardens, with glorious chenar trees; and bowers of roses where the bulbul—if not the nightingale—sings willingly enough. So much of Moore's poem is true; if he had seen the real Kashmir, I doubt if he could have written the rest of it. However, it matters not; in those old gardens, with the panorama of nature round one, the hills and the cedars and the snows beyond them, one is not obliged to listen to Moore's banjo, or to think of him with any other feeling than unliquidated pity.

Then there is Bawan to visit, smallest but clearest of all these springs, whose reservoir is tenanted by crowds of sacred fish. Two maunds of rice a day they eat,

consuming two rupees of solid silver. When visitors arrive, *chapatties* are produced, over which they fight strenuously, making a prodigious uproar, and shouldering each other out of the water. The elms and chenars of Bawan are unsurpassed, and as I sat beneath them in the moonlight, I blessed the memory of Jehangir, who set them there.

At Bawan I met a Brahman boy about thirteen years old, who spoke English, and went every day to Islamabad to school. Distance about ten miles there and back; he said he found it good for his health. We had a pleasant conversation on the state of education in Kashmir. Next morning he reappeared with two annas in his hand, and complained that my cook (under instructions from the lambardar) had taken wood from their house worth two annas and a half, and had only paid two annas for it. The cook, on being questioned, averred that this was the precise value of the wood. Much and long did he and the boy and Azad Bat dispute concerning the matter, till at last, moved by the recollection of our pleasant conversation, I bestowed half an anna on the boy and satisfied him. Result, a sulky demeanour on the part of the cook, who did not recover his usual good humour till next day.

But here I have lighted incidentally and almost prematurely on the subject of travelling in Kashmir, and ways and means thereof. It is a country that has escaped the blighting influence of western civilisation; there are no roads in it, no hotels, and scarcely any Dak-bungalows. You must take your tents, and your stores, and you must call on the local authorities for coolies. These you will get without difficulty. Kashmir is ages behind other places; as long as there are coolies about

they *have* to come. Their pay is fixed by the State; four annas a day for a march of twelve miles or so, six annas for one of fifteen. This is not much; perhaps it is enough; in many places it would not tempt coolies to come at all. Kashmir, in fact, would remain unknown if the traveller had to make his own bargain with the coolies everywhere. So I will not object to the system, but I regret that all visitors are not duly considerate to the coolies, and forced marches, excessive loads, and actual danger from snow and ice are sometimes imposed on them. If these evils are in some cases inevitable, they should be compensated by liberal pay. It would be as well to remember this before the spirit of progress emancipates the Kashmir coolie.

I am not myself anxious to see his chains unwound too soon. Let me relate an episode from my journey back to Rawal Pindi. Twenty-three miles from Murree, in the Punjab, I found a commissariat driver lying in the road with his thigh shattered. He had fallen off his wagon, and the wheel had passed over him. His companions had tied his leg up with a handkerchief and there he lay. What was to be done? I put a rude tourniquet on his leg, and my first thought was to march him into Murree on a charpoy. Looking down the valley (a desolate spot), and perceiving one or two houses in the distance, I went off to procure the article. The tenant of the house was at home. I explained the situation, requested the loan of a charpoy and promised to pay for it. He replied that he hadn't one. Entering the house, however, I perceived that he had two; so with the aid of my syce I picked one up and marched off with it. Then I asked the man to come and help us, repeating the promise of payment, but he only answered

" I am not a *boje-wala*; you are carrying off my charpoy by violence, I shall *not* come." (He did come, however, keeping at a safe distance.) Well, we went back to the man; and I found three or four labourers assembled. We lifted him on to the charpoy, and then I said to them, " Now, march him into the next village, I will pay you for your services, and get some fresh coolies there." " What will you pay us? " said they. " An anna a mile, each of you," said I. If it had not been for the matter of principle, I would have given them more; but I was not going to let them profit by their inhumanity. " It is not enough," said they; " this is six men's work "—there were only four of them present, besides my syce. Luckily there were large stones lying on the road in great abundance, and seized with a happy inspiration, I picked them up and rained them at these coolies. Whereupon they rose sulkily and took up the charpoy and proceeded with it. Now, had these Punjabis lived in Kashmir, they would not have needed telling twice to pick up that charpoy. So I doubt if it will be better for them than for the enslaved Kashmiri on the *Roz-i-khiamat*.*

Well, travelling in Kashmir, as I said, is easy enough, there are coolies and supplies everywhere. But if you are a conscientious person you will be much perplexed over the grand problems of payments. If you like to leave things to your servants, you will have no trouble yourself, but coolies and villagers will make

* As for the driver, I had to take him off the charpoy presently and put him in the tonga. We made the best possible arrangements but the jolting gave him great pain, and he writhed and howled and cried out continuously " Alla-hu! Alla-hu! Give me something to make me die! " He died just as we entered Murree.

little out of you. If you determine to do justice to them, you will be always fighting with your servants, and a thousand inconveniences will spoil the pleasure of your holiday. *Vide supra*, the episode of my little friend at Bawan. I made my own compromise on the point, always paying the coolies myself, but leaving supplies to the cook. After all, it behoves the Kashmiris themselves to be reasonably bold towards the cook of an unofficial traveller.

Violence I deprecated, but Mr Azad Bat would have been unhappy if no discretion of personal chastisement had been allowed him. One day I saw him cuffing a coolie's head, and on my inquiring into the man's offence I learned that he had falsely reported a certain bridge to be broken and led us to take a detour. "The fact is," said Mr Bat, "this man is not a real Mohammedan but a Shiah, and that is why he told us a lie, and that is why I gave him a slight licking."

The history of Kashmir naturally throws some light on Kashmir life to-day. It is all written in Sir Walter Lawrence's admirable book, and I will only cast a brief glance at it here. It begins, of course, with the Hindu kings, whose achievements are chronicled in the Rajatarangini.* Lalitaditya is the greatest of the early names; he was a warrior who crossed the high passes into Thibet, and subdued some part of Central Asia. His date is about A.D. 700, and he was followed three centuries later by a great queen, Didda, whose name the antiquarians know. This we may believe to have been the golden age of Kashmir. Then followed Islam, the Kashmiris were converted and produced a native race of Mohammedan kings. One of these was the

*The only Hindu historical work.

stern Puritan, Sikandar A.D. 1400, who burned seven maunds of threads of slaughtered Brahmans. Under him the dice-box and the wine cup were interdicted, and the use of all music forbidden. His successor, Zain-ul-ud-din was more liberal, he tolerated Hinduism, and for fifty-two years paid all his own expenses out of a copper mine which he discovered himself. Herein he set a great example, but who has ever followed it? Not the Moghuls, who soon afterwards entered Kashmir.

Akbar stayed there but a short time. He met with some resistance and is said to have made the Kashmiris adopt their present feminine dress as a punishment for their insolence. Be this true or false, he built a strong fort at Srinagar, which commemmorates his stay, and Todar Mull fixed the revenue of the country. Jehangir came often to enjoy the scenery, travelling over the Pir Panjal with all his court.* He planted chenar trees everywhere in Kashmir, and built palaces and made gardens by the lakes. There in fifteen yearly holidays he and Nurjehan fleeted away their time, till death overtook him on a last journey across the mountains, murmuring the name of Vernag, and desiring to die in his mansion there.

Very likely the Moghul rule was not uncomfortable, and it introduced the well-known art industries of Srinagar. Of the Pathans who followed, neither the Kashmiris nor the English writers who have followed them, speak well. Sir W. Lawrence tells us they esteemed it a jest to set a pot of ordure on a Brahman's head and pelt it with stones till it broke.

* Bernier, the traveller, went with him once and witnessed the death of sixteen elephants, who all fell down a *Khud*, with sixteen loads of ladies on their backs.

But then no Pathan has written the history of Pathan rule, and when some Pathan arises to do so, no doubt he will set matters in a different light. History is what we choose to make it, and I have long since decided that historical truth cannot be ascertained; if ascertained, it cannot be communicated; if communicated, it cannot be used to any profitable purpose. On my return from Rawal Pindi, I travelled with an old Pathan gentleman who had an estate in Kashmir, and whose grandfather, no doubt, had seen Pathan rule flourishing before the Sikhs upset it. We had much pleasant conversation, touching the recent riots and other topics, and he quoted a Persian proverb which means, "You have set me on a plank in the ocean and told me not to get my clothes wet." I do not think he would have consented to an unfavourable account of Pathan rule in Kashmir; but he would have had to admit that the Sikhs drove out the Pathans in the nineteenth century, and re-established Hindu rule. When the Sikhs succumbed to the Feringhee, Kashmir was presented to the Raja of Jammu, to whom it now belongs. He has a private road over the Banihal Pass, by means of which he visits Srinagar every summer. When I was at Achebal, the Rani Saheb was expected on her way thither, and a vast concourse of coolies had been gathered to express their loyalty in terms of personal service, by carrying her baggage and paddling her boats to Srinagar.

These vicissitudes in the history of Kashmir have left their marks on the country. The earliest ages are represented by the ruins of temples. The traveller is recommended not to overlook them, for the most perfect of them he must actually pass on his way along the Jhelum Road at Rampur, and the largest, Martand, is

easily accessible from Islamabad. In point of antiquity they are, perhaps, the oldest buildings in India, and their style of architecture is peculiar to Kashmir. To one familiar with Chalukyan or Dravidian temples it is a revelation; where did it come from? I know not, save that the fluted pillars of the colonnades suggest a fading reminiscence of Greece. But the general effect is not Greek; it is just that of its own style, like all architectural effects, and must be seen to be understood. It has little ornament, though that little is quite Hindu; and it has more the effect of a building conceived as such than most Hindu temples convey. Martand is rendered impressive by its size, which has rarely been exceeded by Hindu temples; and it stands amid remarkable surroundings. Behind it rise the mountains at the southern end of the valley, before it is spread the plain, surveyed from the plateau on which it stands. On either hand are the lateral ranges; and the proportions of the valley are all distinctly visible. It is a noble scene and harmonises with the severe grandeur of the temple. Other ruins of Kashmir, all in the same style, only just fall short of Martand in dignity. The temples of Wangat rise at the head of a deep, narrow valley beneath the eternal snows of Haramukh. Payech, small but perfectly preserved, is set in a little glade on the border of a village. They are all in different ways remarkable; and all slowly disappearing. They are safe to-day from the hand of the iconoclast, but the rain and sunshine, the frost and snow are implacable enemies, and time brings against them from age to age the assaults of earthquakes. It is a wonder there is anything of them left; still there they are, fragments of a Kashmir more populous, more powerful, and more

civilised than the valley is to-day. Other such fragments are the lines of old canals, and popular tales of what sleeps beneath the Woolar Lake, cities and palaces of ancient kings.

Modern Kashmir comprises, to begin with, the Kashmir peasant and the village he lives in. It is not unlike an old Swiss village, a group of wooden huts, buried in fruit trees and walnut trees. Picturesque in the extreme, not uncomfortable, but as dirty as such places always are, whether in Switzerland or Kashmir. Near it probably is a ziariat, or tomb of a saint, with a small enclosure and a few elms or chenars. Just outside it is a burial ground, with mouldering heaps of turf and beds of iris.

The villagers are all Mohammedans. They wear an overall, with an opening for the neck and two wide sleeves; it is dropped over them, so to speak, like an extinguisher. If you make their acquaintance on a cold day, you will be surprised at their goodly, portly appearance. This is due to the presence of a Kangra concealed under each tunic, a wicker basket containing a clay vessel with some charcoal in it. I suppose this is comfortable to the stomach, like the "small boys" which Lord Bacon recommends, or like the scaldino of the Italians. "What Laila was on the bosom of Majnun, such is the Kangra to the Kashmiri," so says the proverb; and Italian ladies do facetiously call their article "*ill mio marito*"—my spouse. It is a treacherous friend to the Kashmiri, who often gets shockingly burned by it in the winter. In that season, moreover, he protects his feet from the snow by "grass shoes." They are made of rice straw, very ingenious and cheap and excellent for use on the mountain side.

In appearance the Kashmiri is tall and dignified. Of his female folk I saw little save garments streaming behind them as they fled from my approach. What little I saw did not account for the tradition of Kashmiri beauty. Slatternly in the extreme, they were also extremely ugly; the hard field life which often elevates the faces of men being unfavourable to female charms. Perhaps the upper classes of Srinagar may contain some good-looking damsels, such as in earlier days were fattened and perfumed for the Moghul harem. But these are left to the tourist's imagination, aided by the picture post cards; and I do not fancy that any man on the spot will realise Lalla Rookh from the experience of a house-boat.

Village life wears various aspects, according to the situation of the village. Some villages are miserably poor, and all the people of Baltistan are poor. I had a good chance to view them assembled one day near the Zojila Pass. I thought I had never seen so wretched a concourse of human beings. I could not help recalling Dante:

> "Poscia vid'io mille visi cagnazzi
> Fatti per freddo; onde mi vien ribrezzo
> Everra sempre, de' gelati guazzi."

Starved features, stunted forms, ill-protected by their miserable rags, they seem to have been born in hell and lived there all their lives. Though goggles for protection against the snow cost only three annas each, they could not afford to buy them, and almost every man of them suffered from sappurating eyes. They lived in Baltistan on their little patches of coarse, innutritious grain, and descended into Kashmir to earn stipends as coolies. What a contrast between them

and the people of Rozloo, a Kashmiri village in the south-west of the valley. I sat there one day and said to myself, "Now, is there anything Providence could give these people that they haven't got? Excellent land, arable and pasture; unfailing crops, scores of cows, hundreds of sheep; poultry as many as they like to keep, beehives attached to every cottage; a river full of fish not far off; fruit trees, walnut trees, deodars for timber within easy reach; no floods, earthquakes comparatively unimportant, and cholera easily avoided, for they draw their water from perennial springs. And what use do they make of all this?" Not one of them can read, or wants to read; they sit around all day long; they have never even made any sanitary arrangements, but ease themselves just outside their village, here and there and everywhere, like animals. Is this satisfactory?" Possibly one might reply, "At any rate they are comfortable, their virtue will pass muster, and civilisation is generally admitted, by those who have tried it, to be a failure." I leave the argument to the reader. My own experience is, that the more I reflect on these subjects, the more cautious I grow about offering advice to other people about changing their habits or their views, or anything else that is theirs. I can see some respects in which I have got to change myself, if I am to make any progress towards the ideal. But is not all progress, as some sages say, an illusion of the youthful West?

Let us turn our eyes from the villages to Srinagar. It is a large town, containing about a hundred thousand souls. It stands on both sides of the Jhelum, which flows swiftly and silently through it, like a sleeping lion, as the saying runs; for every now and then he

wakes and rises and springs on the city. Then houses go down by hundreds, and bridges vanish, and people are drowned in large or small numbers according to the year.

It has always been so. There was a time when the whole valley of Kashmir was a mountain lake, whose beach is still visible on the mountain side. In the course of ages the water found its way out; the Jhelum was formed and the valley of Kashmir was drained. But the Jhelum is a narrow outlet, and when heavy rain accompanies melting snow on the mountains, a flood is inevitable. A few years ago the water in Srinagar rose eighteen feet in two hours, and the Jhelum lower down rose in its channel forty feet. At present a scheme is on foot to dredge it, and deepen the channel. This will cost a very large sum, but a saving will be effected in the end if the Kashmir floods can be prevented.

The houses in the city are mostly of brick and wood. Their wooden roofs are covered with earth as a protection against fire, and from the earth springs a crop of tall grass, mingled with poppies and mustard. None of them are really solid, most of them are wretched and dilapidated. The streets are small, crooked and narrow, and the chief means of communication is the river. It is spanned by six bridges, the piles of which are huge square caulks of timber, taking up a sixth part of the river channel. The roadway is in every case new, the upper portions of the old bridges having perished in various floods.

The finest architecture in Srinagar is that of the Moghul mosques. The best example is the Shah Hamadan Masjid* by the river-side. One glance at it tells the

* I am not sure this name is right.

visitor what he is looking at, there is no mistaking the work of the Moghuls. The material is entirely wood—but the structure has in the fullest degree the amplitude and grace of Agra. So has the Jumma mosque, whose roof is supported by columns of single deodar trunks, thirty feet high. It is now of course neglected and perishing.

So much for Srinagar's outward parts. I leave to the sociologist some other topics, its police, its morals and its sanitation; the C.M.S. School, and the C.M.S. hospitals; and I proceed to speak of its arts. They have spread the name of Kashmir throughout Europe, and one is naturally curious about them. In the first place, then, it is worth remarking that they are none of them native to Kashmir. By ancient tradition it is about the least artistic country in the world. Its arts are all centred in Srinagar, and they were all developed in the service of the Moghul court. The Moghuls brought with them from Persia and Turkestan their ideas of fine art and its application, they brought with them also artisans who settled in Srinagar and afterwards taught the natives there. The place was found a good centre for artistic work. It lies on the chief route from Asia to India. Caravans brought from China the wool of the Thian Shan goats and the precious stones of Ladakh. The former supplied the material for the shawls, the latter some of the colours for the papier maché work. Labour was cheap and the water of the Dal Lake, it is said, had a peculiar softening effect on the wool. Hence the art industries once located in Kashmir continued there, and flourished under the patronage of the court.

The largest and best known is the shawl industry. Napoleon's court brought the shawls into fashion in

Europe, and they continued fashionable till the fall of the Third Empire. French agents lived in Kashmir, and co-operated with the Kashmir Government in keeping up the standard of work. The secret of excellence lay in careful choice of the wool and invention of the pattern. The weaver's part was unimportant; he worked under directions, quite ignorant what pattern he was producing. He made a narrow strip of the shawl, which was afterwards sewn to other strips, completing the whole. His wages were one anna a day, which was just precisely what he could manage to live on. When the famine of 1877 followed the loss of the French market, twenty thousand weavers died in Srinagar. The whole industry is now extinct.

One may say, why was it not supported by demands in India and Asia? This I do not quite understand, but probably, as far as India goes, modern tastes have rejected the shawl; a good overcoat is a more convenient article than a shawl, and it costs less. The West has driven out the East, and the rajah of to-day, I suppose, would sooner buy a motor-car than a shawl. In the same way the papier maché industry has suffered; there is no demand now for its coffee sets or its cumbrous old Kalamdans.

On the other hand, papier maché can be used for many small articles, such as boxes, which are useful in all ages. There is a great demand for them, and they are largely manufactured in Srinagar to-day, along with jewellery of an inferior sort and wood-carving. The country is still, as ever, favourably placed for these industries, and much money and some reputation might be made out of them. Unfortunately, progress is hampered by two opposite causes which work harmoniously

to the same effect, the unreasonable expectations of visitors, and the hopeless dishonesty of Kashmir dealers.

Of the first, first. The floods of visitors to Kashmir are mostly intent on buying "presents," and they are all imbued with the idea that oriental art-work should be cheap. I do not quite know the history of this delusion, but it is certain that good Indian work, instead of being cheap, compared with art-work elsewhere, is rather expensive. The fact is, however, that finished art-work never is or has been inexpensive anywhere in an open market. Work produced in feudal ages has appeared to be such, because the artists took a part of their pay in security; and work produced in distant countries, when the money in circulation is small, has been sold at low prices in those countries. But never in an open market has finished art-work been cheap, and visitors to Kashmir, who demand what is cheap, must naturally take and do take what is nasty.

On the other hand there are some visitors who want what is good, and are also willing to pay the proper price for it. A good article they may, from one or two dealers, obtain. There are one or two merchants of repute amongst the hundreds in Srinagar, who are not anxious to sell the visitor the worst article he can be induced to buy. But they all exact the last anna in the price, and you are foolish to make a deal unless you have expert knowledge or an unlimited purse. I do not write for millionaires, and to all others I would say, beware how you enter these Kashmir shops. In a heedless hour you may listen to one of their touts, and step into his boat and go shooting down the Jhelum to his shop. There you find the venerable chief of the concern, with three or four or five or six of his relatives.

There is nothing in their demeanour to waken suspicion; open-eyed rectitude transpires from every countenance. There manners are at once deferential and dignified, such as emperors and noblemen appreciate, and if you are a base plebian, as I for my part am, you feel at once flattered and embarrassed. But having taken a part in the comedy you must, like the Emperor Augustus, sustain it to the end. Nothing is wanting to the warmth of your welcome; what would you like to see? You would like to see everything; and everything is shown you. Embroidery from Bokhara, and homeless specimens of old Kashmir shawls, they are unfolded and waved before your eyes and tumbled in a bewildering heap on the floor. You *try*—or pretend—to make a choice; What might the price of this one be? —Fifteen hundred rupees. Well, certainly, you like it; but the price is a little steep. "Perhaps another one would suit you better; will you have a cigar? or a cup of Russian tea?" When you hear these offers, which are a regular move in the game, it is time to indicate politely that to-day, at any rate, you will not be a purchaser. Then comes the moment when your fortitude will be tested. A cloud settles on the brows of all the company, a cloud of grief and disappointment. Evidently they have been deceived in you; who would have thought it possible? Can you bear to be such an imposter? I am sure there are many people who cannot; who wildly buy something to save the situation. But I generally escaped myself. Apopletic with conflicting emotions, I tottered to the door and sneaked into the boat (the firm's boat, the very boat that brought me), and found a sort of relief in stupor and exhaustion, while I made a shameful retreat.

The merchants who came to my tent were as plausible as the magnates on the river, but much greater rascals. I must relate the episode of the " foccus "-skin. Azad Bat, my headsman, gave me a word of warning when we reached Srinagar. " Be on your guard," said he; " what you hear in the village is half-true and half-false; what you hear in Srinagar is wholly false; and especially do not trust these merchants, and if you want to buy any skins, ask me the proper price." I did not want to buy any skins, and I thought myself secure from danger in that quarter. However, one evening, when Azad Bat was out, there came to my tent a skin merchant, who offered to show me skins. I explained the whole situation to him; I was not interested in skins, but only in old brass; moreover, I did not know the price of skins and had promised Azad Bat not to buy any. He replied that my attitude was very sensible, that he would not even attempt to sell me any, but he saw no harm in my looking at some. He had the pleasantest face and the most insinuating voice in the world; and his recommendations spoke with bated breath of his extraordinary honesty.* His skins, too, were perfectly beautiful, and at last my eye dwelt for a moment on that of a Yarkandi fox. He detected at once the wavering of the balance, and mentioned quite casually the price—seven rupees eight annas. Woe is me! I succumbed to it; I counted out the shekels, and he departed. The skin I put away in my trunk, thinking to conceal my guilt. Half an hour afterwards Azad Bat reappeared, and in firm tones addressed me and said,

* Every trader in Srinagar has a volume of recommendations from visitors, residents, Residents and princes, all testifying to his excellent work and unimpeachable honesty.

"I hear the Presence has bought a "foccus"-skin; where is it?" I drew it forth from my trunk, and displayed it, and he asked what I had given for it. "Seven rupees eight annas," said I; "but observe what a magnificent——" "The proper price of this skin," said he, disregarding my plea, "is three rupees; you have brought this on yourself." I looked a doubt I did not venture to express; but every day afterwards, as long as I stayed in Srinagar, Azad Bat introduced a different skin merchant, who offered to sell me a "foccus"-skin for three rupees.

You may also buy in Kashmir, and it is a good thing to buy, a specimen of the torquoise jewellery from Central Asia. It is popular jewellery, crude and unfinished, but unerring in taste and design. How much more pleasing is this than the spurious, which abounds in Kashmir and wherever else in the world education has begun to affect men. For one of the first fruits of education is a pretension to taste and culture, which is too ignorant and often too mean to spend the necessary money on these things and contents itself with spurious affectations.

The true popular art of Kashmir is music. There is much beautiful music lingering in the villages, and the tourist may easily hear it, at the cost of a little persuasion. Many a time I had a party of "zemindars" sitting round my camp, after nightfall, enlivening the darkness with songs. Some were amorous, others religious; when I asked for their significance, I sometimes received no other answer than an uneasy grin, sometimes, "Death comes at last to all men; therefore, transgress not." I thought it would be well if the State would encourage this country music by annual "ested-

fodds." They would cost little; surely they would be popular. And what deserves encouragement better than popular music in a country like Kashmir? By its agency the spirit of art elevates a life which, whether hard or comfortable, is always sordid, monotonous and void of outlook. Moreover the music which exists and is enjoyed there is genuine and elevating art. Would we had its like in England! Once indeed we had, in the days of the Tudors; but we are now a fallen race. Whether in the music-hall or the drawing-room we are content with the vulgar and the spurious; and the prospects of the future are too plainly indicated by the vogue of the gramophone and the pianola.

Of education in Kashmir I saw little, merely two schools that presented themselves by the roadside. At one village there was an establishment of twelve little Hindus and two Mohammedans who were learning English on the syllabic plan. They were seated in the open air, with the sunlight streaming on their books. The predominance of Hindus was natural; Mohammedans have their own course of study. Passing along a lane in Islamabad I heard a confused tumult arising from the earth, and stealing up a yard and down a step or two I found a small Mohammedan academy. They were buried in darkness; about a dozen boys learning the Koran. Learning, that is to say, what it sounded like, for the meaning neither they nor their pedagogue understood. Nevertheless, they were pleased to display their powers and picked up the Arabic symbols with ready skill. I understand Mrs Besant is building on these foundations, and she has planted a Theosophic School and College at Srinagar. Her stragetic eye has not overlooked the importance of Kashmir or the serious

mischief which is being done by Christian missions there.

Having said so much of the beauties of Kashmir, and the ease of life there, let me now paint in the shadows of the picture. To begin with there is the winter. Even in Srinagar snow sometimes lies on the ground for weeks; in higher districts it lies for months. This means great misery for the poor, and the poor abound everywhere. Still, the winter is an evil that recurs, it can be foreseen and provided for. What is worse is the train of natural calamities that harass the country. There is no natural evil that does not constantly threaten it, and on a gigantic scale. Floods I have mentioned; they sometimes drown all the lower ground, and carry off miles of crops as well as thousands of houses. In the wake of floods and exceptional rain or snow come famines, which have plagued the country from time immemorial. An account of one is given in the Rajatarangini:*

"There was a heavy fall of snow all unexpected in the month of Bhádrapada, when all the land was covered with rice-crop ready for harvesting. In that fall of snow, white like the smile of the fiend of destruction, the hopes of the subjects for finding the means of livelihood perished along with the rice-ears. Then ensued the ravages of a famine, which filled the earth with famished and emaciated skeletons. The people in the pangs of hunger forgot shame, pride or rank. The father or the son preferred to feed himself, though the other was in his last gasp for hunger. Loathsome skeletons fought with each other for food."

All this—and worse—must have been seen in Kashmir many times since, especially in 1877, when things were so bad that some people even ate their cows and

* I am indebted for this translation to a writer in *East and West* for, I think, April.

were sentenced to penal servitude for life. The population on that occasion was reduced by two-fifths. But the Jhelum Valley road having made the importation of grain possible, perhaps famine will be less felt in future; we cannot be so hopeful about cholera. This appears to be a feature of modern times in Kashmir, perhaps due to that same road, in accordance with the natural law that one worldly evil succeeds another. It appears in frightful epidemics, one of which was raging during my visit.

I had proof of it in many new graves among the iris, and in a curious ceremony by the roadside on one of my marches. I found three large pots of rice boiling, with a village squatting round them. Asking what was up, I learned that this village had escaped from the epidemic hitherto, and that morning prayers had been offered for the future, and after the prayers alms were to be distributed, to wit, this rice, which all travellers were invited to partake of. A proceeding laudable in spirit, anyhow; and it recalled what I had once met with in southern India, a rite for exterminating small-pox. This was effected by making a suitable image, performing mantras which drew the *devi* to reside in it, and wheeling it round the boundaries into the fields of the next village. I suppose the next village would pass the creature on; just as the *malis* of contiguous bungalows throw small reptiles over each other's walls.

Medical knowledge, though much needed, hardly exists. Accidents of all kinds are common; so are cancer, skin diseases, and sore eyes. There is a firm popular belief in the medical skill of white men, which often embarrasses the tourist. He has the physician's robes thrust upon him. If he pleads ignorance, the

plea is not accepted. I did not wholly decline the office myself, trusting chiefly to castor oil, quinine, and boracic acid, and if I may believe all I heard, these remedies are more potent than we generally suppose. I was called in once to a baby; she was gravely indisposed, they said, and had long declined all food. I found her swollen into a perfect globe, with hardly a trace of features or limbs. I do not know what complaint produces these symptoms, and I said so, but I prescribed castor oil and faith in Providence. Fortunately, on passing that village a week later, I learned, at least I was informed, that she had made a good recovery, and gone for a change of air. This was satisfactory; but the most satisfactory of all my medical experiences was different in its character. One day by the roadside I saw a little boy with his face damaged, and plastered over apparently with cow-dung. It appears he had been herding goats the night before, and tumbled off a rock. Now I do not much believe in cow-dung, whatever its mystic virtues may be, and I had my zinc ointment handy, so I halted the expedition and prepared to treat the case (not having been asked to do so). Within a few minutes a concourse of people had gathered, including the father of the boy, and I thought it a good opportunity to inculcate in their rude minds the virtues of scientific cleanliness. So I had some water boiled, and a nice strip of lint prepared, and when everything was ready I sat down to wash off the cow-dung. But behold! it was not cow-dung at all, but chewed grass of a kind esteemed for this purpose. And I found it made an excellent plaster, adhering very firmly, positively curative, and certainly calling for no interference. So I left it alone; and I doubt

if the assembly appreciated the higher wisdom of this course.

But it was a pleasant thing to find them able to do something for themselves. And I doubt, after all, whether anything is of much value to people except what they do in this way. Charity is no doubt an attractive programme. When we enter a mission hospital, and witness the stream of helpless misery that flows into its doors, and the immediate relief that is often given, our hearts, be they hard as adamant, are powerfully touched and melted; we may even recall and half accept the uncompromising rule, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." But the spirit of doubt, that is equal to the task of undermining much stronger convictions, does not leave this impulse alone. What is the fruit of all this charity, unless it rouses some virtuous efforts in those who accept it? If charity fails to effect this (and does it even succeed?) what is it but a gratification of our own sensibilites? You may answer, we must act without heeding the fruits of action; and these words seem to comfort many people in this country. But their true application is a problem; and they are wrongly used if used, as they sometimes are, to justify a charity which is contented to have relieved the immediate wants of ants, crocodiles, and beggars.

If the State of Kashmir wants to do good amongst its humble subjects, I should say, let it find a few responsible men, equip them with simple medicines, and send them to tour among the villages, living in each of them a week or two, and patiently teaching the people a little about diet and hygiene. The day is not come for pompous reforms in these directions. But people

might learn that it is not safe to plant a latrine in the middle of a stream and draw your water a yard or two away. Rivers are faithful servants of mankind, providing them with drinks, and carrying off their excrements, but it is possible to impose on their generosity.

It is getting time I brought this chronicle to a close. I will not do so without paying a tribute to Azad Bat. He is not likely to read the pages, so I may say what I like about him. He is, then, at this present time, a young Mohammedan of a well-to-do family, who makes his living as a shikari. I dare say he is a very good one, at least he is properly imbued with the idea that the pursuit of shikar is the serious business of life. More than once he exhorted me to take it up. "You should procure a gun," said he, "and shoot two or three bears, and put their skins in your house. Everyone is sent into this world to achieve something. On the Day of Judgment every one will be asked what he has achieved. If a man can point to something he will be all right." In vain I represented that three hundred miles of Kashmir, measured out with my Bombay legs, ought to count for something. He would not admit this, for he looked on walking as not less natural than breathing, and we had to differ on this point. But we had few other differences. He was a most excellent servant, faithful in all matters, incessantly active, enduring, and courageous. He was also intelligent, tactful, and good-humoured, so that altogether I remember him less as a servant than a friend. We resolved on another excursion together, contemplating Yarkand and the Karakorum Pass. But whether creeping age and the infirmities of my purse will consent to this, or the authorities permit it, I cannot at present say.

One day, near Amarnath, we found ourselves in a towering valley, which seemed to me the very culmination of mountain grandeur. Right opposite where we stood was a precipice of several thousand feet. The strata upon its side rose and fell in mighty billows, so coloured and discoloured by many forces of nature that we felt the presence of countless centuries. And half to myself, and half to Azad Bat I said, "How were these mountains formed?" Now he need not have answered the question at all; and he might have said, "who knows?" but like a true Mohammedan he answered without a pause, "By the power of God" (*Khuda-ke-hasrat-se*). I was greatly pleased with this; the substratum, as it were, of his convictions cropping out on the surface. For this is the chief truth that the Semetic races have taught the world; the Arabian and the Jew alike. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." It is a common principle among the discordant systems of Christianity, and those who hold it need not be altogether hostile.

Kashmir of the future may not be quite the Kashmir of the past. It may become richer, when people learn to use its innumerable sources of wealth. Then perhaps the forests will be thinned out, and the bowels of the mountains explored for minerals. Roads will be made, and motor-cars will run to and fro. The Woolar Lake is already being drained. Perhaps mountain hotels will rise up; and perhaps Srinagar will become the Lucerne of the East. Certainly if the Swiss had the country, it would be very different from what it is. But whatever happens, for good or for evil, it will never become for the active and reflective tourist, a more charming place.

It is sufficiently accessible, without being spoiled by intruding luxuries. *Procul O procul este profani!*

P.S.—Should the reader desire any advice as to the time for visiting Kashmir, I think, on the whole, the best season for a short visit is the spring. There may be some wet days, but the weather is cool, even in the lower districts, and the Lolab Valley can be thoroughly enjoyed. The snows will still be low down; and the aspect of the country altogether that of an English spring. The fruit trees will be loaded with blossom; the chenars bare, but breaking into leaf, and nature everywhere stirring after the winter. The season will advance with magical speed; in June the foliage will be perfect, and the hill-sides purple with roses. To visit the higher hills it is necessary to wait till July.

CHAPTER II

OOTACAMUND, THE TODAS AND SOME REFLECTIONS

THE peninsula of India is a symphony in the music of time. The Himalaya strikes the prelude, the mountains and rocks of Cape Comorin the close, and a great phrase on the way are the Nilgiris. They rise a little inland from the Ghauts; the loftiest heights, the finest mass in India. Some volcano of early times uphove them, and its crater, twenty miles by fifteen, is now the green hollow of Ootacamund. The sun and the frost and the rains of many ages have rounded the slopes, and decomposed the rocks, and the soil wears a thin mantle of grass. Fierce alternations of heat and cold check its growth, and it is poor pasture, but in the distance it looks well enough, and after a thousand miles in the parched Dravidian Plains one is more inclined to be grateful than critical.

It is possible indeed that the traveller, once arrived at Ooty, may regret he has left so far behind the scenery of the outer wall. The Nilgiris rise abruptly from the plains. Down at Mettapollyam you lift your eyes to a vast escarpment of rock, Coonoor-droorg rising eight thousand feet above you. The cliffs are marvellous; hundreds of feet they fall sometimes, and it seems like a flight of imagination to ascend them. But the ascent was first made long ago, before history began, and even Tippoo had his summer seat on that inaccessible peak.

Thence he too, like us, surveyed the plains, and no doubt in a palki he was carried up some path through the same ravine. Western enterprise has made a road since then, and since the road a railway. The gradient is one in twelve; the engine relies on the rack and pinion system, and trains run up and down without apparent trouble. There is an excellent system of putting the engine in the rear, you are pushed up from behind, and you leave behind you the dense cloud of yellow smoke which announces your passage. As you go along, you see glimpses of unspeakable scenery, and it is clear that this ravine, before it was civilised, was second to nothing in the world in the way of natural grandeur. Nowadays it has suffered much from the all-destroying tea-planter, and bungalows emerge here, there and everywhere. You have to reconstruct the past.

Better still, you may resolve to go elsewhere and find the past still present. Beyond Ootacamund, on the western side of the plateau, is the sacred eminence of Makurti Peak. It is easily accessible; you may take a tent from Ooty, walk over there some morning, and camp below the mountain. Next day rising betimes, if you are wise, you may climb Makurti and look down into Malabar. The formation of the mountain is curious. It seems as though some earthquake had torn half of it away, and, standing on its summit, you look straight down where the other half should have been, straight down into Malabar. The hollow below you is filled with jungle, vast, solitary and impenetrable. Beyond is the massif of the Nilgiri Peak, a tremendous stronghold defiant of the climber, and between the two is a vision of Malabar. We had but a scanty view of this on my visit, for the monsoon was rolling inland and the hollow

was full of sluggish clouds. But it is one of the great scenes of the world, and I am resolved that one day I will cross the Wynaad and offer battle to that Nilgiri Peak.

These mountains on the edge of the plateau are called the Kundahs. They rise above it about a thousand feet and are full of romantic glens and hollows. The best way to see them is to go out and stay at Avalanche Bungalow, about eighteen miles from Ooty. You may go thence in any direction you please; the scenery is all much the same. In every fold of the hills there is a little wood or *shola*. The trees are of the laurel and myrtle tribes, small but leafy, and the *sholas* have a clustered look that is very charming. The rich greens of the foliage harmonise with the grey lichens of the trunks, and one feels the presence of antiquity. Sometimes a few deer show themselves, or a jackal steals across the hill; I should also observe that coral snakes abound. They are very pretty and not very poisonous, so the lover of nature is not conscientiously bound to kill them.

Near Ootacamund the *sholas* have mostly disappeared and the country has been planted with Australian trees. Some of these are not unattractive; the mimosa makes a good hedge, and the acacia, though formal, has a bold outline and shadowy depth of foliage. But the commonest exotic is the eucalyptus, or blue gum tree, the most useful and the ugliest. It grows about a hundred feet high, with a thin trunk, ragged twisted bark, and a small crown of drooping miserable leaves. Its aspect is dejected and depressing; and one's first impulse is to say "Away with it!" Inquiry, however, shows that like most ugly people and things it has innumerable virtues and is indispensable. In the first place, it is

unrivalled for sucking up noxious moisture and draining swamps. It grows more speedily than any other tree; when cut down, it affords excellent firewood; and without any complaints it grows up again of its own accord. It yields eucalyptus oil, and finally, under the manipulation of the chemist, furnishes an ingredient indispensable for cordite. Hitherto we have depended on Germany for this ingredient—the very country that is going to eat us up—and it comes as a shock to learn that we have been at their mercy for high explosives since these instruments of civil and military warfare were invented.

Ooty is the home of many English flowers. The gorse and the broom line the roads with yellow, the privet fills the dells with an ancient well-remembered scent. Anemones dance by millions on the grass; nodding buttercups and Nilgiri daisies. The flower of the last is like that of the English daisy, but it grows on a long thin stem and is not the companion of our childhood. Violets and wild thyme are not absent, nor blue bells and hyacinths. Ivy, too, is common. How comes it that all these flowers find themselves on this solitary height in the tropics? We do not know; we do not know most of the things we should like to know.

Still, there they are, welcome to the exile, and combining with the grass and cool air to revive old memories,

> "Till that child's heart within the man's
> Begins to move and tremble."

We have, most of us English people, felt or affected to feel the charm of the country and have opined with Mercy:

"I think I am as well in this valley as anywhere else in all our journey; the place, methinks, suits with my spirit. I love to

be in such places where there is no rumbling with coaches, no rattling with wheels. Methinks here, one may, without much meditation, be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and why the King has called him."

Of course the mood passes away, and I find it myself as great a relief to get back to the town as to get away to the country. If one were an artist and had work to do there, things would be different, but the ordinary man must kill off his sense of duty if he is going to sit still admiring buttercups and daisies and shepherds and silly sheep. What a *tour de force* it was for Wordsworth to keep his moral sense alive through half a century of country life!

Of Ootacamund itself, as a hill-station, there is a little, but not much, to be said. It is without doubt the most attractive of these places in India. In the Himalayan stations you live, as it were, on the roof of a house, your excursions are confined to one or two roads along the side of the hill. At Ooty you have rolling downs for miles around you, where members of the hunt pursue their sport. The station is well laid out, with prim acacias growing everywhere, and it looks, as some one has said, like a well-kept cemetery. There is no overcrowding, though there is one squalid suburb. The air is too thin for new-comers, who take a few days to grow used to it, and the cold is a little chilly at first. Some people prefer Coonoor, which is not so fashionable, but has finer walks and is cheaper. Do not forget when you are there to admire the tree-ferns in the woods, or to ask for grenadillas at desert. These are the fruit of the passion flower creeper; they are like little bombs, with pulp inside them. You cut off the top and eat the contents with a spoon.

Ooty is the oldest hill-station in India. Macaulay lived there, and he must have dined there with old gentlemen in wigs and knee-breeches, who ate nothing but curry, smoked their hookahs between the courses, and drank as much as was good for them. How far we are removed from our forefathers, and how little our posterity will resemble us! It seems a principle with the Demiourgos to change his types of life and character; is there anything in the world that persists?

Shall we go to the Todas for an affirmation? They are never far away at Ooty and they form a good background for the white man's civilisation. They were there before he came; we know not for how many centuries, nor from what source derived. But the revolutions of India left them alone. They must have arrived there some time or other, and even before them some earlier race had left cairns and barrows on the hills, but from that date till last century they occupied the ground undisturbed, and apparently without altering their customs. There is a vast literature about them; the latest author is Mr Rivers, an ethnologist from Oxford, who spent six months on his inquiries, and compiled eight hundred pages of information about their ways. It is desperately hard reading, but so is all real science; and I am just going to pick a few plums out of it, and add my own reflections on these queer people.

The Todas are tall, well-built men with "Caucasian" features, brown skins, and superabundant hair. It is the pride of a full-grown Toda to have a mop-like head and a bushy pendulous beard. Curls are not unknown, especially amongst the ladies, who encourage them artificially. They live in groups of huts, called "munds"; cut a barrel in two, lengthways, and you

will have two Toda huts, almost the right size. The door is a small square hole, just large enough to creep through. Inside, there is no furniture, the simple habits of the Todas not requiring any, except vessels to hold ghee, which are made from the nodes of bamboos.

Their occupation is entirely pastoral; they live on the produce of their buffaloes. These animals are large and fierce and exclusive; though obedient to the smallest hint from a Toda, they make war on any sort of stranger who goes near them. Admire them, therefore, from a distance, when you are exploring the hills. But observe, if possible, the Todas milking them. They are kept at night in a round stone pen, knee-deep in mire, and densely packed, and in this pen the milk is extracted from them by their masters. Women (as inferior beings), are not allowed to go near them—or near their milk; and even men, when engaged on the sacred task of milking, have to take off all their clothes except their perineal band.

For the Toda buffaloes are sacred animals; some more, some less sacred, but all in their degree invested with sanctity. And their milk (which they yield in deplorably small quantities) is also sacred. It may not be sold or even used, I think, by the Todas till it has been formally desecrated by being made into ghee, and this process is carried on with intricate rites in special buildings. As ghee, with some grain soaked in it, this milk furnishes the Toda's food, also their hair restorer and unguent, and it adheres more or less to every material surrounding of the Todas. (I am not yet able to eat butter since I associated with them.) It is also exchanged for cloth and iron knives, articles which the Todas require, but do not make, for they make nothing.

With respect to religion, they recognise numerous gods, to whom they pay little attention, and of whom they possess no images. They salute the Sun, and they speak vaguely of "the Swami," as Europeans do of Providence. Their chief religious thoughts centre round their buffaloes. The most sacred herds are attended by officers called *pullals*, who live apart from the community and make their own ghee with ceremonies of special intricacy. The leading cows are crowned once in their life with sacred bells, and addressed in some such terms as these:

"What a fine cow your predecessor was!
How well she supplied us with her milk!
Won't you supply us in like manner?
You are a god amongst us!"

Prayers are also offered:

"May it be well with the buffaloes and their calves, may there be no disease, may there be no destroyer, no poisonous animals or wild beasts, may they be kept from falling down steep hills, may they be kept from floods, may there be no fire, may clouds rise, may grass flourish, may water spring."

Sorcery is believed in and practised, chiefly by sympathetic magic. A bone is taken to represent an enemy, it is buried in the ground and an incantation pronounced:

"May an incurable sore come upon him, may his leg be broken, may his hand be broken, may his eye be destroyed, may trouble come upon his house and family; what happens to this bone in the ground, may it happen also to him."

Fortunately, there are means of ascertaining the authors of such spells and neutralising their effect.

The doctrine of reincarnation is unknown. It is supposed that dead Todas go to another world like this; and buffaloes are killed for their use on the way. The scene, I believe, is affecting; a buffalo is brought up to

the corpse of the dead man, and slain, and the assembled Todas stroke his head and moan and weep over his fate. At one time many buffaloes perished in this way; the British Government has now interfered and restricted the number that may be killed.

Their social system is polyandrous; but by various expedients they recognise paternity and inheritance in the male line. They are divided into groups and subgroups, with various rules for marriage, and they have innumerable names for relations. Custom allows a woman a recognised paramour besides her husbands, and we seem to approach the communistic ideal of "free-love."

The stability of their social fabric is secured by female infanticide. Sufficient women are preserved for breeding purposes, and the race has not exceeded the number which the Nilgiri plateau can support. The British Government has interfered with this regulation, and Mr Rivers surmises that in the last few years the practice of infanticide has ceased.

From a moral point of view the Todas are well spoken of. They commit no crimes, live pleasantly together, and treat their women and their buffaloes kindly. They are very intelligent, though devoid of literature, but not in the least artistic, though I heard one of them discourse some lowly music on a pipe. Their manners are free and dignified; though not a fighting people, they regard themselves as lords territorial of the Nilgiris, a claim admitted by the Badagas, and even by the British Government, who still (I believe) pay them rent.

It is a nice question whether these Todas are Hindus, and not perhaps one that a European should try to answer. In fact, it is probably unanswerable, and instead of answering it one can only state again the

problem of "Hinduism." What is the real origin of this system? I must confess it often seems to me that the orthodox view is doubtful and difficult to accept. It is fancied that the pale skinned Aryans of the Rig Veda when they entered India brought with them the civilisation which was the spiritual ancestor of Hinduism; that in time they modified it, borrowing elements from the "Dravidians," and turned it into Puranic Hinduism, but that the main current of influence was always "Aryan." Is it not equally possible that the saddle should be on the other horse; that Hinduism is really an ancient indigenous product of India, which absorbed a few, though very few, elements from the Aryans?

We have, I suppose, no records of what the early Dravidians were like. The Rig Veda speaks with scorn of the demons and black natives of the forests, but what does this prove? Nothing. Meanwhile we have the fact that no feature characteristic of the Hindu system is to be found in the Rig Veda. Caste is not there, reincarnation is not there, the cows and Brahmans have nothing like their later status, images of the gods are unknown, Shiva has not been heard of, nor is there any trace of the great monist philosophy, which makes the world a dream, or of that mortification of the flesh which is a sure mark of Hindu sentiment. Where did all these things come from? As I would suggest, from Dravidia. The strongest argument against me is the spread of the Sanskrit language. But the circumstances which favour the spread of a language are obscure; and against this consideration may be weighed the probability that the Aryan invaders were few compared with the natives of India, and it is hard to see how they became the chief forming element in Hinduism.

For my part, then, I am disposed to look on the Parsi to-day as the true inheritor of the Rig Veda, though not of the Vedic Sanskrit. How much of that Puranic Sanskrit really possesses, or the Prakrit vernaculars, I wot not, but at least they have the tradition behind them. Perhaps, too, Vedic ritual; I am ignorant of the matter. The strength of my position is only an impression, going about India, that the Hindu system is indigenous to India. All races who came here before the Mohammedans, Aryans, Greeks, Persians, Scythians, and Huns, have each in their turn been swallowed up by it, leaving perhaps some little trace behind, perhaps none at all, but joining the same current, which has no doubt swelled in volume but flows in the main from one primeval fountain head. And this is how Hinduism in the course of ages has so filled India that, from Ambaranath to Comorin, from Dwarka to Jakannath, there is not a corner of land that does not belong to it, while north of the Himalayas there is not a vestige of it.

As for the Todas, we cannot say who they are. Mr Rivers suggests they came from Travancore; but their language is Canarese, though the language of the country round them is Tamil. They have also a secret language of their own, the affinities of which are unsettled. We may be content at present to call them pre-Dravidian.

Their manner of life, on a superficial view, may appear uncivilised, but is it so certain that civilisation has anything to offer them? They lack knowledge, but not intelligence, which is more important than knowledge; they enjoy as much comfort and luxury as most civilised men; and there is not much to complete in their scheme

of morals. Infanticide has an objectionable sound, but a philosopher may urge that the stability of society is worth the momentary pangs of a few infants, and Toda society has no problems; no suffragettes and no anarchists. When not employed in milking their buffaloes ennui does not afflict them; they sit and whittle bits of cane into the semblance of buffalo horns, whereas the civilised man would be cursing his stars and wondering what he was born for. I should not on this account recommend the people of Mayfair to adopt the Toda formula, but neither should I join myself to any scheme for changing the Toda.

Unfortunately, however, for the Todas the enemy is at their gates. The microbe of civilisation has entered their system, and that most unfortunately the microbe of a white civilisation from Europe. Now I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point. I do not condemn the white man's system; I do not concur, for instance, in Mr Ali's view of it. Even the unsuccessful white races, the Turks, for instance, do in many ways deserve the respect and sympathy of mankind. But there is no doubt their influence on unsophisticated brown men has been bad. I leave alone their relations with the highly developed brown races; I am thinking of what we have done for the North American and the Tungus. The benefits we have imparted to him have been—drink and disease; that is all we have been able to give him or he has been able to take from us. So, too, the learned judge sums up the case:

"Civilisation is brought to their doors with beat of drums and clangour of arms, in the shape of trousers and top hats, drink, disease, infant murder and prostitution. . . . They drink and die and there is an end of it. But their fat lands remain to reward the labours of the (white) civilised man."

The case is spoiled a little by dragging in infant murder and prostitution, because the Todas invented these things for themselves; and it is also true (pace Mr Ali) that missionaries are not meant to accelerate the downfall of these unhappy beings, but to rescue them. They do not, however, succeed. The trader is too much for them, and the barbarian powerless to help himself, incapable of being helped, hurries headlong to the devil. "Everywhere during my travels in North Siberia," says Mr Stradling, "I have invariably found that the genuine pagan reindeer nomads stand on a much higher level, physically, intellectually and morally, than the fishing nomads and other nomads who have come into contact with civilisation, and are nominally members of the Orthodox (Russian) Church." There is the pleasure of coming into contact with genuine good heathens; undefiled by civilisation, honest and excellent people, rendering you all the services they can as a matter of honour and duty, never bargaining, and expecting, as a matter of course, that you will treat them in the same way.

And so to-day we perceive that the Todas are being in every way demoralised. They have begun to use articles that require buying, kerosine oil tins for instance instead of bamboo buckets; they have been spoiled by presents from foreign visitors, and their women sell themselves for a few annas to loafers from the bazaar. It is lucky they have been studied and recorded in time.

I did not part from them without purchasing a relic; a bamboo churn wherewith the sacred milk is churned. It now ornaments the wall of my office, and I dare say I look upon it with more affection than its Toda owner did. For Todas do not, apart from religion, enter into

intimate relations with their property and implements; this is, I fancy, a habit of the materialistic white races. In *East and West* for May, 1905, I read a poem, by Dr W. H. Drummond, describing how the Canadian peasant envisages his "cabane":

"I look on de corner over dere an' see it, ma birch canoe.
I look on de wall were ma rifle hang, along wit de good snow shoe,
An evting else on de worl I got, safe on the place near me;
And here you are too, ma brave ole dog, wit your nose up agen ma knee."

I should like to know if any Hindu, Aryan or Dravidian or Pre-Dravidian, has ever written a poem of this sort. My old friend Tukaram would not have wasted his time on such a theme.

One more observation and I have done with the Todas. I have noted more than once how the newest civilisation in the world is reverting to ancient ideas—I mean that of America. It is in America the Vedantist propaganda is making progress; it is America that has rejected the English fiction of law and set up in its place the vendetta; and it is in America that the prevalence of divorce is bringing back the system of polyandry. I abstain from saying that any of these usages and views are wrong—they are different from those current in England.

I have left myself little space to speak of the Badagas, a people quite interesting but not so peculiar as the Todas. They cultivate the ground and furnish most of the coolies of the Nilgiris. I had the good fortune to come across one of their funerals. The deceased was a woman, who had died in childbirth; her corpse was exposed on a bed with a canopy over it, and underneath were her winnowing fans and other domestic imple-

ments, all destined to be burned. There was a large concourse of people, and her friends and relations were dancing round her bier. I realised for the first time how such proceedings foster common sentiment in a tribe. In one way they protect society against selfishness; in another they encourage it, by confining sympathy to a circle. The proceedings were orderly and dignified, and ended in an interesting ceremony where the sins of the deceased are formally recited and transferred to a buffalo calf, who carries them off. There were some " Badaga Brahmanas " who joined in the dancing, waving coco-nut ladles in their hands. I thought it hardly creditable that these unsophisticated people should celebrate with so much pomp the obsequies of a woman.

CHAPTER III

MADRAS AND BURMA

SETTING forth to write of Burma, I find in my way, as I found on my journey there, Madras.

It is not a town with much for the tourist, but what there is, no doubt, is characteristic. The two poles of the place are the Madras Museum and Adyar. I can recommend the Museum; it is well-ordered and well-furnished, and displays the business-like spirit of the West. You may see there much evidence of the Hindu system; elephant goads of chisled steel, miniatures in votive silver, the village pantheon of Dravidia, and ancient bronzes of the great Puranic gods. Much did I covet these, as did the Florentine Museum, which offered a thousand pounds for the Tandey that adorns the hall. But in vain, even to our nation of shop-keepers; there still it stands, Shiva, grandly pirouetting and dancing out his furious glee, rejoicing, I suppose, that the crazy world is dead.

I know not, neither do I know what to make or say of Adyar. I went there—strangers are not excluded—I saw the elephant-headed hall, with its baffling motto, and its fresco of Zoroaster, Buddha, Krishna, and Jesus. What is the Nazarene doing there? And where is the Arabian Prophet? Mrs Blavatsky's statue is not absent; and Mrs Besant, I suppose, will one day be throned by

her side. Beyond is the library where the mystics of all ages may be read, or, to interpose a little ease, the student may divert himself with the thought-forms of elementals on the walls. Have I not rightly said that Adyar and the Museum are the two poles of Madras? Science and Mysticism; you can never say *ceci tuera cela*, for they will always be fighting each other till the day of Pralaya, with alternate victories and unchanging malice.

Madras itself is a mystery. Who started the place in this ill-chosen spot? Nobody knows, any more than we know, in an earlier age, how the first Christians came there. Surveying the Cross at St Thomas's Mount, we perceive that an epoch of history has vanished—as Madras itself will vanish when its time comes, for there is nothing on the Coromandel Coast to keep it there. Its end will be like its beginning; there will be nothing left but huts and catamarans, and a few fishermen diving through the surf. With close-observing eyes I watched them, for I felt I was looking into the future.

It is curious how unfriendly fortune has been to our great settlements in India. Bombay is squeezed into a mud flat, Calcutta is on the most dangerous river, Madras on the most dangerous coast in the world. Day and night the *kala pani* thunders on the sand, re-echoing the ancient prohibition that bids the Aryan race respect its limits.

Nor did I, willingly, transgress them myself, for I hate the sea, and nautical life, and the whole business of getting on and off ships. At Madras especially it is made as horrible as possible. The steamers lie in the middle of the "harbour," rising and falling on the

swell, and the stranger, ignorant of Tamil, is left to fight his own way on board, contending as best he can with beggars, coolies and boatmen.

Coolies are *not* the same all over India, they are more troublesome at Madras than anywhere else. The scene at Madras Railway Station reminds one of the sack of Troy. I suppose the struggle for existence is keen among these people. One evening, when I was walking along the shore, three boys requested permission to amuse me by jumping in the surf. Permission having been granted, and the entertainment concluded, three hands were stretched out towards me, in one of which I dropped the expected remuneration. With the speed of thought that hand closed on the money, and the owner of it was off. Like those tormented souls whom Dante saw beneath the flames of fire all three sped along the sand:

> "Un ammen non saria potuto dirsi
> Tosto cosi com' ei furo spariti."

I have now pretty well done with Madras, but cannot avoid making some reflection on the statue of Sir Thomas Monroe. It occupies a huge granite pedestal in a conspicuous place, where it is well seen but not understood by the people. For the absence of a canopy, I am told, is a stumbling block to many, and it is thought that only some great villain can have been thus exposed to the weather. The queer idea brought a queerer one still into my head, that out of respect to his memory, Sir T. Monroe ought to be fetched down, and Sir George Arbuthnot installed in his place. Sir George's creditors, when they get their dividends, would no doubt bear the attendant expenses, which would

include the removal of the inscription, and the substitution of another, something to this effect:

IN MEMORY
OF
SIR GEORGE ARBUTHNOT
WHO WAS INCARCERATED IN THIS PRESIDENCY
FOR FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY FROM
[—] TO [—]
THIS STATUE
HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THOSE WHOM
HIS MISCONDUCT RUINED.
LIABILITIES, [—]
ASSETS, [—]
AS A HUMBLING REMINDER TO THE BRITISH NATION
WHOSE FAME
HE TARNISHED, AND A MEASURE OF PROTECTION TO
THEIR POSTERITY

This would be a *useful* statue; otherwise, what mockeries statues are! To be reared aloft in perennial bronze, that every day men's eyes may be lifted up to you, and grateful blessings may follow your memory—this indeed is a fine dream, but it is not a waking reality. Too many nobodies attain to statuary rank, it is not equivalent to fame. There is one true kind of fame, *volitare vivus per ora virum*, to live upon men's lips. Is there any statue now standing in the world of Alexander?

The climate of Burma is not unlike that of India. Rangoon is hot and moist, Mandalay hot and dry. In Upper Burma the cold weather is disagreeably cold—but I need say no more of the climate.

The scenery also resembles that of India. The green

fields of the south are like rice-fields everywhere; the forests, like the jungles of Malabar. There are the same mountains, the same panorama of noble trees. I did not see enough of them; only a brief glimpse on the journey to Mogok. The teak forests I did not see at all; indeed, if you want to see big teak trees now, you must go up to the Salwin and find some corner where civilisation has not advanced its flag.

One is naturally tempted to make the tour of the Irawadi. It is a novelty; the steamers are so large and comfortable, there is the prospect of interesting company on board, and "river-side life" visible. The steamer becomes inevitable.

I will not say the choice is altogether a mistake. The officers of the company are interesting and pleasant people. The table is good, and it is gratifying to find oneself on a boat when there is no chance of sea-sickness. There is some interest, too, in the navigation, when the water is low. The steamer glides featly over sand-banks, and you learn why the Irawadi is locally known as "the overland route to Bhamo." But, after a while, you begin to notice the confinement, and the incessant noise of the paddles, and the small talk of the tourists. You begin to reflect that you came to Burma to see Burma, and the supposed "river-side life" is a fraud. The scenery of the defiles is a brief excitement, but no scenery is truly visible from a railway train or a steamer. The voyage on the river is best defended as the only means of reaching Minbu or Pagan.

I should say, however, that it offers a good chance of observing the purity of the Burmese air. This, perhaps, is not equally striking all the year round; in October, certainly, it is a marvellous sight. It reminded me of

Tuscany; it reminds others of the Nile; I have seen nothing like it in India. Right up to the horizon every outline tells its tale; and every outline is filled with harmonious colour. The very sandbanks please the eye, and the skies are lovely. I have nowhere seen such sunsets, so blue a vault, nor such a glow declining in the west.

A common feature in the sunsets, and in the sunrise too, is a fan of coloured rays spreading upwards to the zenith. When I saw them in Burma I remembered that I had often seen them in Ceylon, and I was told there that Buddha had bequeathed them as a sign of favour to Buddhist lands. These same rays issued from his body during life; for, indeed, according to the mystics, they form the colour of the arhat's aura—yellow, blue and red. Even to-day from certain images of Buddha, at certain seasons, they stream forth, but always they rise in the clear evening sky, as a proof that the Blessed One is watching his people. Let those who will, deride this legend. At least it proves that Buddhist people have noticed the sky; and, certainly, it is curious that these rays are more conspicuous in Buddhist countries than elsewhere. One lady, however, told me she had noticed them in Cyprus.

The prettiest place I saw in Burma was Moulmein. The ugliest, but most curious spot, was near Minbu—the mud volcanoes. These craters, I believe, are unique in Asia. They are connected somehow with the petroleum springs, and are formed in the following manner. First, a small hole opens in the ground, and from it a stream of mud emerges. Part of this mud collects on the rim of the hole, and thus the crater of the " volcano " is formed. By successive eruptions of mud it is raised

gradually higher, till a Popocatepetli of thirty feet is formed. The diameter of the hole is about three feet, just enough to fall into. Large bubbles of gas rise every few seconds, and solemnly explode with a dull flop; you can light them with a match. There are perhaps a dozen of these volcanoes all together; their colour is a bluish grey. Nothing grows on them; they keep each other company on the road outside Minbu, and, like giant tortoises, pay no heed to the lapse of time.

The soil throughout Lower Burma is sandy, having all at some time or other formed part of the river-bed. Trees embedded in this sand are sometimes petrified, particles of sand replacing those of wood. The result is very curious; every wrinkle and every line of the original wood survives. Large pieces yield a musical note on percussion, and may be used as gongs. Specimens may be picked up along the bank of the river, especially at Pagan.

Rangoon lies some way up the river; it is well not to judge it at first sight. The river-side arrangements are all crude and ugly, you have to wait a little before you realise the good points of the town. Observation then tells you that it is a new town built in the east after western ideas. The streets are all wide enough for traffic; there is no architecture, but there will be room for it when the day comes. The hinterland is already beautiful. Roads have been made, swamps reclaimed, and the water collected in lakes. The climate favours the growth of trees and grass, and Dalhousie Park is the finest in Asia. Bungalows abound, well-built and surrounded by gardens; residences fit for the country, and much envied by the wretched pilgrim from Bombay.

What we have in Bombay, Rangoon may or will some day possess, fine city buildings. There is progress already visible. The Hospital, now rising, is a noble structure, and impresses one with the power of a fact accomplished. I recalled, as I looked upon it, the gim-crack turrets of our Byculla pile; we have travelled far since that was erected. And it is certain that the growth of our Anglo-Indian architecture will some day provide an interesting study for archæologists. I will digress on it awhile.

The problem of the first Anglo-Indian architects was to choose between two courses—they might either adapt Indian styles to western purposes, or European styles to Indian conditions. They chose for the most part—and rightly—the latter course. But their first efforts were not successful. Want of experience, want of talent, want of money, and want of time, these were all against them, and the unlucky taste of a century ago was still in favour of Greek porticoes. Hence, such failures as the Byculla Hospital and the Town Hall of Bombay. It is a long way from these buildings to the Elphinstone High School and the Municipal Offices. When Bombay's span of life is ended, when she is left, like Bassein, a pile of ruins, the New Zealand or the Chinese traveller will follow with interest this course of progress. He will pass sorrowfully over the mistaken ambitions of the Victoria Station, but the B.B. and C.I. offices will cheer him up. Here and elsewhere, too, in Bombay, along the regenerate side of Hornby Road, he will find architecture uniting dignity with convenience and duly clothed with the grace of ornament. He will sniff at our commonplace secretariat and smile at our churches, but our shops and offices will cost him a sigh. "Here

too," he will say, "the genius of architecture once stirred and woke awhile."

To return to Burma. The chief sight of Rangoon is the industrial elephants in the timber yards. They will soon cease to be visible, for machinery is going to be found cheaper than elephants, but a few old stagers are still at work. They are best seen in the Chinaman's yard, where they are made more useful than elsewhere. Go then, some morning, to Athlone and watch the veteran at work. Around him are piles of logs, before him are two circular saws. It is his task to feed these saws, and cut the logs up into planks. He understands his business and needs little talking to. Selecting some huge log he picks it up with his tusks, flings it down before the saw, kicks it into position with his toes, and, screwing up his trunk into a little knob, pushes it forward to the saw. Thereafter he throws the outside pieces away and stacks the timber neatly in its place. He never pauses and never hurries in his work. The space about him is circumscribed, but he never collides with anything, nor gets his trunk mixed up with the bands and saws. The expression of his face is unfathomable. I seemed to see in it a careful interest in his work and a kindly, tolerant attitude towards visitors. I compared him to some benevolent uncle showing tricks to his nephews, full of amusement at their amusement, not unmixed with complacency. Perhaps also there was some *arrière pensée* of this kind: "It is a rum thing that a person of *my* antecedents should be employed in this way. I might knock the whole of this building down if I liked. Why don't I? Why should I?" etc., and so forth. There is a white elephant in the Park, which is not at all white, but does not work and deserves no respect.

I took no interest in him. The chimpanzee was more pleasing. He lay on his back in a large cage, picking his teeth with a straw, and viewing the people of Burma with languid contemptuous curiosity.

Mandalay is far inland, you may reach it by rail or river. The approach by river is fine. You pass the older capitals of Ava and Amarapura, gaze on countless pagodas, and catch your first sight of the high inland mountains. The city itself is found to be a great straggling waste of little houses, unattractive and unbearably hot in summer. Some sights, however, it possesses, and I will describe them.

First, the Fort. It is a square enclosure of a mile each way, with a battlemented wall and a moat all round it. In the centre is a palace, or rather a group of palaces, that belonged to the kings and queens of Burma. Their date is modern, their style nondescript. There is nothing that can be called architecture about them. Nevertheless the halls of audience are striking scenes. They are built, as all Burmese houses are built, entirely of wood. When Thebaw's courtiers returned from Europe, they assured him they had seen no such building in that country; all the kings of Europe lived in palaces of stone or mud. Thebaw smiled with satisfaction, and indeed his complacency was justified. Where could men have found in Europe those giant teak trees that support his roof? Four feet in girth, fifty feet in height, they rise like a forest of pillars round the visitor, bestowing on Mandalay palace a real and unique distinction. Not Hiram's cedars could have surpassed them, nor the deodars of Kashmir. Had the Moghul architects reached Burma, the mosques of Mandalay would have lowered the pride of Srinagar. As it is,

they have nothing to boast of but materials; the want of style is supplied by gilding. Every inch of these vast interiors is gilt, for gilding was the privilege of royalty and religion. The effect is sumptuous, you cannot forget that you are standing in the presence chamber of a king.

Nor did I forget it as often as I went there. The Burmese court is not long vanished, and everyone knows what it was like. No king was more absolute than the Burmese king; no court more splendid than his, none where dress and ceremony were more studied or better regulated. The very language of the court was its own, it possessed a whole vocabulary that common people could neither use nor understand. I could easily repeople these deserted scenes with princes and princesses, ministers and scribes, with courtiers and musicians, and dancing girls of radiant beauty. Then I thought of the summer house where Thebaw surrendered, and the bungalow at Ratnagherry where once I called on him. And I saw my own countryman holding a durbar on his throne, and I fell a prey to anxious thought.

To complete my distress of mind I had to endure an American. He was transatlantic in all his ideas, the hereditary foe of England, and warmly he denounced that greedy and unscrupulous land, whose only maxim is *væ victis*!

I stood up to him but feebly; however, this is what I said:

"Take the worst view of our proceedings you please, they are no worse than those of all other countries (except America) where their neighbours' property is concerned. Are not the Japanese the most virtuous race on earth, yet how have they treated the Koreans? Do not the tears stand in your eyes when you read how the

poor King of Korea was humiliated, and his troops insulted and disbanded?

"What right has any nation to anything unless they can defend it? All nations have been conquerors in their day, even Mr Hardie's friends, the Zulus. They have all drawn the sword; they cannot claim a forbearance they never showed.

"Besides, are we not all socialists nowadays? Do we not all hold that the rich may be fairly stripped of their riches if they neglect to use them? Shall any nation sit tight on its wells of oil, and mines of rubies, and forests of teak, when more active spirits are ready to develop them? *Salus mundi lex suprema.*

"And is the verdict of force unjust? Show me, if you can, outside the limits of your own country, a war where the worst cause has triumphed. To sympathise with the vanquished is no doubt commendable, especially in youth, when we should like to hand over Rome to the vengeance of Hannibal, or to see FitzJames chopped into pieces by Rhoderick Dhu. But it misleads us, if it blinds our eyes to the harsh truth, that the causes of failure in war are cowardice and corruption, disunion and selfishness."

I did not urge that the annexation had been a good thing for Burma, or even that it might have been so intended. He would not have believed it; he *could* not have believed it; and only within limits do I believe it myself. Settled conditions of life have opened up Burma to the *kalaw*, and the Burmese are unable to cope with him. They are enslaved by Chetties from Madras, expropriated by Tamil agriculturalists, and elbowed out of all occupations where English is wanted. With the rise of prices the rich grow richer and the

poor poorer; the evils of western life appear without those compensations which save the west from chaos.

It is part of my faith that from the mingling of races and systems all human progress have gone forth. But from the same source has issued, at other times, almost as much evil. To ensure good there must be a spirit of expansion that borrows naturally and truly, and uses what it borrows. We do not know why, at certain times, this spirit shows itself, but we can see that such times do occur (though rarely), and these are the brilliant periods that redeem existence from failure. We cannot command them to originate, and if we live under other circumstances we can only deplore and patiently endure our case.

But to return to Mandalay; its sights are not ended with the palace. There is a monastery worth visiting for its wood-carving; and there are the four hundred and fifty pagodas. Here under appropriate canopies the whole of the Buddhist law is visible, inscribed on slabs of stone. This was done by Thebaw's uncle, who was anxious that everybody should know exactly what the sacred text contained. The motive was alike creditable and characteristic of a good Buddhist. The pagodas form a conspicious object from Mandalay Hill, a height from which Mandalay may conveniently be viewed.

The most cheerful place in the town is the Zegyo Bazaar. Every town has, of course, its bazaar, and often one with a roof to it; the Zegyo Bazaar is the largest in Burma. Meat, fish, vegetables, grain, all sorts of domestic articles and silks, these are the contents of the stalls, and they are not without interest. But the buyers and sellers are more interesting still.

Nowhere in Burma will you realise better what Burmese people are like. You will be struck by the extreme cleaniness of everything, and the absence of smells, even in the meat market. There you will notice how quiet everybody is. A little bargaining, of course, goes on, but never noisily, and you rarely hear a dispute. You are never asked to buy anything. You may go anywhere and look at anything; no one will worry you; and wherever you turn, your eyes will be charmed by the neat figures, the smiles and the bright dresses of the Burmese women.

But I am anticipating. This delightful topic I am saving for a future page; the present is only the topographical part of my travels. Let us visit the leper asylum at Mandalay.

There are *two* leper asylums at Mandalay, Catholic and Protestant. I went in for the Catholic one. It was founded by the exertions of an Austrian priest, Father Wehinger; the present buildings cost three lakhs of rupees. About three hundred lepers are maintained there, including some of European extraction, and they are ministered to by a band of twenty-two nuns. Visitors are welcomed, and, as all languages are represented among the nuns, all visitors find themselves at home. All stages of leprosy may be witnessed in their development, from the first fatal spots to that strange culmination when life clings to a wretch who has neither limbs nor features nor anything human in his form. Passing such a one, and feeling as Dante sometimes felt in hell, I asked who he was, and I was told that he was one of the earliest inmates of the home, who had been in his younger days a droll fellow, wont to dance and sing in the streets of Mandalay, to induce

the other lepers to come to the home. But what was life worth to him now? Why not out of kindness with a *coup de grâce* release him? So I reflected; yet next day when I came again I learned that on that very morning he had asked for a fried egg for breakfast. Now, if lying there in his darkness and solitude, he could remember such a thing as a fried egg, who shall say his life was not worth living? And if so, not worth preserving?

The lepers are treated with great kindness, washed, anointed, and amused, and given a little pocket-money. Thus they are saved from losing themselves altogether; yet such is their horror of being mere inmates of a home that many of them leave it. How strange a thing human nature is. Here, in Bombay, by the tram-lines, I see many lepers rotting miserably to pieces, whining for alms, starving very likely, yet nothing will induce them to stay in the lepers' home at Matunga.

It is a pity the Burmese, with all their charity and all their generosity, do not support the Lepers' Asylum. Why not? If they object to the religion, why don't they start one of their own? If they are going to take anything from the "materialistic" West, let it be something of this kind, which Buddha himself need not have censured. Did I not hear, at the feast in Thabeitkyn, among other deeds of the Buddha, recited, how he came and stayed a pestilence?

What is it like to be a nun and spend your days washing lepers, attending masses, and meditating? I fancy it pays some better than others. There are some to whom it brings happiness, others who never cease to suffer. You will see in all such bodies of workers some faces that speak of peace, others where there is only

endurance. Nevertheless, if we look for the highest peace, the securest happiness that earth affords, I believe it is in such places that we find it. Fame they desire not, nor does it visit them, save when some literary rogue exploits a Father Damien. Then the newspapers bustle to the scene, the professional writer strings together his officious encomiums, and his foolish readers believe that by their approbation they are crowning the minister's work.

When you are in Mandalay do not neglect Ma Kyn's shop. You will not see it as I saw it, prepared for the Viceroy's visit, the stock mysteriously augmented, the young ladies freshly powdered and clothed with a beauty exceeding that of lilies; but at all times you will find there curios and carvings, and a pleasant welcome, and Ma Kyn herself. She is an ex-maid-of-honour, a type of Burma, where, as you will presently hear, the female of our species is perfect.

But again I anticipate. At present let me recall the Viceroy's visit, or rather the best part of it, the boat race. Among the high lands to the east of Burma there dwell some distant cousins of the Burmese, the Shans, who on certain lakes of their own, practise a strange manner of rowing. They stand on one foot in their long canoes resting one hand on a rail in the centre, while the other hand grasps a paddle, round which the other leg is twisted. Somehow they move this paddle to and fro, and the boat proceeds swiftly through the water. There were races between them and the Burmans of the delta, on the waters of the Mandalay moat. The Burmans paddled frantically, but the body swing of the Shans carried all before it. There were tens of thousands of spectators, all clothed in the bright Burmese silks; and plenty of

Shans, who exalted mightily in their victories, beating huge drums and dancing with grave composure.

From Mandalay let us move on to Mogok. Here are the ruby-mines, almost the only ruby-mines in the world. They lie in a little basin high up among the hills, surrounded by noble forests. Here nature, in a mood of unaccountable generosity, has turned alumina into rubies. How or when nobody knows, but there in the gravel at the bottom of the basin not only rubies but sapphires and other gems abound. You have only to wash the gravel and pick them out. Mines there are none, as we usually think of them, only pits where Chinese coolies fill little trucks with gravel. There are also pans like motar-mills, where the gravel is washed, and finally a sorting-house. Here European sorters pick out the larger stones, and Chinese after them the smaller. Temptation is removed from the latter by locking their heads in meat-safes.

The rubies are all conceded to a company, which not only works its own pits but lets out land to speculators. You may buy a four-foot patch for twenty rupees per head of you, it is then yours *usque ad inferas*. Chiefly Chinese it is who pursue this vocation. They sink a sort of well, raising the earth in buckets. Their chief foe is the water, which vexes the company no less than them. The company is boring a tunnel through the mountains, to drain the whole valley; the Chinese rely on pumps. These they make of bamboo, with valves of skin, most ingeniously. The principle is the same as that of western pumps, and has been known for ages in their country.

Ruby-mining, on the grand scale, is a fairly safe industry, it pays a quiet dividend to investors. On the

small scale it is a speculation, and one hears wonderful tales of lucky coolies. So, too, in Rangoon, one hears similar tales of men in higher circles. For Rangoon is quite American in its gambling fevers; there is one company there whose Rs. 50 shares were at Rs. 1300 not long ago. When this sort of thing is going on, of course, some people make money, others lose it. The prizes perhaps go most to the adventurous, such as bore for oil and dredge the Irawadi for gold. The worst of it is, if you pursue these interests you must abandon all others.

The bazaar at Mogok produces specimens of many interesting people. Shans of all sorts, Palaungs, Padaungs, Lishiaws and others, all exhibit themselves in their quaint and beautiful dresses, making their purchases or selling their little products to the townspeople. Fine, healthy-looking people they were—many of them recalling the breezes of their uplands. Not unmoved, I heard that the outer world has made itself known among them by the spread of syphilis.

Their dresses are usually of blue cloth, with red trimmings, or of black velvet. They are both handsome and practical, and this revived in my mind the question why all that is characteristic in European dress has so completely vanished. In the old books of costume we see that Europe, a hundred years ago, displayed a wide variety of dress; to-day there is not a trace of such variety left. What is the reason of this? It has never been fully explained. Perhaps, in brief, fashion is responsible, the desire of the lower classes to ape their superiors; and amongst those superiors the influence of France. The æsthetic loss is enormous. And we can see that a similar loss will occur in Indo-China. Cost will have something to do with it; machine-made goods

cost less than others. And often they have real convenience on their side. Reflection might show how to borrow this convenience, without giving up all the older style; but reflection is hard. Unthinking conservatism gives place to unthinking change, and the æsthetic ruin is complete. *Vogue la galère!* Civilisation, like youth, will not be denied.

So far I have been speaking of the Shans, and I have not yet began to speak of the Burmese. Let us start, therefore, on the Burmese, considering first who they are. We are assisted in this inquiry by the Burmese chronicle, the *Maha Rajaweng*. From it we learn that the Burmese came from the north, and at one time their blood was mingled with that of certain Kshattriyas from India. They were loosely organised, and founded many kingdoms, at Tagaung and Prome, at Pegu and Pagan. Their rights were disputed by the Shans, the Chinese and the Talaings, and the history of Burma is one of incessant war. The greatest of the early kings was Anoarahta, who triumphed from Bengal to China, and enriched Pagan with a fragment of the sacred tooth from Ceylon. Much later the Talaings had an empire in Pegu, which was completely destroyed about A.D. 1600. Ava and Mandalay are quite modern.

The history of the past is evinced by the present state of Pagan and Pegu. The secular buildings of Pagan have vanished, but there are thousands of ruined pagodas. Some of these are very large, attaining to cathedral size, and a few are still the resort of worshippers. But the scene is one of desolation; we may suppose a population of two hundred thousand citizens has vanished.

Of Pegu there is not even a trace left. Here in 1500, according to Venetian travellers, was the centre of a mighty

kingdom; it was utterly swept away by the blast of war. When the railway was made, near the modern village which bears its name, a contractor discovered on the site a colossal statue of Buddha, one hundred and eighty-one feet long, forty-six feet high, so buried in the jungle that no one knew of it.

Modern sentiment in Burma has apparently forgotten, long since, Anoarahta and Bureng Naung. Perhaps not entirely, for the Burmese are fond of legends, and old people know many of them. But what they know, if anything, must be sadly out of proportion to the achievements of these warriors. Of the Burmese court in the nineteenth century we can only say it was "the shade of that which once was great." To what did it owe its final fate? Partly to the foolish policy of pin-pricks; partly to the approach of France. Like the Thibetan of 1900, it thought proper to play off Great Britain against another European power. Great Britain grew tired of this; France drew nearer; and the impracticable Burmese regime disappeared.

It loses part of our sympathy when we view its methods clearly. There was no Burmese rule of succession, and every new reign began with a massacre. As Mindon Min was a potent and long-lived king, he left about thirty sons for Thebaw to assassinate, and one has to recall this in conjuring up the past of Mandalay palace.

There is a tale of the street that when the last war was contemplated, the Bombay Trading Corporation offered to pay the fine inflicted on them if only the war could be averted. There was no Forest Department under Thebaw, and no restrictions on the corporation. In this direction at least good has been done, whether we credit the tale or not. There is another tale that the

agent of the corporation suppressed this offer of theirs, in consideration of a lakh of rupees, which the British Government paid him. *Credat Judaeus*! It is hard, however, to say how much history has escaped the historian.

But now let me speak of the Burmese people as they are to-day, at least as I saw them and found them. Candour is required but also self-restraint, for I do not want to turn myself into a sentimentalist, like Sir E—— A——, or Sir G—— B——, or the sister N——, and other eminent people. I will be careful, and say nothing if possible that is not sensible.

In appearance they are a short and somewhat spare race; the physique of the men is often very poor. Incessant smoking may have something to do with this—though the same cause ought to affect the women as much. The typical colour is a fine yellow, but brown is not uncommon; evidently the blood of Burma is mixed, and people's features show this as much as the colour. The typical Burmese has the oblique eyes of the Mongolian, but many have the Aryan outlines. I prefer, however, from æsthetic considerations, the Mongolian type, especially in the women. The men are handsome when they are good specimens; the women, being always good specimens, are always handsome.

I cannot easily say how handsome they are, nor why one admires them so much. One point in their favour is their extreme cleanliness. Except in the lower classes (and outside the big towns), you never see a dirty Burmese woman. Their dress is a white "coffee-jacket" tightly fitting with broad sleeves, and their nether parts are enclosed in a single petticoat of bright silk. This, also, is tightly fitting, and the neat little figure of the Burmese lady is seen to great advantage.

Jewels she wears cautiously, neither nose-ring nor toe-rings, and bracelets, if any, only gold. Her hair is piled into a glossy cone, adorned with a few flowers; her face powered, perhaps too freely, with *thanâka*. Her features, in repose, sometimes assume a sullen cast; but as a rule they are simply soothing, their large round curves have a mesmerising power over the mind. They can, however, light up in a moment, with bewitching smiles, and not for long does any true child of Burma refuse to smile. Though the custom of the country permits men and women to mingle, yet Burmese ladies do often move about together, and the sight of them passing before your eyes is like that nepenthe which Helen mixed in Telemachus' wine. And their children that go with them are like fairies. Their hair is combed all round their heads into a fringe, or gathered into a little palm tree on the summit. Of all children in the world to-day they are the most child-like. Long may it be before education makes them other!

In point of manners the Burmese are the first of all people in the world, East and West. They are not rude to each other nor to strangers. Their bearing is quiet and restrained; they do not stare at foreigners nor in any way molest them. Indeed the foreigner may be perfectly at his ease amongst them. To begin with, they do not cheat him. The first thing that happened to me in Rangoon was that I bought a bottle of soda-water; the vendor, an Indian, demanded four annas for it, and a Burman interposed on my behalf. This was my experience throughout; is it a small matter? I can go on to great matters; not only honesty but liberal generosity is the first principle of these people's disposition. Their first thought is what they can do for you. Every-

where in the jungle you may count on hospitality. For three days, it is said, you may stay in any Burmese house and they will feed you and entertain you, without asking who you are. I never made such a demand upon them, but I believe it would have been met.

Once near Amarapura I heard a sort of yell proceeding from a thicket; pausing and listening I surmised a village and a school. Following up the sound I found them both. The village was be-thicketed and palisaded, a relic of the dacoit's times, and all its buildings were crowded into a little circle. There were the girls weaving silks, the blacksmith forging a crank, and in the midst the indigenous school. I ascended into the house and surveyed it. The children were all crouched on their knees and elbows, their books lying on the ground; and they were all shrieking together, learning the complicated Burmese system of spelling. Near them (not unarmed) sat the old lady who conducted the school, to whom I introduced myself, by signs, of course; we could do nothing but smile at each other. The class was suspended; tea and plantains and hard boiled eggs were introduced, followed by cheroots. Other visitors dropped in, and a couple of hours passed by. The children were most pleasing; they wore that air of roguish innocence which is dear to the withered heart of age; I could have stayed there for ever. As I wound my way back through the jungle, I thought: "Here is, at any rate, enjoyment, more than in yon march of mind. What shall we gain if we substitute the rattle and roar of a factory for the village girls and the hand-loom? Since evil attends progress with equal steps, could it not be fought as fairly on this plane as on any other? Granted these people have their own suffering, is not this

life at its best as good as any? Religion is not absent, nor art, should we not be satisfied?"

I recalled this incident, however, as an example of Burman generosity; one meets it everywhere, especially in their religious observances. Once a year a feast is given to Buddha or to the nats in the temples, a splendid banquet is laid out. The very best cake and fruit are piled up mountains high, in appetising splendour. For a day or two they are left before the gods; then they vanish. You might think they would be privately eaten. Not so. No Buddhist presumes to touch them; they vanish, and, I believe, dogs, temple slaves, and the poorest sort of beggars enjoy them. In every direction the Burmese support their faith most liberally, not because any priests worry or alarm them, nor even through a sordid computation of merit gained, but because liberality is their habit of mind.

A stranger must also esteem highly their affability and accessibility. Everything is open, temples and houses alike; there are no barriers anywhere. This has a good effect on your own mind. You feel ashamed of your own prejudices, and I think my own countrymen have laid some of these aside in Burma. Certainly they think well and speak well of the Burmese—even affectionately. I was mightily surprised at this; I have seen quite commonplace people grow sentimental when they spoke of Burma, and in illustration hereof, you may read this little poem from the corner of a local paper:

A Strangulation.

"I'd a dream of dear old Burma,
And a kind of longings come
For the doorian and the jack-fruit
When the bees in Spring-tide hum.

And I see the meingales wading
Through the moist and sandy loam
Bringing up their pots of water
To their modest bamboo-home.

And its wilds they keep acalling
Through the forest's leafy crown,
'Come and hunt the tsaing and bison
'Mid our leaves so green and brown.'
And I listen for the footsteps
Of the lanpya and hmokso,
Sounding down from off the dead leaves
Of the years of long ago."

K. Y.

I think I know who wrote that poem. He was not a habitual poet, but customary feeling, finding expression in a rare moment, inspired him with the verses.

The relations of the sexes are an interesting and pleasing study. There is no seclusion of women, though young, unmarried girls, after leaving school, do not go about by themselves, and remain a great deal at home. Married women, apparently, converse freely with men other than their husbands, and though women have many parties of their own, and may often be seen in groups together, gatherings of both sexes are common. In these, the most perfect decorum prevails, you will see no horse-play, no romping anywhere. Good manners are universal. The demeanour of the woman is at once frank and modest; they have a great deal of aplomb, but no unseasonable shyness. There is nothing of the startled fawn about them. Once when I was sitting on Mandalay Hill, a party of women came up to enjoy the view, and one of them borrowed my field-glass. She approached with perfect self-possession, politely indicated the glasses and retired with them.

I thought to myself, it is not surprising that foreigners

marry Burmese wives. They still do so; and they still maintain them *par amours*. When first we entered the country there was not an officer but did so, and these unions were by no means vulgar or degrading. They brought with them, however, as a problem of the future, the Eurasian, and they led to suspicions of administrative corruption; for which reason they were forbidden, and now among officials they are scarce. Marriages, of course, are not prohibited and still take place.

Among the Burmese, marriage is an affair of the heart, and matrimony is preceded by courtship. Sometimes this leads to indiscretions, but not, as I was told, very often. Burmese girls are able to take care of themselves Unhappy passions, of course, arise; women sometimes run after actors, and sometimes disappointment is followed by a vow of perpetual chastity. A maiden lady was pointed out to me in Mokog, who had remained faithful to her first love.

To all this must be added that Burmese women are extremely practical. Almost all the business of the country is carried on by them. There was a lady broker in Rangoon who died not long ago worth many lakhs. The men resign almost everything to them and live quietly on their share of the proceeds.

Burma is thus for the sociologist a remarkable study. It seems to have approached a new ideal of society based on the predominance of the female. I have sometimes wondered if such a reconstruction of human life is really possible or probable. Has not something of the kind occurred in America? And what forbids it that the horde and the matriarchal and patriarchal states should be followed by something new? What about the drones in the hive; may we not yet see our males confined to

ornamental and procreative functions, selected by committees of female experts, reared on non-alcoholic diet, and anæsthicised at forty?

Burma, however, has not got as far as that yet. But it is a serious evil for the country that men take existence so lightly. Though not incapable of hard work they are quite incapable of steady work, they evade responsibilities and let all opportunities pass by them. This is why three thousand Tamils settle in their country every month, besides many Chinese. Mixed marriages are common and are transforming the race. It is agreed on every hand that the hybrid Aryan and Mongolian is unsatisfactory, that the best hope for the future lies in the union of Burmese and Chinese. I will say a word, therefore, of the Chinaman.

I made his acquaintance first of all in Burma. He penetrates the country overland from the north at Bhamo, and sea-borne at Rangoon. He is generally engaged in business as a shopkeeper or artisan, while the Tamil takes to coolie work or agriculture. His physique is good, and his morals are well spoken of. He is orderly, very industrious, honest and fairly clean. He respects municipal regulations, and makes a good husband and father. For this reason the Burmese girl readily marries him and the marriage turns out well. His fault is gambling. At Bhamo, in the Chinese street, strolling up there one evening after dark, I saw little groups of Chinese children sitting on the ground, with lines drawn in the soil, gambling for nuts. They were often not more than four years old; their chubby fingers could scarcely hold the dice-box or move the nuts about, but their faces, lit up by the candles round them, were full of serious interest and attention. "Train up a child,"

etc., etc. Solomon would have rejoiced at the sight. The full-grown Chinaman is an inveterate gambler, so is the Burman, and the pastime leads to many fatal quarrels.

Still, the Chinaman is no weakling, and I feel sure that much of the future belongs to him. I have discovered that Europeans from the Far East think better of him than of the Japanese; especially, they find him more honest. It does not appear that the Chinese and Japanese love each other, and the future re-arrangement of forces in the East is a thing that no one can foresee. As the various races concerned cannot all fight each other at once, they will *have* to make up sides somehow, and there is no reason to doubt that we may some day see the Russians and Japanese comrades in arms. This will not be on any ground of friendship, for there is no friendship between nations. But the play of interests may bring anything to pass.

In the meantime, the various communities of Burma offer many notable contrasts. They all live side by side in Rangoon. Chinese, Europeans, Burmese, Tamils, and Mohammedans, they have their own quarters and their own societies. The Indians are known to the Burmese as *kalaws* or foreigners, to the Europeans as "natives." I did not ascertain what corresponds to "Feringhi" in Burmese.

Passing on to speak of a few customs, I will note that the Burmese food is the only thing about the people that is repellent. They consume, in large quantities, a certain fish paste, called *gnape*, which to English people is neither more nor less than rotten fish. The Burmese retort on us our cheese, which they loathe. We then complain of their pickled tea, which looks abominable.

I did not try it. The ordinary wild tea of the hills as made in pots, I found agreeable enough.

As a sort of addition to their dress most men are tattooed from their waist to their knees. The pattern is made up of gryphons and dragons, artificially disposed in clusters. It looks extremely well, and a few English people have been known to assume it.

Amusing and picturesque festivals abound—all marked by the same open generosity towards visitors. I did not see a boy hpoongyfied, nor a girl get her ears bored—one is bound to miss something—but I saw a grand distribution of presents to hpoongyis at Thabèitkyn. This occurs once a year. An alley of bamboo lattice-work is made, and the people bring their presents and stand outside it, with their presents piled up. I dare say some arrangement is come to as to what each shall bring. One has packets of candles, another boxes of matches, another brass vessels, and so on. The donors are almost all women, and everyone wears her best dress. Presently the monks make their appearance each attended by a boy with a large basket; they pass down the alley in single file, and each basket is gradually filled with presents. After the procession comes a trio of masqueraders, with their faces blackened, dancing to comic music; they carry off anything not distributed, amid general laughter. I have not yet remarked how blithe a people the Burmese are; light-hearted mirth is the tenor of their lives.

The great secular entertainment is the *pwe*. This is always more or less dramatic, and includes elements of all sorts of drama; it is "tragical-historical-comical-pastoral" as Polonius says. It is operatic too, being always accompanied by music and dancing. There is

only a vistage of a plot; some love affair of a prince; the serious scenes are followed by comic interludes. They would have suited Polonius well if, as Hamlet says, he was " for a jig or a tale of bawdry." The jokes I am told, are indecorous; but I seldom could get them translated. Here is the worst specimen I encountered; I do not think the *Pink 'un* would refuse to print it. The clown attempts to embrace the princess; meeting of course, with repulse, he retires to a corner and is observed to be slyly licking his fingers. " What are you doing? " says some one; " I am enjoying something nice here! " " What is it? " " Some milk from this *virgin's* breasts! "

The clowns are masters of their art, and the dancing according to its own rules very pretty. It is, however, too sinuous for European taste, though Europeans do enjoy it and sometimes spend the evening at Pwes. The Burmese never grow weary of them. The performance (which is generally free) goes on all night without stopping. Should Europeans be present, some fragments of English songs will greet their ears, and it will please everybody if they make a small present to the performers. You will not be asked for it, but bethink yourself, reader, how hard the life of the strolling player is; and if you are pleased with the performance beckon to you the princess, who will come attended by the clown and kneel to you most gracefully and touchingly; you will not refuse her two rupees and you will enjoy some public compliments on your generosity.

As for the music, it is Wagnerian. The instruments are circles of drums and circles of gongs, trumpets and wooden clappers. Fragments of tunes emerge, some not unpleasing, but the uproar is often deafening. At criti-

cal moments the orchestra suddenly rise and shout "Splendid!" "Splendid!" "I never heard anything like it."

Pass we on from the amusements of Burma to the religious faith of the land. As everyone knows that is Buddhism. But what is Buddhism?

Like all names which are borne by religious systems, it is tiresome and misleading, and tells us nothing of its nature. And history, when appealed to, does not tell us much more; the origin of Buddhism, like its fall, is obscure; and the exact teachings of Buddha are matters of dispute. My own notion is this—that Buddhism is really a racial affair and arose from the protests of foreigners—possibly non-Aryans—against the ritual and metaphysics of Hinduism. Buddhism, perhaps, at bottom, is sprung from the same source as Confucianism—both ethical and both atheistic, or tending to atheism. As the racial impulse that moved it died away, Buddhism died away too and Hinduism re-asserted itself.

Be this as it may, the system of Buddha seems fairly clear. Individuality and evil are bound up together; destroy one, you destroy the other, preserve one and inevitably you preserve the other. The true path, therefore, is forget ourselves in doing good to others. Buddha did not, like the Jains, allow self-annihilation. Be it a true insight, or a noble inconsistency, he diverted the desire for annihilation into the course of charity. His system has no *sallekhana*. On the contrary, it easily associates itself with the splendours of a court and a daily life that is blithe and cheerful. Thus we see it in Burma.

Its reality there is evinced by the vast number of temples, monasteries, and the constant practice of wor-

ship by all classes of people. Let us speak of them briefly in turn. A Buddhist temple is really a memorial of Buddha. In its most satisfying form this will be a mound heaped over some relic of his person; but failing this an imitation of such a mound may be constructed. An image of Buddha may also be erected. In practice the two are always found together—the dagoba and the image. Architecturally, dagobas usually resemble an inverted bell, with the handle rising in the air.

The curves of the sides sink inwards, and this is annoying to European eyes, accustomed to the swelling outlines of domes. However, one grows used to it, and the best dagobas are found to possess sufficient grace and dignity. The largest in Burma is the Shwe Dagon at Rangoon, which stands three hundred and seventy feet high. It is gilt from base to summit, and shines out in the sky for miles. At its base is a large platform, where many small dagobas stand, and many temples with marble images of Buddha. These are often beautiful shrines, enriched with magnificent carving; the images, without exception, are lifeless dolls. Still, the effect of the whole is exceedingly beautiful; as a *crop d'œil* it is one of the most striking scenes in the world. Unfortunately, galvanised iron has begun to show itself in the repairs, with divers other vulgarities from the west, and a few years will see its charm mysteriously vanishing. It seems to me a pity the trustees, who are all Burmese, should not take the advice of Europeans about the introduction of these western features. They might allow them a negative voice on proposals for innovations; it is certain they would be saved from errors of taste.

Dagobas abound everywhere in Burma. There is

scarcely a hill-top that is not crowned by one, and the whole land is thus a silent witness to its faith. This is a beautiful effect and a sufficient reward for a labour that sometimes seems wasted. Of course these structures are not all in perfect repair, but it is wonderful how many of them are, and how assiduously the Burmese restore the most important of them.

The worship that goes on at the place is very simple. There is no regular service; there are no prayers to be offered, and all the worshippers can do is to salute the image and say: "I take refuge on the Law." A few other forms of words there are, but all, as I understand, in the nature of creeds. At certain times in the year meetings are arranged at which tales about Buddha are told and homilies recited by such as know them. I was present on such an occasion at Thabeitkyn, the meeting reminded me of a Quaker's gathering, men and women sat separately on the ground and one after another spoke in turn. There was no "service," and, of course, there was no such person as a priest.

At other times there are grand illuminations of the pagodas, especially after the Buddhist Lent. This occurred in October last year; I saw the Shwe Dagon lit up. It was a glorious sight. Party after party arrived, bringing with them their candles, which they stuck up on the ground or in corners of the buildings and lighted. There were many thousands of candles blazing together, and by their light one could watch the worshippers. With a wonderful mixture of gaiety and decorum they folded their hands and bowed, and afterwards lit their cheroots, and sat and watched their candles burn. Meanwhile, other parties walked round the pagoda, sometimes listening to a little quiet music.

I joined one such party and walked round the pagoda myself. The peace and cleanliness, the beauty of the Burmese ladies and their dresses, the delightful airs of the children, all these affected me so much that I decided to spend the night there, dismissing, as an unworthy consideration, the excellent dinner then preparing at the Strand Hotel. Just, however, as I had taken this decision, there was a conglomeration of people at one corner of the platform which I felt bound to inquire into. Perceiving a Sikh policeman about, I asked him what was the matter. "They have arrested a hpoongyi for stealing oil," said he; "these hpoongyis are all thieves." Whether he spoke the truth or not, the incident broke the spell of my romance and I returned to the Strand Hotel and ate my dinner.

The subject of hpoongyis is now introduced. A hpoongyi or monk is a man who has decided to devote himself to a life of strict virtue, and who has taken certain vows accordingly. The formula for his ordination contains many interesting points. He must be a suitable person. "Art thou sprung from dwarfs?" he is asked, "or under the influence of sorcerers or nats of the woods and mountains?" If found acceptable on these and other points he must formally renounce the self-seeking life. "Thou shalt turn to seek such things as men cast away; thou shalt search for healing qualities in simples where no such virtue is supposed to exist." "It is forbidden thee to steal. He who is guilty of such a crime can no more be restored to his pristine state of purity than the blasted tree can bud anew and bear fresh flowers and fruit. Remember, therefore, O candidate, and through thy mortal journey beware of theft?"

The monks of the present day, it appears to me, live fairly up to the spirit of their creed. Allowance must be made for the scoundrels who enter monasteries to avoid the police; the genuine monks cannot, I suppose, detect such, and are bound by their rules to be hospitable. But the greater part of them bear a good name and appear, in a curious way, to present this virtue. I say in a curious way, because, being a European, I hold with Dr Watts that Satan generally finds work for idle hands, and monks are, for the most part, absolutely idle. It is indeed amazing that any set of men can endure to be as idle as they are, and that being so idle they should not be sunk in the lowest depths of vice. However, as it appears, this is not the case.

Their principle task is to collect in the morning their one meal of the day. For this purpose they go forth in a solemn file, each bearing a lacquer bowl, and pursue their accustomed round. One of their number strikes a gong, and various housewives, hearing the sound, turn out with basins of steaming rice. They give a spoonful to each monk, who receives it in silence and passes on. When they return to the monastery the rice is eaten; it is the only meal of the day. Tobacco is proscribed; but betel is allowed, and with many monks the mastication thereof is the only form of occupation or exercise. Others there are who keep schools. The primary schools of Burma are the one service the country receives from the monks. They do not cultivate any learning, and they do not preside at religious services. People do not often visit the monasteries, and the monks do not attend village festivals.

It will be seen that they do not much correspond to the priests of the Roman Church, and this point is worth

making. Years ago, in Ceylon, I was struck by some points of resemblance between Buddhism and the system of Rome. Reflection, however, has shown me that though interesting they were quite external, such as the use of rosaries; the central points of the two systems are widely different. The Buddhist monk, except in his robe and his tonsure, does not resemble the Roman priest. The Buddhist nun more closely resembles the Roman nun because she has no spiritual office. Nuns are much fewer in number than monks, and wear a lighter coloured robe. That of the monks is an ugly yellow.

Every Burman once in his life becomes a monk and wears the yellow robe, if only for three days. This forms a grand episode in the life of a schoolboy and is celebrated with much pomp. What the motives are that lead other men to become monks I cannot say, not horror of the world, I should think, but a distaste for active life and responsibilities. This is ingrained in the Burmese, even when they are not monks, and when it reaches a certain point seems to lead to the monastery.

Accordingly, while there is nothing repulsive about a Burmese monastery, one feels that the monastic life is not wanted in the country and does no good. That is to say, if we do right to care for such "material" things as knowledge. But the Buddhist view is different. Life is conceived as a mere necessity, to be endured as easily as possibly while it lasts; the great object is to avoid pain to ourselves and others, to find a shelter from the storm of the world. This may or may not have been what Buddha meant; it appears to be what Buddhism means to its followers.

Like Islam, Buddhism has no sentiment of caste.

Much evidence of this meets the eye in Burma, especially over the use of water. You will often see opposite a Burmese house pots of water placed under a little roof, for the use of travellers. Ladles of cocoanut shells are provided and anyone is welcome to use them. You may be sure that the water is daily renewed and is the best the neighbourhood affords. A quainter illustration of the national feeling is the practice of passing cheroot from one month to another. As Buddhism forbids the taking of animal life, it might be expected that all Burmese would be vegetarians. Far from it, most of them eat flesh and fish, especially fish, and so long as they do not kill the creatures themselves they do not mind who does so. Mohammedans and others earn a living in this way. With regard to fish even the Burmese may catch them, because the fisherman does not kill fish; he takes them out of the water and they die of themselves. So we all have our eccentricities; and it has been observed, even in Scotland, that Sabbatarians do not scruple to read Monday's newspapers.

Buddhism, however, is only half the religion of Burma; the other half is the worship of *nats*. Nats are spirits—the spirits of the dead, and those which are worshipped are the spirits of the illustrious dead. Thirty-seven of these are recognised scions of old royal families, who perished by unhappy deaths. Images are made of them, offerings are laid before them, and their advice and protection are implored.

Buddha would not have countenanced this. He allowed no spirit worship and no sort of divination. "The holy professors of our religion are strictly forbidden to arrogate to themselves on account of the sanctity of their profession or pretend to be endowed

with any supernatural gift whatever." I believe the monks respect this order; common people do not, and witches and wizards abound among them.

I visited more than one witch (*nathkadaw*) myself. Such a person will be found in a neat and clean little hut surrounded by gilt images and flowers. You will intimate that you wish to speak to one of the nats, and she will take proceedings to summon him. Joining her palms she utters a rapid invocation, opens her mouth with a dismal yawn, and through that orifice, we may suppose, admits the nat. Her body and voice then assume a change, and conform themselves to the spirit that tenants them. One nathkadaw, whom I saw, became as it were a child of three, speaking with the voice and wearing the features of such a child. She soon afterwards summoned up a roystering prince and staggered about the room in a fit of drunkenness.

These spirits, duly propitiated, are willing to answer questions regarding the present, past, and future. My experience is that most of the answers about the past are false, while some few are disagreeably true. Of their predictions I shall be able to report later on.

There are other ways in which they show themselves. You may find that a nathkadaw has a little cradle in her parlour, where a baby sometimes sits and swings. Clairvoyant eyes can see the nat; others only the cradle swinging. And once when I was at Moulmein I was present at a visitation of nats—on this wise. There is a certain pagoda in the centre of Moulmein, crowning a hill, commanding a view of incomparable beauty by sea and land. I had gone there to enjoy the view, when I found a large picnic of Burmese in progress. They had subscribed for a new *thi* for the pagoda and

had come to put it on. This took them the whole day, for they worked very slowly, smoking cheroots and enjoying endless jokes, while tea and light refreshments were handed round. I signified that I should like to join the party, which was permitted, and I sat drinking tea contentedly. Suddenly one of the women began to dance in a strange drunken kind of manner; it seems one of the town nats had descended upon her. She danced—with assistance—up a lot of steps to the pagoda, and presently offered some leaves and plantains to the nat; he was satisfied therewith and departed.

The great home of nats is Mount Popa, the Fujiyama of Burma. It is a volcanic cone, standing amid a vast plain. I did not reach it myself, but heard many tales how the nats prevail mightily there. If the passer-by dismounts not before their shrines they tie him up with invisible ropes which leave marks on his body for many days.

Burmese art I found a disappointment. There are few traces of the Chinese genius, though just a little there is to remind us that we are in contact with one of the great artistic styles. The best wood-carving is bold and true, though unfinished. The images of Buddha are almost all insipid. The bells and gongs are below those of the Far East. The outlines of the best pagodas are satisfactory; the Shwe Dagon is a masterpiece in its own style.

Better art-work may be found amid the Shans, and I treasure up some knives and a teapot as relics of these interesting people. Some day, perhaps, I shall see most of them and more also of the Karens—in some ways the most remarkable people in Burma.

The Karens were till lately a jungly—almost a de-

pressed—race. Lately, however, with a sudden impulse, about half of them embraced Christianity, and with so much vigour that they have quite an organisation of their own. They have also the credit of having started the first Christian heresy that Asia has seen for fifteen hundred years. It came about in this wise. The name for "Christ" in their language is identified with the name for a bow, Klebo; and some original fellow suggested that Noah's rainbow was a type of Christ and should for reason be worshipped. Accordingly he devised a ceremony for that purpose, and started a church of his own, which has given missionaries of every sort much trouble.

I spoke of this as an original heresy, but the fact is it was really an off-shoot of the "God-language" heresy of Mrs Mason. This lady was an American, who claimed to have discovered the tongue spoken in Paradise. Fragments of this were embodied in all existing tongues and she busied herself in finding them out. She also had an allegorical interpretation of the architecture of the pagoda. To construct a pagoda, it seems, you first draw a square, and then inscribe a circle in it. Now the circle is the mystic emblem of immortality; the square, of rectitude; clearly, therefore, the plan of a pagoda signifies that men's hopes of immortality are based on rectitude, and so forth. This interpretation pleased the Karens mightily, and she drew away some thousands of them.

For my part, I remember the Karens for their singing. At the Karen school in Rangoon you may hear it to perfection, both in the Burmese and the English styles. The taste for music is universal among them, and their voices are *marvellous*. They remind one of

the best Welsh choirs, in strength, purity and delicacy of tone. Who could have believed such a thing? And the Karens are a dull people intellectually—not belying their looks therein.

I am now almost come to the end of my tale. The music of the Karens was the last thing I heard or saw in Burma, and soon afterwards I found myself on the deck of the s.s. *Pentakotta* gazing sorrowfully at the strand of the Irawadi. Burma is one of the few countries that repay the traveller both in interest and pleasure.

These are not the same thing. In travelling there is always something in the way of interest, but it may not be pleasant. It is interesting to observe the strange ways of mankind, and the diversity of their sentiments. It is interesting to compare the patriot and the renegade, and to watch the animosities of race, and class, and creed, and colour; the *odium theosophicum* and the *furor theologicus*. It is a rarer felicity to meet awhile men that we like.

There is, I believe, an old Greek who has put this forward as the main end of travel, to meet the *theioi andres*, the divine men, who are scattered here and there on the earth. These are the men from whom you can learn something; who are also willing to teach you, who mean what they say, who are willing to oblige and perform their promises. Few, indeed, they are, but occasionally one meets them.

Of fellow-travellers one meets many; this is an age of travellers. On one of the Irawadi steamers I fared together with a man who had been round the world twenty-one times, and a boy, not yet four years old, who had been round it thrice. What a strange

education to be thus, as it were, brought up on the wing!

Of the discomforts of travel I have written elsewhere. In Burma the Anglo-Indian suffers from the loss of his boy. Like the hermit crab without his shell he is then perplexed indeed. He has to pick up a local boy and take his chance. I will relate what happened to me.

I started with a boy engaged in Madras. His remuneration (on the Burman scale) was to be twenty-five rupees a month with eight annas a day travelling allowance; and immediately on his engagement he requested a month's pay in advance. As money is an argument which his tribe understand I consented to this advance, and he journeyed with me to Rangoon. There his first step was to ascertain the date of my departure; his next, to take a day's leave to visit his brother; and his next, to inform me that while he was eating his first meal ashore his pocket had been picked of all his money. I threw some doubt on this episode, and he, assuming an injured air, replied, " I never telling lie like that, putting coat here, eating rice, so, and somebody coming," etc., etc., with convincing detail of illustration. Reflection persuaded me to replenish him with five rupees, after which he departed. I was somewhat relieved when he did not return next day, and repairing to Messrs. T. Cook & Son, I asked them for a good travelling servant. One forthwith they sent me, a tall military man with an iron-grey moustache, upright, well-dressed, and proficient in English. I saw at once that I was not fit to serve under such a one, but, dissembling for a moment, I asked for his testimonials and his terms. As for the testimonials the first of them was from the Duchess of

Sutherland; his terms were forty-five rupees a month, travelling allowance, an outfit of clothes, a nice present in view, and a younger man to run about for him. I did not quarrel with this aristocratic menial, but I respectfully pointed out that I was not a nobleman myself, and I thought some friend or dependent of his would suit me better. He thought so too, and offered, if I would give him eight annas for a carriage, to produce one, which accordingly he did.

His friend proved a useful servant except that he drank too much, and his charges, even for Burma, seemed a trifle high. Towards the end of our time, I sent him to buy some brooms, of a kind peculiar to Burma, and so attractive that they make sweeping a fine art and I have swept my own room with one ever since. He charged me seven annas each for them, and on my remonstrating he explained that in order to procure these brooms particularly cheap he had been to the distant suburb of Kemendine to buy them. I subtly held my peace, but repaired to a Chinaman's shop in the neighbourhood and bought one myself for the price the Chinaman asked, to wit, two annas. So Mr Iyaru's consignment was thrown back on his hands. When we parted (which we did on good terms) and everything had been settled between us, I gravely pointed out to him this moral obliquity of his conduct. But all I could get out of him was that he had spoken the whole truth, that the dealer has cheated *him* over the brooms, and not being able to get rid of them otherwise he had presented them to some hpoongyis.

Why have I chronicled all this small beer? Both for other reasons and especially to illustrate this, that we know little of what passes in other people's minds.

Gnothi seauton. Know yourself, you will never know much about anyone else. It is not quite impossible that Mr Iyaru's story was true, but quite impossible that I should ever have learned the truth about it.

However, it is time I should bid a solemn farewell to Burma. With a sorrowful spirit I do so; farewell, most amiable land! What shall the grateful traveller wish you? Not that ever you should be to the eye more pleasing, to the heart more winning or delightful. To the graces of life add, if possible, something more of purpose and decision; for life is not all an idle afternoon. To the foreigner, your repose is welcome, to yourself it is fatal; and fate is closing in upon you. Be warned in time, be wise; you expect too much from destiny, and what she permits in a forgetful mood she will not permit for ever. Become not to yourself, as you are to the traveller, a memory. *Quae scripsi scripsi*; I will say no more. But once again, farewell! from the depths of my heart, farewell!

CHAPTER IV

RAJPUTANA

In the month of October last year I took a holiday in Rajputana, from Omkarji to Muttra. The reader is here presented with some recollections of the tour.

Omkarji is a name of Mahadeo, which has passed on to a certain temple of his that stands on an island in the Nerbudda. One is recommended by Murray to visit the place from Mortakka, ascending the river in a boat. I did so myself, but found the excursion tedious and the boatmen exacting. The scenery also was dull till we reached the island. Then, as so often in India, it suddenly changed and became wildly picturesque. The island at its eastern end shoots up to the sky, and the river flows between weird, perpendicular cliffs. The channel is very narrow; the water deep and still. Hanging over it on the side of the hill is Omkarji, a little town clustered round a temple spire.

We arrived late in the evening and landed at the ghat. Not a soul was visible, but a policeman at last turned up and informed us that the town was deserted through an outbreak of plague. There was nowhere to sleep in, at least nowhere that he recommended, and his advice was that we should move on. It was too late to take this step; but we had no difficulty in cooking a meal, and I planted my bed on the spot. Dinner over, I became conscious of a large circle of dogs, who had

stolen up and sat watching me, just beyond the light. They were too dispirited to make the slightest noise. The disappearance of the inhabitants had left these poor creatures absolutely starving.

Next morning I walked through the town and visited the temple. The town was like Pompeii, a wilderness; at the temple alone I found a few Brahmans in charge. A party of visitors arrived from Berar as I sat there, and made their salutations and paid their dues. In front of the temple was a white marble bull, with his nose in the air and his chin resting on a column, which bore the figure of a woman. By him sat a Brahman, who intercepted the pilgrims as they retreated—"a pice here, please; two annas for the lot of you!" So they laid their coppers before him, and bowed, and poured water over his nose, and departed.

They did not ask who the lady was, but I did, and I found she was the donor of the bull, Ahalya Bai. I believe this is the only portrait sculpture I have seen or heard of in a Hindu temple; and I wish it had been a good likeness. Ahalya Bai, we are told, was a plain-featured woman; but if her character was written in her face it must have been a notable one. There were some figures in the past, much vaunted by partisans, which will bear no examination; the Queen of Indore was not one of these. We have full details about her from authoritative sources, and the closer we approach her the greater and more amiable she appears. As a ruler she is one of the few that reconciles us to the hateful trade of politics. She gave her best powers to the public, and not only deserved (which is a small thing), but commanded success. Nor did she owe anything to dishonourable means; in a dark period of India's for-

tunes her name is associated with no act of wickedness. Her principles were fixed; we meet them not as professions but as forces underlying deeds. Her piety was a habit of mind from which good works flowed unobserved. She was, perhaps, like the Man of Ross, though with means greater than his, she effected more. Her tanks, her temples, and her ghats are scattered throughout the whole of India. In her private life the hand of destiny was laid heavily upon her. Her son was a rogue; her daughter, left prematurely a widow, ascended the funeral pyre. Here, too, from all that is known of her behaviour, she has left abundant lessons for mankind.

Her *chattri* stands at Maheshwar in Nimar in her own country; her people, I suppose, have long since forgotten her.

To return to Omkarji. The temple is not specially notable. It is an old building of the usual type, somewhat knocked about by Aurangzeb. It contains, I believe, no image, but a "self-existent" *ling*. The name is a venerable one; what is the true history of Om? I met a missionary in those parts who told me he once inquired of a Brahman sage, "What, in his opinion, was the worship practised in India in the most ancient days of antiquity?" To which he replied, "The worship of Om, by means of sacrifice." There is something Vedic about the answer.

Many temples are scattered over the island, all ruined; the finest that of Siddhnath, at its eastern extremity. Near it is Bheercallah, a tremendous cliff, where devotees, weary of mortal life, used to leap down and perish. The jungle has overrun everything, and the only inhabitants are troops of hostile monkeys.

85817

From Omkarji I went to Mandu, setting out from Mhow. The distance is fifty-two miles; there is a choice of routes between Dhar and Manpur; owing to the prevalence of plague I was directed to go through Manpur. This is much the finer route for scenery; it passes through some of the wildest tracts of the Vindhyas.

These mountains form a high plateau, intersected by deep ravines. The descent is often quite perpendicular and the views open up with dramatic force. You are walking across an open plain, suddenly a chasm yawns at your feet, and you are looking down a precipitous gorge, filled with unconquered forests. I saw it all at the right moment. There are about three days in the year when Indian scenery culminates. These are the three days following the rains. Everything is furiously green, and rills of water are trickling about everywhere. This perfection lasts for three days, then every hour brings a change; in a week more water is scarcely visible, and all the gorges are dry.

These precious three days I spent this year at Mandu. It occupies an isolated spur of the Vindhyas, commanding the plain on one side, and the broken walls of the mountains on the other. Nothing can exceed the romantic beauty of the scene. The approach is strongly fortified. You pass one gate after another, and finally a city wall whose circuit is thirty-seven miles. Within there is a vast area, almost all jungle, with a few clearings. Two miles bring you to the state bungalow, where there is peace and comfort, but remember, no provisions.

I arrived in the evening, and next morning I sallied forth to see the palace of Baz Bahadur. It was still two miles from the bungalow, and some of the road was

under water. I persevered and reached it, and ascended to the roof. It was a fine building, commanding the whole of Mandu and much else besides. Traces were left of tanks, and gardens, and cool arcades, amenities which the Mohammedans in their surroundings never neglected. Wherever the Mohammedan architect has been at work you will find spacious views, gardens, fresh air and pure water.

Beneath the palace is a tank, bordered by a row of small but substantial buildings, whose original purpose I do not know. As I passed them my guide mentioned that there was a Gosain living there; so I stepped in to see him. I found him a man of about sixty years, a very perfect Sanyasi. He had a long white beard and eyes that beamed with intelligence and affection. His throne was a pretty high bedstead in one corner of the room, covered with a panther's skin; at his bedside, like Chaucer's poor student, he had a row of manuscripts, and all his surroundings were professional. Two or three disciples sat beneath him, preparing food. We had a good deal of conversation then, and he came to see me at the bungalow.

It appears to me he was really above the common style of mendicants, and only fell a little short of being the founder of a movement. This was what he designed, and he gave me a printed paper, which I took away. Its archaic Marathi and appalling misprints placed it out of my comprehension; but I got it translated afterwards, and think it interesting enough to quote:

"Shri!

Hara! Narmada!

Peace! Prosperity to King Kali, the progeny of

Mahâkâla, who is served by scores of familiars, headed by the great Bull, the protector of all worlds!

The denunciation of the disreputable Bum-Bum, a wanderer, whose name is feigned against all newspaper writers throughout Bharatavarsha—

Since the beginning of the Kali Yuga there have elapsed five thousand five hundred and thirty years; this is now the nineteen hundredth year of the Vikrama era, and for half a century past many newspaper writers have sprung into existence—the demons of former ages who have now become devourers of religion—such as the *Jagaddhitechha*, the *Dnyana Prakash*, the *Subodha Sindhu*, the *Kesari*, and others—professed champions of the eternal Aryan faith, who in the hour of trial betray their false metal—Ah dreadful outrage!—like the son of a barren woman of Kerala, or a sky-lotus, or an archer with a bow formed of a hare's horns. Had these people achieved anything worthy of their profession, our kingdoms and the ancient Aryan faith would not have fallen into such decay. But up till now not a single journalist has even dreamed of putting to himself such questions as:

What is the Aryan faith? What is its province? Whence comes it? Who should control it?

What is caste?

How should we mortals, with all our religious pride, pass our life?

What are the proved conclusions of the Vedas?

What is the ultimate goal of creation, from first to last?

What is an agent?

What is karma?

Who presides over the movements of the limbs?

What countries are properly styled Aryadesha? Herein for what purpose have various divinities been born? Will they return to us or have they departed to their own places?

What is liberation, and how can it be attained?

Never attempting to answer these questions, our journalists have swallowed up the time of the Aryas with their articles about this country and that country, discussing who is born, who has died, and who deserves praise or blame. Now if we assist the present crisis, God will pardon our offence.

The reason why our holy places, our religion, and our kingdoms are on the verge of ruin is this: we do not perceive that those whom we style the Aryas, in our corrupt nomenclature, are really two people, Hindus and Mohammedans.

The holy religion belonging to both religions, whence all creatures has issued, is the holy Narmada.

We have fixed now on the sixth month of a particular year. If, before that month begins, there be any protector found of the Aryan family true to himself, Hindu or Mussulman, let him wake and attend to the words of the song:

Better death in your own religion. For the Aryan religion is supreme, conferring liberation even on birds and beasts.

Had it flowed freely on, none of the alien faith should have mingled with it; as it is, not strangers, but the Aryans themselves deserve to be blamed.

Briefly, understand that destruction is drawing near the Aryan race, Hindus and Mussulmans, and threatens their religion, and the sphere of their unhindered thought.

CONCLUSION

Thus I complete the denunciation of Bum-Bum on both castes of Aryans. If anyone listens to this, then, once more, in another paper, I will expound how to establish our own religion, what to do with caste, how to preserve the seed of our kings, and build up again the holy places of the Aryas.

But if none replies to this cry, then he who calls himself disreputable Bum-Bum, the wayfarer whose name is feigned, the patron of the great *mantra* of Phalguni Purnima, will simply sit still. Bear in mind, all of you, that there is little time for this task.

Your well-wisher,

Bum-Bum."

Now, what is the reader willing to think of all this? Many reflections crowd into my own mind. To begin with, I really do not know what the old fellow meant by all he has said; whether, for instance, he approved of the British Raj or not. But I think he did, though it might not seem so; I believe his interests were wholly religious. His design was to bring Mohammedans and Hindus together in a common faith; how remote a goal for any man!—and Archimedes, lifting the world without his lever, would be an apt figure to illustrate this attempt. " Bum-Bum " had no suspicions of that; he spoke with authority and felt sure of himself. His followers, too, believed in him.

One of them was a cloth merchant from Indore, who had left wife and children, and come to this spiritual guide to learn the innermost secret (*mula beeja*) of religion. I myself was invited to join the circle; and if I had known more Marathi, might have done so and

studied the Treatise on Actions which the old man had written and showed me.

He had visited the four corners of India and the seven Puris; and somewhere or other had beheld a vision of Devi, bidding him go to Revakunda and dig up an ancient image of hers which lay buried there. There accordingly he went, and guided by a mystic radiance from the earth, found the image and set it up in this building. Here he meant to stay for three years, performing certain sacrifices, "that the plague might cease and the land might have peace." At the same time he instructed his followers; and a small boy was presented to me who stood up in a decorous attitude with folded hands and rehearsed the duties of a true Brahman. The party were not all celibates; I saw women, and heard their usual concomitant—a baby screaming.

Can we, who are children of the present West, imagine the aspect which life wears to those born and bred in such surroundings? Where every stage of it, on its physical side, is so plainly visible, from procreation to death, to the funeral pyre, or the Sadhu's grave? Where water from the pool, and corn from the field supply sufficient food, and a few yards of cotton sufficient clothes? Where art, and science, and politics, are all terms unknown? I think few of us have the imagination to enter this alien world, or to understand the philosophy which belongs to it. Could we do so, however, with what convictions should we emerge? Possibly we should turn against civilisation, and find the enemy of man in his own ambitious inventions. What are these, we might say, but pieces of wasted ingenuity, no better than the gramophone or the bioscope. Without them,

the affections of life, the only things worth having, are equally or more possible. Should we, then, go further and deride against life altogether? One cannot say. Pessimism has probably sprung for the most part from the burden of too artificial an age, or from the strain of too much thinking. Nevertheless, it was the spectacle of Age and Death that enlightened Sakya Muni; and perhaps the problem of life is the same wherever men live and die.

In India, surely, it is more often thrust upon us; we can nowhere escape its fatal questions. Why is it that man gains so little over nature? Why are his victories so few and so transient? Why do we meet at every turn the dreary relics of his failures? India is a vast grave of civilisations. Whether it be Islam fallen at Mandu, or Hinduism at Chitor, the inscription is the same, *Lasciate speranza.*

When this impotence of man is fairly brought home to us, and when, besides, we have learned another of India's lessons, the irreconcilable variety of human creeds and codes, we need all our strength to retain any faith or purpose. It may be a sound instinct which leads the communities of this country to abstain from mutual study, since the goal of mutual comprehension is inconceivably remote, and in pursuit of it there is the danger of collapse.

But we are in danger of forgetting Manda; let us return then. Its history lies between A.D. 1300 and 1600; its zenith was reached about 1400. The king of that date was Hoshang Ghori, who was followed by Mohammed Ghori, the relentless enemy of Chitor. Ferishta describes his character in the following terms: "He was polite, brave, just, and learned. His tent

was his home, and his resting-place the field of battle. His leisure hours were devoted to recitations from the histories and memories of the courts of different kings of the earth. He prided himself on his intimate knowledge of human nature. His justice was prompt and exact; if a theft was committed, a sum equal to the amount stolen was levied from the police and the injured party thus re-imbursed. He ordered the destruction of tigers and other wild beasts, and proclaimed that if after a period of two years a human being was killed by a wild beast, unless in attacking it, he would hold the government of the district responsible. The promptitude which he observed in making his actions accord with his words was so well understood that for many years after his death wild beasts of every description were scarce throughout the kingdom."

This fighting king was succeeded by a son of another type, who at once gave out that he had seen enough of war and meant to enjoy himself in repose. He accordingly cultivated his seraglio, and is said to have had there fifteen thousand women at his disposal. Amongst these were schoolmistresses, musicians, dancers, and embroiderers; women to read prayers to persons of all trades and professions. On his right hand, in his court, stood five hundred beautiful young Turkey girls, wearing a masculine uniform and carrying bows and quivers. On his left were five hundred Abyssinians carrying fire-arms.

At the same time he was extremely religious, and attended with scrupulous punctuality to the five daily prayers. His servants were ordered to see to this, and not to let him oversleep himself. "It is well known," says Ferishta, "that they have even sprinkled water

on his face and pulled him out of bed, before he would rise; and yet on these occasions he was never known to lose his temper."

Destiny was so far kind to him, that he anticipated Paradise on earth till he reached the age of eighty. He was then poisoned by his son, under whom the fortunes of the State declined. Later on, in 1517, Mahmud of Gujarat captured the city, and finally in 1570 the last king, Baz Bahadur, became a vassal of Akbar.

Connected with his name, there is a romantic story that once when he was hunting he met a Hindu girl singing in the forest by the banks of the Narbada, and offered her his hand and a share of his throne. She was not unmoved by his passion, but conscious of the bar of race between them she told him she could never be his bride till the Narbada flowed through Mandu. This meant twelve hundred feet nearer the sky, but Baz Bahadur, undaunted, called his engineers together and bade them fulfil the condition. The river itself sympathised with his efforts, and assuming the form of a giant bade him search for a tamarind on the summit of Mandu, beneath which he would find a spring, which was the true source of the Narbada. He found it and he built a tank for its waters, that very Revakunda, where I met the old Gosain I have mentioned above. But in vain did he claim his promise from the maiden's kindred. Her father, an inflexible Hindu, had her poisoned and burned her corpse, and scattered her ashes on the sacred stream.

As for Mandu, when it became a possession of the Moghuls it slowly decayed. Jehangir stayed there on a tour and rebuilt some of its monuments, and went shooting with Nur Jehan. Such shooting! With six

bullets the lady killed four tigers, and her enchanted husband ordered a thousand gold *ashrafis* to be scattered over her, and a pair of ruby bracelets worth a lakh of rupees to be placed on her wrists.

We must omit other features of his visit, the Shab-i-barat with the illuminations on the lake, and the splendid feasts whereof the Emperor recalls thoughtfully the fruit and the minced meat and the wine. All this is in great contrast with the Mandu of to-day. We can see indeed the trees, and the grass, and the wild flowers that Jehangir admired; but the buildings, whichever there were beginning to fall, have now almost vanished. It is fortunate that Lord Curzon intervened to save the best, or some of the best; and repairs are still being carried out on the great mosque and the tomb of Hoshang Ghori. This last is a noble dome, comparable in dignity—though not in size—with the Gol Gumbaz of Bijapur. It stands near the mosque erected by the same king; a large building in the Pathan style. Wholly devoid of ornament, it is nevertheless a great monument of architecture, solid and massive and full of dignity. Here is one inscription from its walls:

" Behold this mosque reared on high, this temple reaching to the heavens;
Whose every pillar is like those of the Kaba,
Which angels like the pigeons of the Kaba encircle, desiring to show it respect.
When he came to a full age Azam Humayun said,
' The administration of your country, the construction of buildings, and the defeat of our enemies,
These are things which I leave you, my son, as parting advice, earnestly delivered.' "

It has become a paltry feat of eloquence to moralise over the ruins of these buildings, the moral has been

pointed so often and so well. But there is certainly no spot on earth which will imprint it on the mind more forcibly than Mandu. Something, no doubt, is saved there for the present; the mosque and the tomb at least are secure, and a little attention has been paid to one or two of the palaces. The rest must go, and in the end will disappear when a few more generations of travellers have gazed upon it, and judged over it, and gone their way.

I returned from Mandu as I went, largely on foot, walking patiently up the ghat after my tonga. As I went along I passed a red stone by the roadside, and an old woman crouching over it and gently brushing it. "Good morning!" said I, "pray tell me, who is this?" "This," said she, "is Bhairoo; the spirit of the Shah." "Indeed!" said I, "what is he doing here?" "He was put here, when the road was made," said she, "for the protection of travellers, and they make offerings to him." And sure enough, I then perceived two pice lying before him to which, taking the hint, I added something of my own, and observed that this had been a lucky day for him. "Unquestionably," she said, "for, beside those pice he has also received a handful of grain." While she was speaking a voice interrupted our conversation, and asked a question similar to my own. I turned round and beheld a man dressed in peacock's feathers looking curiously at Bhairoo. When he got his answer he went on, "And who carries away those pice, is it you old lady?" "Of course," said she, "didn't I look after him?" To this he replied "Umph!" as much as to say he thought it an unsatisfactory arrangement. Whereupon I asked if he himself paid any respect to this deity, and aggrieved

him greatly by my inquiry. For it seems he was a True Believer, and with regard to Bhairoo, he held there was no such person. I was tempted to wonder whether in my absence he would have acknowledged the old lady's claims to Bhairoo's acquisitions, and what view the law would have taken of the case.

It is time, however, to deal with Oodeypur and Chitor. The latter of these places is a flat hill about four hundred feet high and three miles long, inaccessible on every side, except by one fortified road. This is easily ascended on foot; less comfortably on the state elephant. Once established on the summit we may reflect where we are.

Chitor is the ancient capital of Mewar, the oldest existing kingdom in the world. Todd considers it was founded in A.D. 145, but pious genealogists trace the royal lineage back to Rama, the Solar King of Oudh. And who shall say what his date was, or who he was, or who the Rajputs are? That we shall never know, or, at least, we shall know it when we know the ethnological history of India. At present, we can only say that India is a microcosm, a little world within the world. Every race known to history has at some time been represented here; and its representatives (until the Mohammedan period) have somehow or other lost their identity and become "Hindu." If you ask what this means I should say "the doctrine of transmigration and the social system of caste." These things are the heart of Hinduism, and they have scarcely been heard of outside Hindustan.

As for the Rajputs, Todd thinks they were once Scythians and worshipped the horse; if that is so, they have long ago deposed the horse and accepted the *genius*

loci, the cow. The mention of their name carries us back to the great days of Hinduism. We half discern the court of Vikramaditya vanishing like the figures of the Arthurian legends. It lies beyond the epoch of authentic Rajput history and we cannot devote on it here; the Rajput lines that still exist came into prominence later, when the Mohammedan wars began. With these we must specially associate the name of Chitor.

In resisting the Mohammedan invaders, the princes of Chitor exhibited a valour and pertinacity not surpassed in human history. Three times their city was besieged and sacked; three times the defenders burned their wives and children, and flung themselves on the foe and perished. When Akbar triumphed, thirty thousand Rajputs are said to have fallen; and the last hope of open resistance passed away. The Rajah took to the jungles; his successor, Pertap Singh, fought on, and finally, in the very last hour of Mewar, Umra Singh came to terms. They were not inglorious terms; Jehangir gilded the chains of his captivity, and placed the heir of Mewar on his own right hand above all the princes of the Moghul Court. Still, it is plain what was lost when the Rajah of Mewar became a vassal; and we read without surprise that Umra Singh resigned his throne, and never left his palace till he died.

As for Chitor, it has remained desolate from Akbar's time till now. He carried away from it every symbol of independent power, and he defaced every monument of the Hindu religion. Thus Chitor to-day is little but a heap of stones. Two buildings alone testify to the splendours of its prime. They are both towers; one Hindu and one Jain. The Jain tower is much the older, dating from A.D. 846, a monument to Adinath, the first

Tirthankar. It is eighty feet high, square, with a staircase inside. In effect it falls somewhat short of the Tower of Victory, which was built about 1440, to commemorate one of the rare Hindu victories over the Mohammedans. This structure is a hundred and twenty feet high, richly decorated with deep cornices and panels, and sculptured figures of the gods. The effect is very beautiful and truly architectural as the mass is large enough to bear the decoration. There is a staircase inside, and a chamber at the top, from which all Chitor is visible. Here is a translation, from Todd, of an inscription on its wall:

"While the sun continues to warm the earth, so long may the fame of Khoombo Rana endure! While the icy mountains of the north rest upon their base, while the garland of the ocean is wreathed about the neck of the earth, so long may Khoombo's glory be remembered! May the varied history of his sway and the splendour of his dominion last for ever! Seven years had elapsed beyond fifteen hundred when Rana Khoombo placed this ringlet on the forehead of Chitor. Sparkling like the rays of the rising sun is the *torun,* rising like the bridegroom of the land."

It is impossible not to sympathise with that moment, or to move onwards without compassion to the later chapters of the tale. We need not be blind to the faults of the Rajputs, their vindictive feuds, and their hopeless disunion, but grievously indeed they have answered them.

From Chitor the traveller naturally proceeds to Oodeypur, the modern capital of Mewar. It is now accessible by train, though not *very* accessible, as locomotives are not allowed to puff and snort near the walls of the city. We may call it a good example of the picturesque. It lies among irregular hills, a fairly large and prosperous town with a big white palace and an artificial lake. "The lake's the thing"; it is studded with islands on which temples, palaces, and pleasure gardens

have been built. None of these are remarkable in themselves, but viewed altogether, they form a whole of undeniable charm. It appears to me they have been built under Mohammedan influences; Mohammedans, as I have said, had a better notion of enjoying the open air than Hindus. A genuine Hindu palace is a cramped affair, and so is a Hindu city; but the islands of Oodeypur have an open aspect that pleases the European eye. This no doubt is what takes globe-trotters to the place.

One might say a good deal about globe-trotters; but little of it would be said or sung in their praise. Perhaps one per cent of them are travellers of culture, and the rest are ignoramuses, predestined and incurable. Many also are careless of etiquette, and devoid of gentlemanly feeling. Thus they offend the resident population, and those who follow them miss the little avenues of approach by which the life of a country can be entered. The better sort of people learn to avoid strangers, the worst sort to pick their pockets and get rid of them. All practical arrangements are made to suit the rich men in a hurry; if you are not inclined to assume that part you will find yourself superfluous. In India, fortunately, the globe-trotter is strongly attracted to Jeypur and Delhi; we may regard these places as sacrificed, but others are left.

I find little else to say about Oodeypur except that I bought some curios from the dealers there. Two of them came to the bungalow and offered me a knife for sale. "Look at this!" said they (speaking together like two characters in a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera), "a most ancient piece of work! You will never see the like of it again!"

Myself.—"What may the price of it be?"

The vendors.—"We will not deceive you. The price is twenty-five rupees."

Myself.—"Pooh!"

The vendors.—"Indeed it is. Had you been a tourist we should have said at once fifty rupees, and we should have got it."

Myself.—"Then why sacrifice it now? You know the season for tourists is beginning."

The vendors.—"Very true, very true. But the Divali is also coming on, and we want a little cash."

The end of it was that I bought two knives, one Afghan, one Hindu. The Afghan knife had a jade handle; the Hindu knife was richly damascened with gold. Steel and gold! How much human history is symbolised by these metals! I was partly moved by this reflection to make the purchase; partly, also, I thought the two weapons characteristic of their earlier possessors. The Afghan knife was meant for business, a long stiletto with one sharp edge; the Hindu knife was a *kattar* whose form we all know and cannot describe. Shall I say it is marked by that touch of unpracticality which clings to so many things Hindu?

I bought also from my friends an old Jain image, which was sold to me with apologies. "The Hindu religion," said they, "forbids us to sell images; but under the circumstances how can we help ourselves? Promise us you will treat it respectfully." "I will be a *pujari* to it myself," said I. "*Ji*," replied they, in tones of deep acquiescence and gratitude; and the unfortunate *devi* passed into my possession.

One sees a good deal of the Jains in Rajputana. It is curious they should be located next to the most flesh-

eating community of Hindu; for I understand the Rajputs reject neither mutton nor pork, nor any sort of field game or fish. However, they agree well enough with the Jains; and when the birthday of Mahavira is celebrated in Oodeypur for eight days by royal command, all sorts of animals are exempted from destruction. No shoe-maker, were he ever so much of a Mohammedan, is allowed to wield his hammer, lest it should fall on a creeping thing; nor is any sweet-maker allowed to set his pans boiling.

Oodeypur is providently placed near Jeypur, for the sake, one may suppose, of a contrast. As Oodeypur braved the storm of the Mohammedan invasions and was overwhelmed, so Jeypur prudently ran for the nearest port, and is now the most flourishing city in Rajputana. She was the first city to send a daughter to the Moghul seraglio, which Oodeypur never consented to do; and her ruler, Man Singh, was the greatest Hindu in the service of Akbar. We read with astonishment the names of his commands from Cabul to Assam; an extent of territory which exceeds the limits of the British Empire to-day. Akbar, it appears, came to distrust him, and devised a stratagem to take him off by poison. As it happened, the Emperor ate the wrong sweetmeat and perished himself, while Man Singh escaped. Jehangir is said to have fined him ten crores of rupees, after which he died quietly in Bengal. He was followed in 1699 by Jey Singh, the most remarkable ruler of his line. We shall not, however, if we follow Todd, altogether admire him. As Man Singh was the first to join the Moghuls, so Jey Singh was the first to join the Marathas, and he placed in the hands of Bajirao the office of Subadar of Malwa, the King of Rajputana.

This, however, was done to suit the interests of his state, and we are reminded of Bacon's saying about the shrewdness of the ant. As a result, however, Amber lived comfortably through half the anarchy of the eighteenth century; and in this point of view Jey Singh must be considered an eminent ruler. Moreover, he followed an enlightened policy at home. He removed his capital from Amber to Jeypur, and built a city which can be called really modern.

Here, then, we may enter Jeypur, which is still a walled town, and look round us. The main streets are exceedingly wide, and all the houses are coloured a rosy red. This relieves the midday glare, and if not exactly beautiful is at any rate characteristic. There is no architecture of any consequence, except the well-known museum, which stands in a large park.

The object of this institution is two-fold, to illustrate Indian art, and on a minor scale, the art of the rest of the world. There is a very much smaller establishment at Oodeypur, which aims at the same thing. The Jeypur museum carries out the idea as far as it is really practicable. Its Indian collection, as everyone knows, is excellent. The other department is a qualified success. Experience shows that one sample of a great school of art does not really illustrate it. We must have a large collection to produce any impression, and a collection of reproductions will not do at all. I cannot see why this is so; but nothing is more certain. It appears, for instance, a promising plan to collect casts of antique statues for the benefit of those who cannot visit Rome; but, after all, when the collection has been made, it is found to be insipid.

There is also a school of art at Jeypur; but I think

the dealers were right when they told me it was "only a nominal school of art." I found the pupils copying all sorts of things, from South Kensington scrolls to wall-sheets of natural history, published for primary-schools. I did not, however, see any trace either of Indian tradition or genuine naturalism, the two pillars on which the fabric of a new Indian art must be built, if it is ever to rise.

The most notable spot in Jeypur is certainly the royal observatory. Jey Singh was a remarkable astronomer, the greatest Asiatic since Mugh Begh the Tartar, who flourished about A.D. 1400. The observatory at Jeypur is the chief of five that he built; it was neglected after his death, but has lately been restored. It is not, of course, a building but an open field. His instruments were partly of brass, but chiefly of stone covered with the finest plaster, on which measurements were taken by means of wires. Some of them are very large, the gnomon of the great dial is nearly a hundred feet high; and there is a stone circle on the ground of thirty-three yards diameter, graduated to one-eighth of an inch. With such accuracy were these works effected that Jey Singh was able to measure an angle of one-sixtieth of a minute—that which a rupee subtends at two hundred yards. The powers of the unaided eye cannot possibly achieve more; and in the geography of the skies, if we may call it such, Jey Singh's work is unsurpassed.

It is certainly an impressive picture, that of the diplomatic prince alone with the stars. They meant at once less and more to him than to us, for he was a convinced astrologer. He was also a very devout Hindu, and published an important work on Hindu ritual, fasts, and penances.

About five miles from Jeypur is the old capital, Amber. It lies in a cleft of the hills, a mass of crowded houses with many walls and towers about it. Looking down from one of these, we obtain a good idea of an old Hindu town. Though often called "deserted" there are still many inhabitants; and probably their number is growing. Perhaps some day the whole place will be re-peopled. In the meantime it affords the unparalleled spectacle of a group of ruins to which no painful memories cling.

There, however, is one corner of it which is painful to visit, the *chattris* of the old kings of Amber. These buildings, mostly small canopies, are many of them very beautiful, but since Amber ceased to be the royal residence they have been totally neglected. They are now used by the populace as threshing floors and latrines. Here is a curious fact, Amber is a free and prosperous state, and this is how she treats the memorials of her past. It is so all over India; even at Chitor, which the common sentiment of Rajputana ought to guard with devotion. Little is done by the Durbar to preserve its relics, and nothing except under pressure. I think my Hindu readers had better hear the unpalatable truth, that if they do not respect these things more carefully foreigners will suppose they do not much respect themselves. The inference may be mistaken, but to European eyes it seems inevitable.

The palace at Amber is a fine building, well preserved, and maintained in good order. Its arrangements, especially its public arrangements, are largely Mohammedan. Standing on a hill above the city, and crowned by a picturesque fort, it presents a striking view, and deserves its reputation among travellers. The lake

below is now dried up, indeed all through Rajputana a great deal of water has disappeared in the last ten years.

The Jeypur state is the home of the Dadu Panthis, a follower of Dadu, a Hindu reformer who lived about 1600. He belongs to the age of Nanak, and Kibir and Tukâ, and was one of the many religionists who were interviewed by Akbar. His views are contained in a poem of about five thousand verses, called the Bani. He rejected the caste system, the use of images and the custom of pilgrimages; and explained the origin of "gods" by a system of Euhemerism. He allowed no absolute authority to any religious book. His religion is therefore a pure theism. "I have found that God is the unchangeable, the immortal, the fearless, joy-giving, self-existent, almighty, beautiful, unimagined, unseen, incomprehensible, infinite, kingly one." Like all great teachers he has something to say of his own struggles after truth, and his lapses into sin. "From the beginning to the end of my life I have done no good thing. Ignorance, the love of the world, false pleasures and forgetfulness have held me." "As the opium eater longs for his opium, the hero for war, the poor for wealth, so longs my soul after God."

Some of his followers are soldiers, others money-lenders, and others schoolmasters. Many, especially the more religious, are celibates; they bear a good reputation, but I understand they have lapsed from the teachings of their founder.

Hindu India in Rajputana lies everywhere in violent contrast with Mohammedan India; and so between Chitor and Jeypur lies Ajmere. It was never a seat of empire, but a favourite resort of several emperors, in days, probably, when there were some trees on the hills

and the climate was more agreeable. At present Ajmere is a tumble-down city, huddled under Taragarh; knee-deep in dust and devoid of all general attractions. Yet, if the stranger will step into the little park there, he will suddenly find before him one of the most pleasing views in India. The park borders on a lake, with an artificial dam, and on the dam are four marble pavilions, erected by Shah Jehan. They had passed into private occupation, but were restored by Lord Curzon in 1902. This architecture is faultless; visit them after Oodeypur and you will at once perceive the difference between first-rate and second-rate work. The view extends over the lake and the fields beyond, with wild mountains rising in the middle distance.

Beyond these mountains is the sacred lake of Pushkar, a muddy little pond surrounded by temples of recent growth. It is the chief excursion from Ajmere; but better worth seeing is the Arhai-din-ka-jhompra outside the city gate. This is an old Jain temple, which, about A.D. 1200, was converted into a mosque. Half of it was knocked down for a screen of arches erected in front of the other half. They were covered with Tughra inscriptions, the most wonderful work of its kind in India; after the visitor has seen Agra and Delhi, it is still worth his while to see these arches. And the scene is further interesting as a reminder of the conflict of religious ideas in India. History cannot show elsewhere two religions so distinct as those of the Jains and the Mohammedans; there is not one common principle between them. Here vigorous optimism meets absolute pessimism, pure theism meets atheism, idolatry meets iconoclasm, and the most unscupulous respect for animal life meets the carnivorous sacrificial system of the Semites.

What wonder is it that the struggle between them ended only with exhaustion? Yet neither side has disappeared. or changed its views or its tactics. There is an armistice between them, as there is between Rome and the heretics. Some day it will end.

Meanwhile Islam demonstrates her vitality in a lively way at the Dargah in Ajmere. It is a large establishment containing a very handsome mosque built by Shah Jehan, and the tomb of a great saint. Visitors are tolerated. Just beyond the entrance stands a huge iron cauldron, of which wealthy pilgrims sometimes avail themselves of the great feast. This costs them about a thousand rupees, which are spent on rice, sugar, spice, almonds and raisins. The cooking takes some hours, and when the pudding is ready, certain families, in virtue of a hereditary privilege, proceed to appropriate it. I happened to arrive on such an occasion. The Indrakotis were crowded on the steps round the cauldron, armed with long wooden ladles and swathed in oilskins. Each, in his turn dipped these in the pudding and retired with their prizes; not won without tribulation, for the heat of the pudding was tremendous, and all over the courtyard there were figures stretched on the ground with their friends fanning them. The air was filled with appetising odours; and my *garrywallah* requested the immediate loan of a few coppers. I believe that on these auspicious days no questions are asked about ceremonial cleanliness; everybody buys and eats as much as he can. At least so Murray says.

Not far from Ajmere is Fatehpur Sikri, and thither I proceeded, travelling on a bullock cart from Achnera. I suffered many things on my way from a huge motor, which came no doubt from Agra. It hooted me and my

bullock cart into the ditch, and left us suffocated with dust. I watched it whirling on to the horizon in the faint hope that something might happen to it; but, of course, I was disappointed. Later on I got to Fatehpur, and settled down in the very comfortable bungalow.

Fatehpur, as everyone knows, was the fruit of a caprice of Akbar's. He had Agra and he had Delhi, but he chose to build himself another city, and its name is Fatehpur. It was vanished altogether except the emperor's own palace; and that stands in perfect preservation. We can see to-day, exactly as Akbar left them, his hall of audiences, the palaces of his queens and ministers, and his great mosque. The design and workmanship—except in one case—are somewhat inferior to those of Agra; but that is a slight dispraise. Fatehpur is still one of the most beautiful places in the world.

One of its peculiarities is the exclusive use of stone for every purpose of construction and decoration. There are stone rafters and stone screens and stone seats. I suppose there must have been plenty of rugs and carpets spread about when Akbar lived there; but at present this universal use of stone invests everything with a rigid character somewhat at variance with the graceful outlines. The colour of the stone is a rich handsome red.

It is impossible in such a place not to muse over the character of the great Emperor. Great he certainly is, beside any figure in history. He appears to have been the first of the Moghuls who looked on India as his own country. There are many things in his career that may seem at variance with this, and some that may shock us. We may think, for instance, that he ought to have left the Rajputs their independence; but India had seen

so much strife between A.D. 1000, and A.D. 1500, that Akbar possibly viewed all independence in the light of a public danger. Possibly, too, it may be argued that the Rajputs ought to have seen that. Pertap Singh in the jungle, refusing to eat with Raja Man, is a sympathetic figure, but an omen of doubtful import for the future of India. At any rate there are two sides to the question, and Akbar, though he inherited the tradition of conquest, and was himself a conqueror, was not of the naïve type of Timur or Jenghiz Khan. He was a statesman, and if his work did not last long, at any rate it lasted longer than any similar work in India.

However, at Fatehpur, what interests us is rather the traces of his personal character. It remains, I believe, inscrutable. He seems to have been a seeker after experience, like Solomon or like Hadrian, like whom, also, he was a great builder. He was equally active in peace and war; in the pursuit of toil or amusement. As a soldier he was noted for reckless daring; and in peace he followed pleasure, when he chose, with the same disregard of scruples and dangers. Did he not invent the Khooshroz? On the ninth day of each month there was a fair held within the precincts of his court attended by females only. The merchant's wives exposed their goods, and the ladies of the court came to buy. Then, too, came the Emperor, and made his choice not of the goods alone but of the ladies, for in this matter he recognised no rights against his own.

Yet I do not suppose these pleasures loomed very large in his eyes, for he had other topics to think of. We have all heard of his religious curiosity. In Fatehpur there is a stone canopy called the Yogi's seat, where it is said a Yogi lived for many years under his eye. Ak-

bar believed there was something to be got out of these people. " He gave them private interviews at night, inquiring into occult truths, the power of being absent from the body, alchemy, physiognomy, and the omnipresence of the soul. His Majesty even learned alchemy, and showed in public some of the gold made by him. Once a year also, during a night called Shivaratri, a great meeting was held of all the Yogis of the empire; and he ate and drank with the principal Yogis, who promised that he should live four times as long as ordinary men. We discern in this promise a glimpse of what the Emperor really though vainly desired, as he must have found life too short for his purposes.

One of the palaces at Fatehpur belonged to a Portuguese queen; and it is covered with traces of paintings. I need not observe that these were unwelcome to the eyes of strict Mohammedans. Akbar, however, thought differently, and we have his defence of the pictorial art, which he made one evening to the court. " It appears to me as though a painter had peculiar means of recognising God; for a painter in sketching anything that has life, and in drawing its limb one after another, must come to feel that he cannot bestow individuality on his work, and is thus forced to think of God the Giver of life."

So Akbar was truly a philosopher, and in this aspect is something like Marcus Aurelius. There is no rarer phenomenon than the philosopher who is also a successful king. This praise belongs to him; he knew how to rule men and attach them to himself. We cannot doubt that under the splendours of his court there lay much bitterness of races and creeds. Thus, for instance, of Birbal, the Hindu, Akbar's long-mourned friend, the

Mohammedan court historian speaks as " that dog who is now burning in hell "; and Akbar had to repress sentiments like these. He owed part of his success to great personal generosity. When, for example, he destroyed Chitor he honoured the memory of its defenders by erecting statues of Jaimal and Putta at the door of his palace at Delhi. A fact like this shines far amid the horrors of the age.

His place in the imagination of Indians is not commensurate with his remarkable character. Hindus are not interested in him, and strict Mohammedans do not admire him. He founded no system, and his name is tarnished by the shameful decline of his house. Nevertheless whom shall we put beside him among the princes of India? Asoka alone, in my opinion, is a figure whose pre-eminence mankind have recognised. Like the gate of his mosque at Fatehpur he towers above the plain of common men and kings.

Not far from Fatehpur lies Muttra, the centre of the Krishna country. There is no trace of Krishna to be found there, so I will not digress about him. Muttra is interesting in itself, I think it the best and most attractive specimen of an Indian town that I have seen. It contains a real contribution towards the ideal of town arrangement, an ideal which, after all these centuries, has hardly begun to be formed. The main street is just the right width, wide enough for traffic and not too wide for shade. The streets of Jeypur, though a most creditable experiment, are too wide to be successful. The main street of Muttra seems to settle some questions. It persuades me, for instance, that side walks in India should be abandoned, but that pavements should be introduced. The main street of Muttra was paved with slabs forty years

ago; it is still quite level, and a delightful change from the appaling dust of upper India. The fronts of many of the houses are most beautifully carved, and the shops are really attractive. In the cantonment is a small museum, with one famous Græco-Indian statue of Buddha. It is a most noble work of art; I have seen nothing approaching it in India. One might compare it, however, with the statue known as Prakramabahu near Pottonarue in Ceylon.

Muttra has an even greater claim on the visitors' attention; the temple of Govinda at Brindaban. The history of this building is probably related at length somewhere; I have not come across it. Nor do I know whether the temple was ever finished; it was partly destroyed by Aurangzeb, and has been partly restored by the British Government. At present, the outer portion of the roof is incomplete, and the intention of the architect is uncertain. In shape it resembles a Christian Cathedral being a Latin cross, measuring one hundred and five feet north and south, one hundred and seventeen feet east and west. The choir, so to speak, is closed to visitors, being occupied (and sadly defaced) by Hindu priests. The rest of it is quite public. It may fairly be styled one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. The design and the decoration are most beautiful throughout, and the roof is quite astonishing. It is a piece of stone vaulting at least equal to anything of the kind in Europe. In general effect it may be compared to that of King's College, Cambridge; but possibly reflection would show it to be even more beautiful and ingenious.

But one forgets its beauty in marvelling at its originality. Where did the artist learn to conceive of such a

thing? Where, indeed, did the design of the building come from altogether?

We may partly answer this question. It is evident that a Hindu architect was here utilising some inspiration from Islam. He was providing for a congregation, a provision in itself rather Mohammedan than Hindu. He made the corner of the roof identical with that of the common Mohammedan arch. The decoration throughout he confined to geometrical forms, avoiding anything that might provoke the iconoclast. So far his proceedings and the source of his idea can be accounted for. The explanation, of course, as in every similar case, only brings out the greatness of his originality. True originality is always a reckless borrower, and this holds as much in India as elsewhere. But why is it that this effort stands alone? Why is it that the long contest of Hinduism and Islam has led to so little? Here we have a proof that the union of these diverse spirits has not always been impossible or unfruitful. The rise of the Sikhs is perhaps another such example; and the poet Kabir is said to be another. But their number is small; and most critics hold that the future will see no progress along this line. Meanwhile, it is greatly to be desired that this building should be more carefully preserved. The devotees who spoil one end of it must, of course, be left alone; but bats and monkeys should not be allowed to defile the rest of it. A few simple precautions would keep them out. It is certain that no building in India deserves more study or more admiration.

From Muttra it is an easy passage to Aligarh, which is known everywhere as the seat of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College. To the traveller with no educational objects the chief sight of the place is the French fort, a few miles distant, with De Boigne's house in a

large garden. The fort is in excellent repair; the house is falling to pieces and soon will, no doubt, vanish. It is quite deserted, and forms an appropriate memorial of the brief episode in Indian history which it commemorates. We may call it the days of the European adventurers. Wicked days they may have been and uncomfortable in some way; but they form an agreeable relief from the morbid and discontented morality of the present age. I suppose De Boigne spent many pleasant hours in that house and garden. Ice he had not, nor kerosine oil, nor a *sola topee* to cover his head withal; but I dare say he managed to import some French wine, and kept a Swadeshi zenana. Have not all the poets told us that this is enough to make a man happy?

Be all this as it may have been, the age of De Boigne is ended, like this present history of my tour. For at Aligarh I was laid up with malarial fever, and to complete my recovery thought it better to inhale once more the invigorating breezes of Bombay. But Central India contains other places of interest, which I hope to visit at some future time. Let me add these few reflections for a conclusion. I took as my companions Captain Todd's "Annals of Rajasthan" and Major-General Malcolm's "Central India." These are books not wholly unknown yet so little studied to-day that a few words may very well be written about them. From a literary point of view they are dissimilar. Malcolm's book is readable; Todd's is formless and distracting. It is necessary to finish one preliminary heading of Rajasthan before attempting to understand or remember it. But both books are similar in their contents and the attitude of their authors towards the country. Both authors were practical men. Todd re-settled Rajputana, and Malcolm Central India. These countries had

suffered greatly from the Mohammedan wars and the Maratha incursions; and both Todd and Malcolm regarded themselves as champions of distressed causes. Being both of them students as well as soldiers, they knew the whole history of their districts; and they felt a deep attachment towards old claims and usages. They felt it everywhere their mission to restore and to resist. All this is reflected in their books, which are largely concerned with operations over which they presided themselves. But they have done abundant justice to the past, and they are both of them hero-worshippers. Malcolm's picture of Ahalya Bai is one of the most generous eulogies ever penned by a foreigner, and the more liberal because Malcolm disliked the Marathas, and treats them north of the Nerbada as intruders.

The period to which they belong is now as remote from us as the days of Asoka. Things have moved rapidly in India, as in Europe, and 1907 knows little about 1807. Nevertheless, Malcolm's instructions to his subordinates will be valuable as long as Europeans play an executive rôle in this country. They are valuable, too, as a memorial; they show how the British ascendancy was attained. As the English are not a literary people, it must be considered lucky that a literary record of this period survives.

Malcolm and Todd are both "orientalists." They did not believe that English ideas or institutions were good for India; nor did they believe in English education. They would apparently have limited English activities in India to maintaining public order; or, if they had done more, they would only have done it as a favour, or by special request. Whether they were right or wrong, history has taken a different course.

CHAPTER V

NORTHERN INDIA

THE city of Delhi, as it meets the eye to-day, is for the most part a waste of huts and hovels. Even the Chandni Chauk shows us nothing to admire but its width; the houses on either side of it—tenth-rate buildings in their prime—are all decayed and squalid. Whence come the name and fame of imperial Delhi? Bernier asked himself the same question in the days of the Grand Moghul; he found Delhi much as we find it now. Perhaps all cities behind walls have been dirty and crowded; and perhaps prudence, in the neighbourhood of absolute power, suggested to the people of Delhi a modest programme for their private buildings. Delhi is now, I am told, the piece-goods market of northern India; but the hardy commercial, looking up his customers, has to dive into some queer places. The merchant of Bombay has learned to appreciate a suburban residence; that day has not come in Delhi.

What takes the traveller there is the Moghul architecture; let us re-visit it in our thoughts.

Conspicuous in my own memory beyond everything else is the Kutub Minar. We all know it from photographs —which all fail to reproduce it. Nothing can reproduce the magnificient colour of the stone, a sombre red, the livery of a conqueror. Round it run three bands of Toghra writing, incised with deep, bold strokes. The

sunlight glows on their surface, the shadows lurk within them; the stranger devoid of Arabic can nevertheless read there the pride and thanksgiving of victory. I have seen much of this writing in India, but no example so strong and glorious, not even in the tomb near it—where lies the old saint whose name has been given to the tower.

This tower is a miracle of art, more wonderful even than the Taj, because there is nothing like it. Now most original ideas in the realm of art are failures; every masterpiece comes from some line of ancestors; rarely does it happen that a great innovation is a great success. From this point of view I place the Kutub Minar along with the temple of Gobinda at Bindraban; and I would sooner see either of them again than the Taj. Perhaps, too, one might place with it the leaning tower of Pisa and the tower of victory at Chitor. Yet the last achieves its effect half by accident; the scale is great, but it seems to have been conceived intellectually, as a multiplication of parts; the Kutub was conceived as a whole. Or, again, one might say, the tower at Chitor was the work of masons; the Kutub is the work of an architect. The spirit of proportion presides over every angle and every moulding, and the voice of criticism is silenced.

Near this same Kutub is the famous iron pillar which commemorates the old Hindu regime. It is about thirty feet long, and about twenty feet rise above the ground The outward aspect, though neat and graceful, wears the cramped character of most Hindu art. The surface is smooth and polished, without a trace of rust; a few inscriptions mark the flight of ages. We should not pause long over it were it not for the material. This

is pure wrought iron—a tough piece of work which even the modern smith could not easily turn out. It must have been built up slowly, we cannot quite say how; and we can only wonder that it was ever completed and that nothing else like it survives. Tradition says that if you can put your arms round it backwards, you are the son of your father—not otherwise; but perhaps the plea of rheumatism may excuse a visitor from the test.

Not far from the Kutub is the fort of Tughlakabad, with the tomb of Tughlak. The fort occupies a low eminence, once surrounded by a swamp. The swamp is now dry and cultivated, the fort is in ruins. It belongs to the earliest days of the Mohammedans, a rude, frowning structure, with a circuit of three miles. What a host of warriors it must once have held! The walls are masses of unhewn stones, in true Cyclopean style, with a few pointed arches for the gates; there is nothing of high art here. Yet the tomb of the chieftain is a grand monument. Something between a fort and a tomb, it has a massive wall round it, in the centre a quadrilateral pile, with a dome and heavy walls that slope inwards. I sat there long contemplating the grave, listening to the cries of the parrots and the steady drone of the hornets that people the vault. Large, yellow brutes they were, that swept down fiercely to the door and kept the visitor on his good behaviour. Nevertheless, two of them fought among themselves, and I triumphed over them and killed them, and gazed with awe upon their stings. No wonder the Hittites and the Hivites fled before them.

Between the Kutub and Delhi are ten miles of ruins, —tombs and mosques and walls. There is the old Hindu fort, with a fine Afghan mosque inside it; and

not far away is buried that pious daughter of the Moghul line, Jehanara Begam, whom all her contemporaries loved. Here you may see the most beautiful marble work in the neighbourhood of Delhi. Moreover, there is Humayoon's tomb which I do not care for, and remember chiefly because I bought some photos there.

Yes, there I bought, on one sheet, all the great Moghuls and, on another, all their wives and daughters. One looks curiously from face to face to see if their thoughts are written there. Physiognomy is a craze of our age, and it is true that a man's features may in strange and subtle ways evince his mind. Yet this truth has its limits; it is less true in the East than in the West, it is perhaps least true of royalties everywhere, and perhaps the artists of the great Moghuls followed the type rather than the individual. Certain it is that nothing in the placid features of their delineations reveals the history of the Moghul line. What a history it is, at least from Baber to Aurangzeb; both in the romance of personal fortunes, and the vicissitudes of political ideas! What a medley of noble virtue and ignoble crime! How swift and brilliant was the rise of their star; how swift and irrevocable their fall!

The Moghul ladies appear, in their portraits, more individual and more interesting. Their beauty is undeniable. Nur Mahal is to me the most pleasing; she has an early Victorian face, sweet rather than vivacious—of course, we see her in repose. Hardly any face is pleasing both in repose and animation. Does not Schopenhauer observe how parsimoniously nature bestows the gift of beauty?

I should greatly like to know who the "Moghuls" were. There hangs about them a portion of that mystery

which attends everything in the past of India. Peradventure some learned man has already answered my question, but as I cannot do so, I will at any rate state it, and leave the reader to answer it for himself.

Let us first see what sort of people there are living and moving in Asia to-day. Let us classify them (*i*) by complexion. In the Far East there are the yellow (but rosy-cheeked!) Japanese; the yellow Chinese; the Burmese, both yellow and brown; the Central Asiatics, yellow; the Indians, brown and black; the Arabs, brown; the Persians, sallow; and the Turks and Jews, sallow or white (except the black Jews). Then (*ii*) by features. Let us call one type, with oblique narrow eyes, Mongolian; another, with round horizontal eyes, Caucasian. How are these types related to the complexions? The yellow people are all Mongolian; the brown partly Mongolian, partly Caucasian; the sallow and white peoples all Caucasian. Can we say now to what class of people the various invaders of India have belonged?

Probably, in most cases, we cannot. I do not think we know in the least what the original Aryans looked like. If they were a white race with Caucasian features, what has become of them? If they were a brown race, how is it that we have no brown races with Caucasian features north of the Himalaya?—which I believe is the case. What were the Scythians and Huns? Probably, in various degrees, they were brown and yellow, with Mongolian features. Lastly, what were the Moghuls? Probably, a mixture of Mongolian and Caucasian features, with brown skins. But how are they related to the Turks? The Turks of the present day (I believe) are quite fair; some people say they once looked like

the Moghuls, but have changed. We have a further difficulty about the history of the Moghul language. If the people are to be considered as radically of Mongolian features, it is curious that their language has no Mongolian elements. Has it any Turkish elements? I do not know; of course the vagaries of linguistic history are infinite.

Politically, the history of the Moghuls presents us with a certain paradox. Their system was autocratic, like the Mohammedan system everywhere. Yet, it had none of that divine sanction with which the system was invested by other Asiatics, alike by Persians, Chinese and Hindus. Mohammedan sentiment has always found it appropriate that earth should be governed by a single ruler, as heaven is, but it has never in any way defied the king. Ibn Khaldoun explains the rise of sovereignty in a practical spirit, from the play of forces; it does not rest on the popular will, nor on any mission from the skies. Nevertheless, the Moghul system in India lacked the counterpoise of the Hindu village system, and it never gave any play to those democratic impulses which may be found in Arabia, and are yet destined, perhaps, to mould the future of Islam.

The Moghul religion is also an interesting affair. If we regard the Moghuls as Mongolian in features, we must also regard them as converts to the faith of another race. There cannot be a greater personal contrast than that of the Arab and the Mongol. If we ask about the original faith of the Mongol, it appears to have been spirit worship, overlaid with Buddhist nihilism. Some mixture of the sort must have satisfied the conscience of Jhengiz Khan; the true Mongolian appear to have been always infertile of creeds. Islam, which has attracted

the Ethiopian and even the white Caucasian, did not fail on the steppes of Central Asia, and the hordes of Timur accepted its simple formula.

They seem to have been a receptive people; the most so, perhaps, of any that have lived. It appears that, within a few generations, these wandering herdsmen became the patrons of art for whom the Kutub and the Taj were built. The foundations of these buildings must be sought for in Persia—the artistic centre of western Asia. Yet the question remains, whose really was the inspiration that created them? Not Hindu, unquestionably; though we can see that the architects employed Hindu masons, and sometimes left them to their own methods of construction. Can we suppose the Moghuls themselves struck out their new ideas? Who, for instance, taught the dome to rise in the air, as a proud and noble feature of the exterior? The Byzantine style confesses its failure here; the modern dome in Europe is due to the genius of Brunelleschi.

Who was the Brunelleschi of Asia? I know not; but he accomplished his work well. Visit Delhi that queer old mosque which goes back beyond the days of Tughlak (I forget its name), and, thereafter the Jumma Masjid. This great building stands in the front rank of all places that men have ever built. You cannot choose a point from which it is not perfect. Nevertheless, its finest effect is perhaps that of the minarets from a distance. They are built of red sandstone with vertical lines of white marble. Close at hand the contrast of the colours is somewhat glaring; but as you retire they blend and soften each other. The minarets are crowned with canopies of marble, which gleam in the sky with pearly radiance, elevating and chastening the mind. Truly,

architecture is the most holy and august of all the arts, and the great architect must be a master-mind.

Yet it is well to remember that he for whom this mosque was built, in the year when he completed it, dethroned and imprisoned his father—for no reason but his own ambition.

We know now why Delhi is styled imperial, they say it has been the seat of seven empires. But it has never been a home of ideas; its place is with Samarcand, and not with Bagdad, the Paris of Asia. Life, peradventure, is stirring there to-day; did I not see a missionary of the Arya Samaj disputing in the street with a mulla? The waves of the Arya Samaj wash the shores of Delhi, though they be not felt as far thence as Benares.

Long ago I visited Delhi at the time of the Durbar, and of what I saw then the scenes still dwell with me. At the door of the S. P. G. Mission sat a naked Asiatic, burning himself to death. There was no doubt about it; he sat with his back to a fire and he was slowly perishing. Near him on the ground was a rupee, which a thoughtful young bania had provided "to buy him some more wood." "What is he doing?" said I. "He is thinking of God, who dwells in the heavens," replied the bania with a suitable gesture. I wondered much what philosophy controlled his thoughts and whether that philosophy belongs to the essence of Hinduism.

We are so used to this name that we forget to ask ourselves what it really means. A shopkeeper in Benares read me a lesson here. I spoke to him of "Hindus," and he retorted, "we do not call ourselves by that name, it was invented by the Mohammedans." "What do you call yourselves then?" said I; and he replied

"Aryans." I dare say his answer would have pleased the Arya Samaj; but to my mind it recalled another of the Indian problems. Whence have come the ascestic and nihilistic aspects of Hinduism? Are they reactions from within? Was that self-immolating visionary the spiritual heir of the blithe Rig Veda, or did he spring from some other creed, some other race, aboriginal in India, with which the destinies of the Aryans have mingled? I myself incline to think so; but all things are possible in the phantasmagoria of history.

Benares lies wholly on the northern side of the Ganges; the stream confers no sanctity on the other bank. The minarets of Aurangzeb's mosque dominate the town; by the river bank are palaces belonging to old and rich families. The ghats leading down to the water are very poor affairs, and many of the buildings, for want of foundations, have fallen to pieces. Confusion and dirt reign everywhere, delighting the souls of those who love the picturesque. Globe-trotters make the tour of the place in a boat, observing with satisfaction the funeral pyres, corpses lying in the stream, etc., etc.; with curious and fearful joy they visit the Nepaulese temple (ladies not admitted), the Dnyankup and other places, some of which I saw myself. There is no architecture worthy of the name, but the narrow streets near the temples, though they smell strongly of ammonia, are not unattractive. Here you may buy black ammonites from the Gandak River, coloured stones and crystals, and even a rich-handed conch-shell, if your purse is long enough. Modern brass-work is common, but, in spite of many dusty explorations, I discovered no antiques. At the hotel I bought a hookah-base of Bidri work, a sumptuous masterpiece of other days. This was all, and this is all

I have to record of the city of Benares. The Central Hindu College I described from afar, but knowing myself for a flesh-eater and a wine-bibber, I did not visit it. From such persons, they say, there radiates a kind of bad magnetism which is injurious to people on a higher plane.

Not far from Benares is Sarnath, a place sacred in the annals of mankind. Here Buddha preached his first sermon, and here, for many centuries after his death, there was a great monastery. It vanished in the course of time, and the earth, in its own unaccountable way, slowly crept over the ruins of the buildings, till some of them lay beneath a mound twenty feet deep. Of late years cautious excavations have been made and the ruins are now laid bare. On the whole, they are disappointing; the plan of the buildings can scarcely be made out and nothing of first-rate importance has come to light. Nevertheless, one Asoka pillar has been found with a regulation imposing discipline on heretical monks, several statues of Buddha, and a magnificent stone lion. This lion is perhaps the finest work of art in India. It is really a conjunction of four lions, one facing in each direction, and it formed the capital of a pillar. The expression of the faces is full of majesty, and the legs are carved with marvellous power. Clearly it belongs to the group of sculpture that embraces the lions of Assyria and Persia; but how it comes to be an emblem of Buddhism, who can say? Buddhism is remarkable for its interest in animals and its naturalistic representations of them. All over the Sarnath ruins there are excellent sculptures of geese swimming and flying, which are now to be collected in a museum on the spot. I grieve to say that, before this museum is finished,

the lion will have suffered some damage from the weather.

Near the ruins there is a tope with fine decorations carved on it; geometrical and flamboyant patterns of great breadth and vigour.

At the hotel I met a Buddhist, a German Buddhist, a man of some means, who spent all his life on pilgrimages to Buddhist shrines. We had much conversation about Buddhism, and I asked him to tell me something about Nirvana. "The fact that you ask the question," said he, "shows that you do not yet understand what Buddhism is. Buddha has told us nothing about Nirvana. As a Buddhist, all I know is that I am suffering; that my suffering is due to desire; that when I cease to desire I shall cease to suffer." "Then, as a Buddhist," said I, "you ought to take refuge in the Order?" "That is true," said he, "but I have not done so. I perceive this truth intellectually, and I move round and round it; but I have not brought myself to taste it." "Yet, are you sure you are right?" said I. "I will place before you the case of two brothers who are known to me. One of them, eighteen years ago, retired from the world, and lived and lives on what visitors offer him, devoid, as I suppose, of all passion and desire. The other, a poor schoolmaster, on thirty rupees a month, supports that brother's family—and his own; now, should he have asked Buddha whether he ought to join the Order, what advice would Buddha have given him?" "Buddha," replied he, "would have given him no advice."

My friend may have been right; yet I think the answer proves that, had Buddha been consistent, he should have been a Jain. He should have perished by the *sallekhana*, sitting down where the truth first dawned

on him, and dying. I do not see how the Buddhist virtues can be derived from the Buddhist principles.

The history of Buddha and his movement is still unknown. We shall not be able to say we know it, till we can place Buddhism in its right relation to Jainism. And of both, again, the question may be asked, were they born within the system of the Rig Veda? Or did they come from Dravidia? Or from Mongolia? I do not see that we know or ever can know the answer to these questions. The statue of Buddha will for ever confront us like the sphinx.

I can understand the position of those "Hindus" who, far from accepting Buddha as an avatar of Vishnu, regard him as the great enemy of their race and creed. "To him," they say, "we owe the apathy of centuries; we are not yet recovered from the injury he did us." Nevertheless, the vigorous figure of Asoka is Buddhist; and after Buddhism vanished, from 500 to 1000 B.C., Hinduism had its own way and flourished. I doubt if the teaching of Buddha really killed off the energy of the Aryans. It was never ascetic in the darker sense, and it had great breadth of view. Its decline, like its rise, is wholly unaccountable. If we could believe it to have been a foreign idea, we might suppose it perished under the weight of native sentiment; but this is a mere speculation. Some people think it was discredited by barbarous tribes who received it without understanding and perverted it. But in the long run explanations fail, as they generally fail when we are dealing with history. For history is not a matter of science—if indeed there be such a thing as science.

Not far from Benares is Jaunpur, once for a hundred years the seat of a Mohammedan kingdom. It has an

architectural style of its own chiefly exemplified in its mosques. In these the west end is roofed in by a single huge vault, running north and south, with a propylon opposite the mihral, facing the court. The sides of the propylon slope inwards, with a characteristic effect. The style is remarkable and interesting rather than successful, but the mosques of Jaunpur are well worth seeing. After the Jumma Masjid and the others in the city, the best appears to be the Lall Darwaza, which is outside it, and now disused.

At the Jumma Masjid there is a Koran school, which was in session when I arrived. Under the barrel vault of the mosque there was a long row of pupils sitting, each with a Koran before him, learning a portion by heart. Some were urchins of ten years old, others bearded men. Their voices mingled in a pleasant reverberation from the roof, and their diligence was gratifying to a schoolmaster's eye. I could not find myself distressed to think they did not understand Arabic. What does such a consideration matter? They were busy and they were happy, and at least they were not working for an earthly reward. Set them explaining the meaning of the text, and what evils will follow! Once during my travels I met a distinguished man, a Professor of Arabic, and I asked him if there were no rocks ahead of Islam; if this religion alone had nothing to fear from any Higher Criticism. "Yes," he said, "I think it has. Some day the Mohammedans may find out how much Mohammed retained of pre-Islamic superstitions; how much he misunderstood and misused the books of the Christians." Till then, apparently, the system is safe, and the methods of Jaunpur and the Al-Azhar University are the best.

You, moreover, you Western pedagicists, who chatter so much about interest, where do you find the elements of interest in this method of education? Truly, you will not get the Board-school boy to work more diligently at nature study, than the Young Oriental at memorising the Koran, or the Veda, or the Avesta. Your guiding star of interest may turn out, after all, an *ignis fatuus*; human nature defies formulas. Follow facts, and do not listen to the philosophers; the Real is the only Rational.

To proceed from Jaunpur by a devious flight, I winged my way to Darjeeling. Who has not heard the name of Darjeeling! Who has not read of the Darjeeling hill railways! From Siliguri fifty miles onwards it writhes its sinuous course up the mountains, following its predecessor, the cart road. There is not a tunnel the whole way and scarcely a viaduct, but loops and reversing stations whereby impossible things are accomplished. Sometimes, looking out of the window, you see your own engine rushing past you!

At Kurseong the weather grows cold, and it is colder still at Darjeeling. Myself, the victim of Bombay temperatures and Bombay malaria, I could not stand the cold, and I left Darjeeling unexplored. I did not see Kalimpong, where the poor Eurasian is taken in hand; nor ever Tiger Hill, whence Gaurishankar and Mount Everest show themselves. Still it is something to have stood on Darjeeling and looked round one there. The settlement is perched on a spur, with a deep valley on three sides; beyond the valley are the lower slopes of the Himalaya, and further still, on the northern side, the range of Kinchinjanga. A more striking panorama assuredly does not exist. Forests there are few or none;

the vegetation is not striking, but the scale of the mountains is tremendous. The snowy peaks are best viewed at sunrise or sunset; only long observation reveals their size.

From Darjeeling to the foot of the Kinchinjanga is a month's march. I met an explorer who had been over twenty thousand feet high, and learned that in his opinion the ascent is practicable. To accomplish it, the requisites are money, mountain experience, and tact with coolies. The situation waits till two or three people turn up who unite these qualifications.

In the bazaar at Darjeeling are congregated Lepchas, Bhutias, Goorkhas, and Thibetans. They come on various trading purposes and bring Thibetan curios for sale. Some of these curios are spurious but most are perfectly genuine, and I wonder where they all come from. During the past thirty years countless thousands of them have been sold in Darjeeling. They fall, broadly, into three classes: boxes and teapots, images of gods, and articles used in magic. Though unfortunate in the season of my visit, I procured some good specimens of each class. Three ivories I purchased: one a seated Buddha, smiling and serene, another of the Male and a third of the Female Energy. Shiva (if it be he!) is mounted on a horse, surrounded by flames, wielding a mace and a thunderbolt, and no less grimly frowns his consort. The syncretism of the Thibetan seems to carry them any length. I have a little horn, used for dispelling bad weather, with the Boar on one side and Shiva on the other. From these quaint mysteries one turns with relief to the decorative work, which offers us no problems except those which it solves. The Thibetans have a portion of that decorative sense which

belongs to all the Mongolians; and their work, though never finished, is bold and effective. How curious that skill in decoration is the earliest achievements of the human artiste! Here we may see that savage and barbarous people have as often little to learn; that civilisation, despite frantic efforts, often travels further and further from true decorative principles and successes.

The Thibetans of the market place are attractive people, dirty in the extreme, but simple, jolly and industrious. I fear they are selling off some of their treasures for shoddy articles of convenience and foolish gewgaws. Why can't they see that their own good moçcasins are better than bad boots? But then one might say, why can't European purchasers tell the genuine from the spurious in the articles which they buy? Each side preys on the other; and perhaps each side has the same percentage of connoisseurs.

From Darjeeling I descended to Calcutta and registered my first impressions of our Indian metropolis.

It is divided into two parts; west of the Hooghly there is Howrah, a manufacturing quarter; east of it there are shops, houses and Government offices. You perceive at once that Calcutta is not an Oriental creation, like the native city of Bombay; the streets are wide and straight and provided with foot-paths. Parallel with the river is the maidan, a true *rus in urbe*, which would swallow up our Bombay maidan twenty times over. There are some fine buildings, but I think we have the advantage here in Bombay; nothing struck me as quite first rate. In breadth, however, and a certain spacious quality, Calcutta far surpasses Bombay. The first-class shops are more numerous; the crowd in the streets is larger and more lively; Bombay looks provincial by the side

of Calcutta. This impression is confirmed by conversation with casual strangers. I gather that opinion of all shades is more vigorous and comes to a focus more closely in Calcutta than in Bombay. The press alone, I think, is less enterprising there.

Calcutta is in many ways a miniature London; as Bombay, in some aspects, is a miniature Paris. The climate, in the cold weather, recalls the London fogs; the same grey mist hangs over the streets and the river. The Hooghly Bridge, in its volume of traffic, recalls London Bridge; the river scene is much the same. There is the same volume and bustle of shipping, barges passing up and down, ferry boats scuffling about; wharves and slips and tall chimneys in the background. Turning thence to the Mayfair of Calcutta, we find the same aristocratic clubs and streets of the substantial houses. Trees and gardens abound; I believe they are never burned up by the sun, but continue throughout the year, as they were in November, green and refreshing. I should certainly suppose that life in Calcutta approached the real thing more closely than life in Bombay. In both places, of course, it is ruinously expensive; and you have always to choose between splendour and misery. Providence, in both places, is on the side of the long pursed.

The chief glory of Calcutta is Harrison Road. It starts from the Hooghly Bridge, and carries much of the traffic which crosses it. Near the bridge the congestion is incredible, the sufferings of men and animals past description. The confusion does not grow less as you proceed. Tall houses, four stories high, line the road on either side, a tram line passes down the centre. The foot-path is much too narrow for the crowd, and years

ago it ceased to be available for passengers at all. A throng of Pathan merchants took possession of it and covered it with immense packing cases. Here they squat, and lounge about, making the road almost impassable, while they remain impervious to all remonstrances. Tall, loosely built, truculent men they are, with a *noli me tangere* look about them. The day after I visited the road, they had a faction fight amongst themselves. A Cabuli, it appears, sought to buy a pomegranate from a Peshwari, and, on being asked two annas for it, made the offensive remark that a better fruit could be bought in Cabul for a pice. On this a pique began, the Cabuli was murdered and a good many packing-cases smashed. I had the misfortune to miss this scene; but I was sufficiently entertained by the daily by-play of the street-life. Here I saw a pretty thief caught and pummelled, while yonder a missionary appealed to a fluctuating audience, of whom half were always saying "*Yih kia bat hai?*" and the other half, "*Kuch nahin.*" In the evening great images of Kartikeya made their appearance, with canopies of peacock's feathers. Processions were formed; thousands of acetylene lights were kindled, and bands of dusky musicians struck up John Peel. I looked aloft at the tall houses and wished I had been James Whistler. He could have flung a pot of paint in the face of the Bengal public!

Not far from Harrison Road, you may visit, if you will, the Kintals of the Eurasians. These are the palaces of the poor; I know not the origin of the word. The thing itself is a group of bamboo huts, with a tiny compound in the middle. The rent of each hut is about four rupees a month; it is small value for the money, but the poor always pay most for the little they have.

The denizens of these abodes live partly by odd jobs, partly by begging, borrowing and stealing. Children swarm; it is part of the pre-established harmony of the world that the wastrels should be most prolific. The virtuous, like Buddhist monks, are sterile. However, to do them justice in the Kintals the poor whites are clean; their few belongings are neatly ordered, and they have their share of Micawber's optimism. Their great enemy is the bottle. "Sad cases" abound. In one place I found a man sitting idly on a chair who had just been dismissed from the police for drinking. He had lost a good income and a pension; and next him sat the tenant of the house who enjoyed both advantages, and was steadily yielding to the demon. The example of his friend was wholly lost on him. Both of them talked freely of their fortunes; they regarded themselves with mild interest, and feebly wondered whether anything could be done for them.

What indeed can be done with such people? It is impossible to shoot them, and useless to recommend them to shoot themselves. It is useless also to exhort and reprove them. Practical measures are needed; there should be someone to take away their money and govern them and feed and clothe them, and lead them back gently from the state of freedom, for which they are not fit, into the state of slavery. These, no doubt—or part of them—were the unspoken views of my guide, a Salvation Army captain. He wasted no time on moral indignation, but made himself useful, everywhere, according to the case. I will not say that such efforts are hopeful, but they seem to be indicated. Moreover, they seem to bring a certain satisfaction and even peace of mind to those who undertake them. I have observed

before now that "self-sacrifice" (as it is popularly called) is after all the most probable path to happiness. How disquieting!

Once upon a time I was dining at a club, whose name you would recognise if I were to tell it to you, and I sat at a small table with an old Irish doctor. At a large table next us were gathered, in a hilarious mood, many opulent and distinguished people. As dinner proceeded my neighbour eyed this gathering more and more closely and proceeded to estimate their incomes. "What a thing money is," he concluded; "it gives one self-confidence and inward peace." Was he right? I should like to have sat by as umpire while he and the Salvation Army captain discussed the question. The weak point of the latter would have been that he and his like would persist in getting married. St Francis, peradventure, could have argued the case better.

But I do not like to leave the topic of drink without a few more reflections. There is a quaint difference between the position of drink in literature and in life. Turning to books, we find that all the great poets have been priests and minstrels of Bacchus. In the optimistic Goethe we find wine (like the *Soma* juice of India) the symbol of divine aspiration and the channel of divine influence; in the pessimistic Omar it is the consolation of the disillusioned seekers after God. In the lighter vein of those that celebrate patriotism and friendship, drink is the name by which they name these things. But turning to life, how these fantasies are dispelled! I refuse not to allow that Bacchus is rightly named Lyæus; that a touch of his wand does sometimes lift a cloud from the spirit; that many of us may say *nunquam potui scribere jejunus;* but is there a viler spectacle than

drunkenness? A drunken Helot, or a maudlin patriot; 'tis all one; they should be towed astern of the ship till they are sober. Some other time I will descant on Bacchus in art, and say what I can of Rubens.

To proceed. The chief religious centre of Calcutta is the temple of Kali in the suburb. You approach it down a long narrow lane lined by throngs of importunate beggars. Escaping from these, you are cordially received by the Brahmans and conducted round the temple. There is nothing much worthy of notice, save that the image is extremely black, raising the ethnological question, *why* some images are black? In the court-yard, however, may be witnessed the interesting function of sacrificing goats, which perish here in great numbers, black, brown and white. There is a V-shaped block in the ground where the goat's head is inserted; an instant later it is severed with a dexterous blow, and lies on the ground staring at its body. The flesh is afterwards eaten by the worshipper. When I arrived, a pious enthusiast was bending on all fours over the guillotine, rubbing his forehead against it; he reminded me of a Mohammedan pilgrim embracing the Kaaba—according to Barton's account of the ceremony. I observed to my guide that these proceedings were not in accordance with the doctrine of *ahimsa*, and that Mrs Besant disapproved of them. "Possibly," said he, "but you have no right to talk. Why do you kill cows?" "Because I am a Christian," said I, "and do not know any better; but you have a light to guide you in the *shastras*," On this he fell into some confusion, and turned the conversation by asking me if I knew where the sister Nivedita was.

Returning from the shrine of Kali, it is convenient to

visit the cathedral on the way. There is nothing notable about it; I chiefly remember two cenotaphs near the door. One is to Henry Martin ("He was a burning and a shining light"); the other to the members of Lumsden's Horse who fell in the Transvaal:

> "These sons of Britain in the East
> Fought not for praise or fame;
> They died for England, and the least
> Made greater had great name."

A more interesting building is St Anne's Church, where Job Charnock is buried. It is built in old-fashioned monuments and inscriptions. My own taste in these matters is old fashioned; I think the eighteenth century understood what literature is better than we do to-day. We could scarcely to-day find anyone to write so good an inscription even for a more distinguished grave:

> "By Time's sure test in various stations schooled
> God claimed the heart, and, that first tribute paid,
> Wide flowed the stream; one generous purpose ruled
> The soldier's duties and the toils of trade.
> O keep the record, keep it, faithful stone,
> Nor yield it but to registers above;
> Till Heaven's high Lord shall gather for his own
> The kind and true, the Stewards of His love."
>
> —A.D. 1822.

There are pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, particularly one down the river to the Botanical Gardens and the Banyan tree. This veteran is one hundred and fifty years old; it has been carefully nursed and encouraged to expand. Six hundred stems descend into the earth, and everyone of them can be traced to the parent trunk. This is vast and venerable, overspread with creepers and orchids and penetrated by gloomy hollow. In other respects, the gardens are well

laid out, and, like the Calcutta Zoo, they are a credit to the management.

So, too, is the museum, incomparably the finest museum in India. I had no time to see anything but the antiques, of which there is a very large collection. The most notable figures are those of Tara Devi from Nepaul, and those of Buddha. They display, for the most part, anything like natural truth in their pose or conformation; but trouble not yourself about this "materialist" requirement, and you will soon pass under the spell of Tara's winning smile and Buddha's image of dreamless sleep. (It occurs to me that the jewels of Tara Devi indicate a lurking "materialism" in her worshippers—but you must expect some confusion of ideas from Thibet.)

At the Calcutta museum you may inspect copies of all the photographs that the Archæological Department have taken. The time so spent is richly rewarded; by why is it only possible to spend it so in Calcutta? For a few rupees a copy of these photographs might be placed in every Presidency town. *Pan lakshatkon gheto?*

There is one more excursion to be made from Calcutta, one by no means to be omitted by the Protestant visitor, the excursion to Serampore, the Iona of Indian Protestant Christianity. Here, in the early days of our modern age, came the shoe-maker Saery, the most remarkable man that the Protestant churches have sent to India. Here he founded his Christian College. On a beautiful site by the Ganges he built a spacious hall and lecture rooms. Defying all difficulties, he raised incredible sums of money, endowed his institution with funds to a charter, and set on foot every form of activity and inquiry. He collected a library of many thousands of

volumes, and an outfit of scientific apparatus. He compiled a vocabulary of six Indian vernaculars, and a lexicon of Sanskrit. He cast Indian type, set up a press, and printed his translations of the Christian Scriptures. I stood amazed amid his library and looked upon the relics of his life. Here was an air-pump; there a natural history museum. The vocabularies and lexicon were written upon paper which he made himself, steeping it in tamarind juice to preserve it from the termites.

He was a man of great ideas, material or spiritual as you may choose to call them; surely from friends or foes respect is due to his memory. Time has written failure against his hopes, and dishonoured his drafts on the future. His collections are perishing or have perished; the termites have fared sumptuously many days on his library. His very site is ruined. A foot-path cuts it off from the river, and a part of the estate (sold by the mission in some short-sighted hour) now bears a hideous jute mill. A chimney-stack rises a few yards from his college hall, the air is filled with the whir of machinery, and the river bank is become an ash-pit.

This was the last thing I saw in Calcutta. I left the place in a recollective mood. On the stage of Calcutta more than elsewhere our Anglo-Indian drama has been played. Here, more than elsewhere, the Anglo-Indian has made himself a home, and reproduced the gay and sober sides of his home life. (*See* Busteed's "Echoes of Old Calcutta," and other books of the kind). He has had local interests and local sentiment, and something resembling local life. There even emerge from the darkness of the past names that live in literature. It was here that Rose Aylmer dropped her blossom in the grave; not far away that little Henry converted his

bearer. I should spoil much paper if I tried to sketch the *mêlée* of selfish and unselfish hopes that have landed here, the struggles and sufferings of early days, their quaint experiments, their quaint habits of life, and those vicissitudes of temper that have made our forefathers unintelligible to ourselves. Even then I should only have written part of the history of Calcutta, for though founded by England, it has been and still is, a focus of Indian sentiment. *Lix ea nostra voco*; I am writing now of forgotten Anglo-India. One sometimes catches a glimpse of its lighter side; on the Red Road in the evening, methought I saw one Raw driving with Lucy, and followed him home to a dinner party of senior merchants. There was more discomfort in those days; there is a darker tinge about our own.

Not long afterwards, I left Calcutta and proceeded to Giridih. As I passed through "Golden Bengal," I could not but admire the country; green rice-fields and clusters of trees, with villages which seemed to me more open and more comfortable than those of the Deccan. The air was moist and hazy and full of effects that reminded me of England. I perceived the source of Mr Gongooley's inspirations and felt that painting might have a future in Bengal.

My purpose in visiting Giridih was to see the coal mines, for Giridih is not only a revolutionary, but an industrial centre. About forty years ago some one found out that coal lay hidden there. Experiments followed, failure was overtaken by success, and to-day we have the spectacle of many collieries in full swing. The workings at present are not very deep, nothing going beyond a thousand feet, but they are fully equipped and organised.

I descended more than one of the mines—for the first

time in my life. 'Tis a quaint sensation to drop down in the cage; you seem to leave your stomach behind you. Arrived at the bottom, you sally forth and behold the goblin visages of the miners, dimly lit up by lanterns and candles. (There are no fiery mines in Bengal and no safety lamps.) You have perhaps half a mile to walk before you reach the furthest workings; the coal is extracted from the furthest workings first. In the Bengal mines the seams are so thick that you can walk about everywhere upright. In some places there are twenty-four feet of coal, the walls of the passage are black, solid masses of it.

It is mostly extracted by "falls." An area of fifty feet by fifty is chosen, and the lower half of the bed of coal is removed. Thick pillars of coal are left to support the roof, and props of wood are placed between the pillars. Holes are then drilled in the pillars and finally the props of wood are knocked down and removed. With this the dramatic part of the proceedings begins. The props are knocked down with a sledge-hammer; sometimes the pressure of the roof keeps them fast in their places, and many stout blows are needed to stir them. When all are gone, dynamite cartridges are placed in the holes, with fuses attached, and the fuses are simultaneously lit. There is a minute now left to clear out of the "fall." You cast a hurried glance round before departing; the scene is quiet and solemn, like the crypt of a Norman cathedral, the fuses burning brightly on the pillars. A few seconds later you have taken refuge in a side passage to escape the wind of explosion, and the first report is heard. A cannonade follows and all is silence again. Allowing time for the gases to be dissipated, you return and

behold a mountain of shattered coal, with a clear roof of sandstone above it.

Not always, however, do the blasting operations proceed so smoothly. Sometimes the roof is bad, and when the props are withdrawn, it falls in. The miners are always on the watch for this, and the "over-man" (always an Englishman) listens carefully to hear if the mine is "talking." Should things look serious, he is expected to draw the last timber himself, and even to light most of the fuses with his own hands.

Accidents, however, are rare in the Bengal mines, and, on the whole, the work appeared to me more pleasant than I expected. The ventilation is good, though there are some warm and some smelly places; there is not much discomfort from water. The labourers I met, men and women, seemed frank and hearty people, not oppressed by there calling. More than once I bethought myself that democracy is born of industrial experience, on one side at any rate, and I seemed to hear as it were from the cradle the faint cry of an infant. Did I not find Brahmans working in the pits at Giridih—and sweepers drawing plans in the offices? Yes; *mirabile dictu*, there was a missionary not far away who had discovered his sweeper's boy drawing a head (like young Giotto) to amuse himself; and he forthwith had the child "educated" for a draftsman.

Most of the labourers are Santals. They do not altogether forsake their old habits. Each of them has a rice patch above the mine and, according to the season of the year, he is a collier or a field labourer. Wages run about nine to twelve rupees a month, *plus* the rice patch, *plus* "half a basket" of coal per day

per man or woman—but what is "half a basket?" You would think it was a good deal if you saw the Santali women carrying it home of an evening. Some day the mines will be exhausted; the engineers will wing their way elsewhere, and another chapter in the secular history of Giridih will close.

Meanwhile things are developing, and more and more coal is raised and carried off. As I saw it disappearing I pondered much over the mystery of its origin. Science (overcareful to conceal its ignorance), has never told us what coal is, because it does not know. This much it knows, that the alchemy of nature has somehow transmuted wood into coal, and so stored up a thousand treasures which the inventive arts of man have not yet explored. I refer you to the "Encyclopædia" for the uses of coal, which is still the source of almost all our light and heat and motive and locomotive power, besides dyes and drugs and manures. The last product of the colliery is sulphate of ammonia, a perfect talisman in the hands of the farmer. When I was at Giridih they were putting up a modern plant for the treatment of coal. There was a huge machine for pounding it into slabs, and a range of ovens where each slab was heated till it gave off its products. Amongst these were gas to work the mine, and gas to yield numerous chemicals, besides the residual coke still useful as fuel. We are only beginning to understand the economical use of coal; I suppose we still waste more than ninety per cent of what we raise. Nowhere is waste, the universal crime both of nature and man, more conspicuous or more serious.

I close my recollections of Giridih in a lighter vein, transcribing a letter which my host there had received

from his *dhobi*. He had discharged that functionary, and this was the result:

"SIR,

I beg most respectfully to inform you that I have been discharged from your disposal. So I request the favour of your to taking me in the same. Because I am a poor man and have no one to support. I hope only you and have a large number of families whom my best exciorsion cannot maintain except you, and even my own living. I have no other means to maintain ourselves in such a famine, you are my master, lord and parents to support me. I have given up all the Baboo's, only for you. Now, when I go before them, they refused. At the time when I have been discharged, dieing for hunger. I therefore request that would be kind enough to appoint me again. I have the best compliment to you.

I remain,
Your most obedient servant
Abdul Dhobi."

I always maintain that English is the easiest language in the world to write badly, but perhaps I am wrong.

A word now of the Santals. These interesting barbarians occupy Chutia Nagpur, a savage tract of land which borders on Bengal. Who they are or where they come from, nobody knows. Their own traditions (which they preserve with some secrecy) yield us no light on the subject; their language is vaguely said to resemble Turkish. They have never come under the influence of the "Hindu" system; they do not venerate the cow, or respect Brahmans, or believe in reincarnation. They eat living things (not excepting red ants and snakes), and, though they have plenty of customs, seem to be free from "caste scruples." Their religion is Animism; that is to say, their dealings with the unseen world consist for the most part in pacifying evil spirits.

In appearance, they are not, as far as I could judge, distinguished by strongly marked features like the

Todas. Their temper is bright and sociable. Their houses are the cleanest and most attractive I have seen in India. Each is surrounded by a wall, which is kept in careful repair; the court-yard is clean and smooth. I do not think you would find better quarters of the kind anywhere in the world.

In the main, their morality is strict, but once a year they have a saturnalia; thus writes the *Gazetteer* on the subject. "The Ho population are at other seasons quiet and reserved in manner, and in their demeanour towards women gentle and decorous. Even in the flirtations I have spoken of, they never transcend the bounds of decency. The girls have innate notions of propriety that make them modest in demeanour, though devoid of all prudery, and of the obscene abuse so frequently heard from the lips of common women in Bengal, they appear to have no knowledge. But they throw all this aside during the Magh feast. Sons and daughters revile their parents in gross language, and parents their children; men and women become almost like animals in the indulgence of their amorous propensities. They enact all that was ever portrayed by prurient artists in a Bacchanalian or Pandean orgy."

This notion of purifying the soul by an occasional indulgence in passion is one of the most general and, at the same time, one of the most curious in the history of humanity. Though condemned by the Christian system, the device is not without value, and possibly survives in western civilisation more than we suppose (like other Pagan ideas). It was accepted by Aristotle as the foundation of his theory of tragedy, which, in his view, released the soul from terror and pity by giving a rein to these emotions.

The Santals in their jungles live a good deal on the flower of the *mahua* tree. This appears in January; it falls from the tree during the night and is collected in the morning and pressed into cakes. The result is a brownish product, which looks and tastes something like raisins. If the Chinese had this at their disposal they would put it up in tasteful boxes and sell it all over the world.

The jungles of Chutia Nagpur contain also ebony and *sàl* trees, the latter furnishing timber of the greatest value. One sees many miles of it from Bengal-Nagpur Railway, not without wishing that it grew in western India, somewhere—anywhere—between Bombay and Delhi. Timber is going to be a scarce commodity in the world not long from view.

I see now, approaching Nagpur, the end of my travels and the last topic of this article. I was drawn there chiefly by the Berar Exhibition, and was pleased to find that it was well worth seeing. My chief criticism on the arrangement is, that the entrance fee—eight annas—was too high. In spite of this, however, the attendance was excellent—after the first few days; rumours of bombs and riots kept the peasantry away at first, and they had heard no doubt how the Queen's statue had been destroyed. Wrestling matches (among other attractions) were arranged, and hundreds of spectators watched them. It was a good chance to see the Berar peasant try; they were a sturdy crowd and looked more prosperous than the cultivators of the western Deccan, who have passed through so many hard years of late.

The exhibits were chiefly agricultural. There were examples of all the insect plagues of the country,

displaying their life history, with suggestions for destroying them. There were implements suitable for Indian conditions, which attracted much interest and sold readily. Specially popular were threshing and winnowing machines; for recent changes have made labour dear, and economical methods are beginning to be sought after. The chief difficulty connected with these machines, is popular ignorance regarding the care of them and the absence of workshops for repairs. Nevertheless things are on the move, not only departmentally, but otherwise. I heard a tale of four men in the jungle who bought a steel sugar-mill some years ago and sent the local blacksmith into Nagpur and had him taught how to mend it—a small matter but the beginning of progress. And undoubtedly there was much real stimulus in the Berar Exhibition.

Very interesting were the hand-looms, which represent the weavers last stand against the power-loom. The battle is not yet quite decided; but I am afraid the power-loom will win. Now, if there is one industrial development which I abhor, it is the cotton-mill. The mechanical nature of the work in it, the infernal uproar; the dust, the long hours; the home conditions of city life, all these features combine to make up a scene of human toil which muct indeed console and divert the Fiend. If matters can be improved, well and good; otherwise let us, if possible, preserve the hand-loom and the village weaver. One doubts if it *is* possible; but a gallant struggle is going on. Various devices, simple and complicated, might be seen in Nagpur, with anxious eyes watching them.

The educational section was poor; but I suppose the day of education will some day come in India. It has

not arrived yet but the situation has some paradoxical features. If you look at the amount of money donated to education in India, you will suppose there is plenty of interest in education abroad. But if you look for the interest, you will not find it. You will find that money is forthcoming in Bombay to build a Science Institute; but if you wanted members to form an association for the improvement of science teaching, you would be lucky if you could get together two. Yet what "Science" means in itself; what it means or should mean at school; what outfit is wanted; where it can be procured in India; what methods are possible or suitable with boys—these are questions which have not yet been raised in this country.

The reader may think I am wrong; I will give him one example, of many, to show him the evidence for my view. Years ago I found in an English magazine an account of a wooden model which illustrated in a striking way the relation between the algebraic and geometrical expressions of the same truth. I had a copy of the model made, and every year since it has been shown to the Training College students in Bombay. I reprinted the article in *Indian Education*, with a notice that similar models might be bought from the College of Science in Poona for one rupee—under cost price.

How many models have been sold from that institution up to date? Not one.

No; there is not yet much interest in education in India.

CHAPTER VI

A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA

"I speak of Africa and Golden Joys."

DESCENDING the companion of s.s. *Gouverneur* on Christmas Day, 1908, I saw before me, at the end of an alley-way, the map of Africa; for the first time in my life the image of that mighty Continent rose upon my mind. I scanned its size, and set my thoughts in order to explore it. India vanished; Africa deployed upon the scene, marshalled in by a music of presentiments and hopes.

Come with me then, O reader, ten days across the ocean. Ten days of halcyon weather and peace; no ladies aboard, a good table, pleasant company, and Eber's autobiography; thanks be to destiny, which does sometimes grant us such lucid intervals of life! My very tobacco was Boer tobacco, the gift of a fellow-passenger, wherewith I smoked away Anglo-India and conjured up the veldt. I listened to the *Swakeli* around me, and learned to say *Cuja happa* instead of *idhar ao*. All things changed. We crossed the line, we sighted the lights of Mombasa, and with the morning we stepped upon the shore.

Mombasa is an island that fits closely into the coast of Africa, like a piece of a puzzle. Such islands are a feature of the Continent, though rarely do the openings

near them afford good harbours. This is the case at Mombasa. There is a break in the coral reef that fringes the shore, and ships can enter both sides of it. They have to be careful, especially sailing ships—one barque was wrecked during my visit, and many dhows come to grief annually.

The view from land and sea alike is beautiful. The coast is high, of spongy volcanic tufa. For many ages the waves have been at work upon it, undercutting the rock, till it is full of caves and crevices. Long creepers hang down above the water, showing in brilliant contrast with the sea, and everywhere against the sky stand out the drooping plumes of palms. The town belongs to the old Arab type, with tiers of white walls and gables; its international character is marked by the flags of the consulates. Conspicuous above the rest is that of Zanzibar, whose Sultan is still nominal ruler. It waves over the fort, a square massive structure that fronts the sea.

We land in boats—not without a wetting in the monsoon—and, mounting a steep incline from the customs, make for our quarters. Through the narrow streets of the town we reach the open land behind, where the European lives, as he prefers to live, in a bungalow with a garden round it. The first note of Africa that catches the eye is the baobab tree, which even now marks the wanderings of the Habshi across the ocean. Our means of transport are trollies, which run on narrow lines through all the streets. They are pushed along by boys—as no sort of animal can exist in Mombasa. [Yes; in Mombasa neither horse nor ox nor ass works for man; kindly nature absolves them, through the agency of "disease"; here man must bear his own

burdens; would that I could console the horses of Naples with a vision of the trolley boys of Mombasa.]

Well, whether you settle in a bungalow or in the Club, you can take your ease amid pleasant influences in Mombasa. Gently fanned by the sea breeze, you can watch the lazy pageant of the skies, the blue coquetting with the green in the water, the lines of foam that circle round the cliffs. If only you are making enough to live on, you can compromise with the Evil One, and find a good substitute for happiness. I suppose nothing but the want of pence ever vexes people there. True, the meat is rather tough, water scarce, the plantains and mangoes indifferent, but fish is excellent, Goanese cooks make the best of things, while the dew of Highland hills, and the wine of Algiers, cheer equally the British merchants and the fathers of the Roman Church. In Bombay, may be, we excel in architecture; there is nothing in Mombasa to equal the regenerate side of Hornby Road, but, for comfort, give me Mombasa.

True, once more, you are out of the world there. Steamers arrive now and then, and telegrams hang in a corner of the Club, announcing wars and rumours of wars in Europe; no one is so foolish as to read them. If any theme vexes men's minds, it is the predominance of a place called Nairobi. Still, this is not acutely felt, there is so much in Mombasa to be thankful for. An official called the Town Clerk keeps the place clean. I cannot think how he does it. For old Mombasa much resembles Bombay, Calcutta and Madras, which are not and never will be clean. I should like to take our City Fathers to smell Mombasa. Perhaps they would not like it. They would miss the odours of the Kalbadevi Road. People are fined four annas in Mombasa if they——.

But Mombasa is by no means Africa; it is a fragment of the aggressive East. The real Africa lies inland, where every circumstance makes it difficult to reach. It is fortfied with a triple rampart, the inhospitable coast, the desert belt and the mountains. Once you have left the fringe of palm trees, you plunge into the Taru Desert, fifty miles broad, that stretches the whole length of the country. It is not a sandy waste like the Sahara, but a dense thicket of spiny acacia trees, with an undergrowth of brambles. Not even in the rainy season does water lie there, if you are to march across it you must take your water with you. In good sooth, I have not seen so fell a jungle throughout the whole of India. I believe it is full of jinnees and revengeful spirits of the dead. The old slave route lay across it, here was the culminating scene in the long march from the highlands. Here the last victim sank down and perished, and here for ever the living abandoned hope.

Not long ago there was a convict station beyond it, and once upon a time five convicts ran away and tried to cross this desert to Mombasa. The ground, which was afterwards examined, told the story of their fate; they were marked down by a lion, who devoured them all in the course of three nights. Night after night the survivors saw each other mangled; they could not break the chain that fastened them, and the living had to carry the fragments of the dead. (It is wonderful what men will do for liberty. There was a Boer prisoner who escaped from Trichinopoly inside the night-soil cart.)

Nowadays we cross this Taru Desert by the excellent Uganda Railway. This railway is perhaps the only philanthropic railway in the world, and perhaps the largest philanthropic enterprise ever carried through

by man. I will not expect the reader to believe this; nevertheless it is true. At the Brussels Conference in 1890, the great powers decided that the only way to stop the slave trade was to make a railway into Africa, and meet the slaves on their own ground. The Uganda Railway was accordingly made, by England, at a cost of about £6,000,000, as her share in this policy. It was not meant to pay and has never paid;* but it killed the slave trade.

The figure of its cost is high; the critics say too high, you may judge for yourself; the marvel is that it was made at all. It crosses the Taru Desert, and twice it scales eight thousand feet of mountain heights; the country penetrated provides little water, no food and no native labour. The whole region was infested by countless lions, and the fighting tribe of Masai, of whom one prophet asserted that they would spear a white man for every mile of rails that was laid. Prophets, however, like critics, are fallible; the loss was heavy, but not fatal, and the railway was made.

Many quaint tales are told of its early days. The lions were a perpetual nuisance, and occasionally they got their bellyful of coolies.† Especially did they plague the stations, and urgent telegrams passed up and down the line, notifying their presence.

"Urgent. Makindu. To Traffic Manager.
August 17th, 1.45 A.M.
Lion is on platform; please instruct Guard and Driver to proceed carefully. Guard to advise passengers not to get out here."

* Since the epoch of white settlement the increase in freight carried pays working costs.

† In one locality, Tsavo, fifty-five were eaten.

"Urgent. Makindu. To Traffic Manager.

7.25 P.M.

Pointsman is surrounded by two lions while returning from distant signal. Hence pointsman went on top of telegraph post near water tanks. Train to stop there and take him on train."

and so on. From what quiet Indian village did this stationmaster come? And does he still enjoy his pension and try the faith of his old neighbours with those tales of Africa? I have found a poem by an Indian clerk of those days:

To Africa.

"Satan's own Pandemonium thou art,
Africa! Thy barren wastes, Nature's worst part,
Thy scorching fields and thy waterless tracts
Can never be improved by human arts.
As thou art, thou must always be, a waste,
A home for monkey, Darwin's human beast;
Nature, to show how bad a place could be,
Heaved thee up from the bottom of the sea."

Crossing the Taru Desert, at least, one can sympathise. The railway, however, is always steadily rising, the jungle grows narrow, the air cools, and at last on a grassy plain we reach Nairobi. The height is five thousand feet. Beyond this are Kikuyu Hills. Here one could compare this scenery with that of Ootacamund or even of England. There are long rolling hills, with clusters of trees and perennial brooks; the prevailing hue is green. Further on we suddenly descend into the Rift Valley.

We are now on a notable spot of the earth's surface, which has a book to itself*—indeed there are a multitude of books on East Africa. To understand its interest we must observe that East Africa, like the Deccan, is covered with a cap of volcanic rock, and here the outer

* "The Rift Valley." By Gregory.

crust has fallen in, leaving a valley that runs for hundreds of miles, north and south. The sides are formed by steep escarpments, mountain walls, covered with forests. One of these the railway descends, for it has to cross this valley, and it scales the opposite side. In the valley is Nakuru, on a treeless grassy plain; beyond it is the summit of the second rise, eight thousand feet high. From this the railway descends to the great lake (three thousand six hundred and fifty feet). Here, once more, we are unmistakably in the tropics; a fertile country, hot and moist, with wood and water in abundance.

You do not see the best of the scenery from the railway; to enjoy that you must go off "on Safâri." What, then, is a "Safâri"? The word means a tour, or, otherwise, the tourist and his followers, specially his followers. We call the affair in India "coolie marching." To Anglo-Africans the word is redolent of African memories. When you start off on Safâri you still face the wilderness, after the manner of your predecessors. You may be off for a week, for six months, or a period of years; be the period long or short, you must take with you all that you expect to need. You will have no chance to replenish anything. Your tent and furniture, your food, clothes, books, instruments, and medicines, all must go with you, and of course your rifles and your cartridges. All must be packed in sixty pound loads, for there are neither roads nor transport animals, and everything must be hoisted on the heads of porters.

As for these porters, they are partly professionals and partly ordinary, *Shenzis*† who come more or less re-

† *Shenzi* is the general term for a raw negro of the interior.

calcitrant to an unaccustomed task. The professional porters in old days foregathered at Zanzibar; they are no longer engaged there now, and as a class they are dying out. Different travellers have given different accounts of them. I believe myself they are a set of sturdy rogues. Hard they certainly were; none but hard men could have faced the horrors of an old-fashioned march through Africa. Often, no doubt, they were slaves who were flogged out of Mombasa under an escort of soldiers, till they had crossed the Taru Desert and could not desert if they wanted to. But in later times they went willingly, with a fixed determination to be masters if they could, and make their money as easily as possible. The first few days were a trial of strength between them and their employers. When the victory was decided, by force of character and strong will, they settled down to work, and in the main they worked well. They carried their sixty pounds fifteen or twenty miles a day; ate their scanty rations, slept on the ground, and endured all things to the end; the sun, the freezing heights, the waterless plains, the thickets, and the filthy swamps. They were always perishing from disease and animals; one shudders to think of their fate when they fell ill. They were left with "friendly" natives, to be sold into slavery if they recovered; or merely discarded, to starve to death; or sometimes—a humane proceeding—shot on the spot.

Not all travellers acted thus. Joseph Thomson, it is said, in all his wanderings, never directly or indirectly caused the death of a native. I cannot think Livingstone ever did so. But there is a significant sentence of Lugard's: "I have never seen anything approaching the carelessness of human life and callousness to human

suffering which characterises some methods of African travel."

Be it remembered that the leaders of these expeditions suffered pretty much what they inflicted. Livingstone, who never wrote for effect, mentions casually that at one place the water "presented indications not to be mistaken of having passed through animal systems before." He put up with it, as he put up with other things. Travellers in the present day are seldom so hard tested. The art of travel has developed, and every-one, nowadays, besides good maps, has a thousand appliances that were unknown a generation ago. Hardihood and resource are still needed in Africa, but the sufferings and dangers of the past are over.

My own little experiments in Safâri were very pleasant. I had a comfortable tent, a good cook, and willing porters, better than I have known in India, save in Kashmir. Once or twice I was short of water, but, adopting the views of African travellers, I agreed to consider any fluid satisfactory that permitted me to see the bottom of the bucket. I did not sigh for the pot, but lived luxuriously on tinned sausages. The weather was propitious throughout.

Many a pleasant day passed, but specially do I remember the forests in the Nandi Hills. They were not very large, but full of splendid trees—cedar, polycarpous and others—noble pieces of timber. Their last hour is drawing nigh; civilisation does not suffer such things to exist, and the axe is closely laid to their roots. Not that civilisation is their only enemy, the savage too assails them, but his methods of devastation are feebler than ours.

A forest is a mute image of life. Few trees in it are

perfect, most have suffered something from their neighbours. Few are healthy, but all struggle to heal themselves. Here and there one is favoured by fortune and overtops his fellows, yet born so he is not more beautiful than the fern that shelters in his roots.

> "It is not growing, like a tree,
> In bulk, doth make man fitter be;
> Or standing like an oak three hundred years,
> To fall at last dry, bald and sere;
> A lily of a day
> Is fairer far in May,
> Although it fall and die that night
> It was the plant and flower of light."

A sentimental love of forests has more or less diffused itself among English people to-day. To our ancestors they were places of discomfort and danger, not exempt from supernatural perils. There is a picture of forest life in the ballad of the "Nutbrown Maid," and Scott recalls it in "Alice Brand":

> "Now we must hold by woord and wort
> As outlaws wont to do.
> Now I must teach to hew the beech
> The hand that held the slave.
> For leaves to spread our lowly bed
> And roughs to thatch our cave.
> And for best of pall the fingers small,
> That wont on hoop to stray,
> A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
> To keep the cold away."

But we do not read these things in the spirit in which they were written. We please ourselves with a picture of the outlaw's freedom, with tales of Robin Hood's generosity; and we sigh for the happiness of a life where man escapes from his fellow men and meets no enemy but the wind and the weather. O, day-dreams of the fretful world, are you less foolish than the fairy-tales of the nursery?

As long as you know where you are going, there is

nothing unfriendly in the jungle. Trees, rocks, and flowers blend into one delightful picture, while the mind surveys at ease. But once lose your way! Then soon you will find, if you are not a veteran at this kind of warfare, a strange hostility pervading the scene. Every moment you look at it your confusion will redouble. You will question every one for direction, and how often you will question in vain. Keep your self-possession. You will find yourself prompted to ascend the highest point near you, feeling that *that* is the enemy, once you are over it you will surely descry your lost way again. So, if you are foolish, you may waste your time and energy in scaling it, and when you have done so you will see the wilderness mocking you beyond it. Pathetic tales are told of lost children who have followed such impulses, and travelled incredible distances up mountains before they sank down and died.

I have never seriously missed my way, but more than once on the Uas N'gishu I was not sure of it, and I pretended to myself that I was lost. This Uas N'gishu is a plain in the north-east of the country, about thirty miles each way, open, treeless, and slightly undulating. You are generally marching through a low valley, with nothing in sight but the sky-line half a mile off. Now, one day, under a blazing sun, I marched about fifteen miles in this way, and began to wonder where I was going to get to. The Safâri did not know, there was no one to ask, and the only persons who did know were the animals round us.

The said animals were chiefly zebras and congônis.* I should not have thought the whole realm of nature

* The congôny is a queer, ugly kind of antelope, about the size of a cow. It runs with a prancing motion and stops every few yards to look at you.

contained so many of them. The sky-line was crowded with motionless figures, so, too, the middle distance and the foreground, up to a few yards of us. The zebras kept on grazing, but every single congôni kept fixed upon us a long, intense imperishable stare. They stared as though they never could see enough of us, and kept running on to every bit of rising ground to get a better view. Not a sound proceeded from them, and their silent curiosity began to disquiet me. They looked like spirits of the waste, assembled to watch us perish, and I really believe something of the kind was in their thoughts, for next day, when we knew where we were going, they followed us no more.

Now much else might I write of the scenery of north-east Africa, of the mountain lake of Nakuru, the snowy peaks of Kenia, faintly visible from Nairobi and the round Knott of Kilimanjaro. The last is clearly seen from the railway, a huge but monotonous and disappointing mass. To sum up, however, I will only say that the scenery is varied and in many places attractive, but falls short of the highest beauty. It wants aerial colour, a charm which we feel in some, and miss in others, but can never explain. There are few flowers, and few of them very striking. Blue lotuses swim in the tanks and lilies grow here and there, but, as a rule, the flowers of the country are either "inconspicuous" or heavy, stiff "compositæ." There is nothing you could call, or would like to call, the emblem of Africa. One thing I may note, in the Kavirondo country, when the rains break, you have something like spring weather. The days are mostly clear, and the flowers in the grass remind one of England. Throughout the country the sunsets are often fine.

No, the one rich vein of Africa is its range of wild animals. Perhaps, in the remote past of the world, there was an epoch of sub-human races, and perhaps Africa is a survival from this past. I know not; certainly within the memory of man no part of the world in this point has resembled it. As the streets of London are thickly peopled with men, so the woods and plains of Africa not long ago were peopled with animals. Not single species but whole battalions occupied the ground. In point of numbers the horned kind came first. Buffaloes, gnus, and antelopes grazed everywhere with herds of giraffes and zebras; elephants, rhinos, and monkeys filled the woods; crocodiles and hippos the streams. All these satisfied themselves with grass and leaves; lions and leopards throve at their expense. All lived unmolested by man (for few of the negroes were hunters), and they multiplied up to the natural limits of the ground.

Something of this kind can still be seen in places, even from the trains on the Uganda Railway. On one side of this there is a large reserve, and the animals graze right up to the line. They have found from experience that the queer monster that snorts along it is harmless, and they let it pass by almost unnoticed.

Nevertheless, that train carries on it the arch-enemy of their kind, destructive and unbridled man. It is marvellous what has been done in a few years to exterminate the game of Africa. This has partly been the works of the Boers, who have killed off everything for food and leather, and partly the work of sportsmen, who limited their depredations only by the number of cartridges they could carry.

The present policy of our Government it to preserve

the game for revenue purposes, charging a license for a limited bag, and forbidding sport within certain areas. This is much censured by the settlers, who dislike the existence of game near them. These wild creatures do not respect fences, they devour crops and scatter stock, besides encouraging and spreading disease. The settlers hold, therefore, that game should go, and without doubt this view, sooner or later, will prevail.

I do not controvert it, for " Eat to be eaten " is the choice, and the settlers are not Buddhists. Nevertheless, the world will be less interesting without the *Sæcla ferarum*, and I am glad to have lived in the picturesque present rather than in the prosaic future. Will not our children have lost something when the lion has passed away? What animal has served the porch and the sculptor and painter so well? Shakespeare is full of images from the lion's mein and attributes, and, save man alone, no animal has been so often represented in plastic art. From Persopolis to Trafalgar Square the king of beasts has been nobly handled, though one thinks the old Persian lion is the finest of all. I would like to have a book full of lions, with lions' heads from Hindu temples, and heraldic lions rampant and couchant, and those stiff but haughty lions of St Mark's. Yet I cannot remember that Greece or Rome ever took much interest in lions—though one may think they ought to have done. But the course of history goes not by rule; else why should the Buddhists have cared for lions? And the finest work of art in India is the four-headed lion of Sarnath.

Of his character men speak variously, according, perchance as they have met hungry lions or lions seeking repose after a meal. Yet it seems a fact that he does

not willingly try conclusions with man. We cannot now believe that he scorns to harm a virgin, and our age, which is credulous enough, smiles at Androcle's story. But his mein is kingly as of yore, we can attribute nothing to a monarch of men more impressive than a "lion port and eagle eye."

Most visitors to East Africa make it their first business to pursue and slay him. This is easier done now than it used to be, before saltpetre was invented. It was something for Alexander to face a lion with a spear, and it is something for the African savage to face him on the same terms. The modern hunter with his battery of rifles has the odds on his side. Yet sometimes the animal wins, and the lion of the fable might sometimes find a theme for his painter's brush.

I challenged no lion myself, and rarely saw one. Nevertheless, one day, on the Uas N'gishu, finding three Dutchmen building a house, I paused to ask them if they wanted a school, and they answered that schooling would be a difficult matter in a country where school children might be snapped up by lions. "Last night," said their leader, "dere was ten of dem in dat bush." And as he spoke, lo! two lions emerged and began sporting on the grass. There was a call to arms, large dogs congregated with joyous barks, and all promised well for a fray, when—the two lions went back into the bush, and joined, I suppose, the other eight. Alas, O reader, that I have nothing better to tell you, in this matter of Shikar stories. I must be the only tourist who ever retired from East Africa so ill-provided. There, men

> "Talk as familiarly of roaring lions
> As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs."

Nevertheless, I shall tell you this, that at a certain

station on the line, three men did once sit up to shoot a lion and all three falling asleep, the lion entered and took her choice of them. One of the party woke up, and saw the lion vanish through the window with a comrade. And once again a lion ate a man in his tent and drank up his bath water. There are excellent lion stories in Sir Charles Elliott's book.

But I grow tedious. To proceed, the buffalo is more fierce and aggressive than the lion; the rhino charges more promptly when he scents a foe. He counts no odds too heavy; a rhino once derailed a train. Another rhino charged a chain gang of convicts and carried them off into the bush. He, too, perished, for the corpses festered, and the putrefaction entered his eyes and blinded him. Less costly was the victory of a kinsman, who impaled a surveyor as he peered through a theodolite.

Elephants still exist, but they will soon be a memory, revived only by piano keys, billiard balls, and waste paper baskets. Quaint and humorous, but useless animals. Their humble antitype, the cony with the prehensile nose, is less useful and less familiar; he exists, I suppose, to prove the versatility of nature, which moulds the cat and the tiger, the musk deer and the sambur, the sprat and the whale. Deer, let me tell you, there are none in Africa, nor bears, nor tigers, though I do not see why the last should not be introduced.

Birds are few but pretty. There is a black and white crow, there are various symphonies in green, yellow and red. The vile sparrow is absent—hitherto unaccountably; there can be no doubt the climate suits him. The ostrich is found and encouraged; one might fill a book with his queer ways. He grows attached to his attendant nigger; and when the nigger sleeps at noon,

the ostriches sleep round him, instead of feeding, as they ought to, and nourishing their feathers. They live on lucerne and pebbles—if they live at all, for they do not care about living, and ninety-nine per cent of the young ostriches die. So the ostrich farmers say, who take as much trouble to keep the ostriches alive as the hunters to kill the elephants.

Special mention is due to the African ants, both the white ants (falsely so-called) and the myriads of black ants. Their varieties and habits present many unsolved questions for the naturalist. The traveller will not easily forget—if he experiences it—a night with the "marching ants." The creatures are a migratory sort; they go forth in armies; nothing turns them from their course, they will rather perish by fire or flood than retract. Some night, peradventure, on Safâri, you will be awakened in your tent by a curious clicking sound; as you lie listening to it, you will find yourself seized by myriads of little pincers, and it will not be long before you are out of bed and your tent, dancing naked under the sky, like a painter's nymph. Their visits to houses are not an unmixed evil, as they eat up any other sorts of vermin who may happen to be lodged there.

From savage animals I shall proceed now to savage men, much doubtful of myself and my knowledge, but invoking the aid of Minerva and Ganapati, and all who come to the rescue of authors. For what do I, and what does anybody, know about savages? To cramp our faculties is as hard as to expand them, and I could as easily tell you how many angels can stand on the point of a needle, as what the Kikuyu and Kavirondo think of things.

However, let us approach them externally and see how they strike us.

To begin with, they are black. The curious observer finds that all are not equally black, even among the same tribes; some are chocolate, but most are black. In physique they vary. Some tribes are certainly poor; good figures of men and women, as I opine, are rare. Features tend to the Ethiopian type, yet with exceptions.

Among all tribes the men either go naked, or take small pains to cover themselves. The woman, as a rule, are dressed, though seldom above the waist. Among the Kavirondo the women, at all ages, go completely naked. Almost all delight in ornaments, men and women alike, but specially men. They rub their bodies with red ochre and mutton fat or castor oil. This, no doubt, is a protection against the weather and against mosquitoes, but it has also in their eyes a handsome effect.

They live in round huts of mud or wattle, with beehive roofs. The arrangements differ in different tribes. Amongst the Kavirondo the walls are carefully prepared, the floor is clean, and things are comfortably disposed. The interior is dark, but there is space outside under the eaves, where people can sit and chat. Other tribes are content to be worse off. The upper part of the hut is a storehouse; the ceiling comes down to the floor; you have to crawl through the door on all fours, and, once inside, you must sit, for you cannot stand. Moreover, other tribes descend by various stages to a low level of dirt and foul smells, for it is the custom to procure warmth by introducing sheep at night, and the floor is seldom swept.

These huts are not assembled in villages. As a rule

each man has his own huts near his land; he builds a separate one for each of his "wives," and surrounds the settlement with a fence.

In the arts of life the negroes have been content with small progress. They neither spin nor weave. They have neither the potter's wheel nor the carpenter's lathe, nor any wheeled transport. No negro has ever built himself a stone house. Yet in other ways their achievements go far. Their skill in making round things is astonishing. Rings of all kinds, clubs and huts they make perfectly circular, without conscious effort—though they have a poor eye for a straight line. Their greatest triumph is in metal-work. They have mastered the art of smelting iron, and know to temper steel. In every tribe there are skilled smiths,* who supply spears and swords and trinkets. The Wakambu, however, excel all others; their chains are as fine and regular as those of European jewellers.

There is real decorative art among the negroes. They tattoo their bodies tastefully with scars; some of their headgear is most effective. A species of monkey supplies them with trappings from his black and white skin; the slayer of a lion wears a head dress of his mane. Beads they purchase from traders, and work up with great judgment. It is their fault, however, to overload themselves with circlets of heavy wire.

The mode of life in vogue varies. Some tribes are pastoral, others agricultural. The line is often drawn quite strictly between these pursuits, the pastoral tribes esteem it a disgrace to touch a hoe. Hunting tribes neither own cattle nor cultivate land; they raid the

* Strange to say, this profession lies often under a stigma; those who follow it live apart, and their calling is viewed as a black art.

forests and eat what they can kill. Among others, hunting is not used either for pleasure or profit.

According to the mode of life, the food of tribes varies. Maize and millet are the common grains, the millet being much the same as the Indian *jowari*. Some of the pastoral tribes, such as the Masai, eat no grain whatever—at least not the men. They live on milk and blood. The blood is drawn from the living animal, by piercing an artery with an arrow; it is swallowed raw, as likewise is the milk; for no African tribe employs any mode of preparing milk. Indeed, it is generally deemed unlucky even to boil milk, for it is thought the process may sympathetically affect the cows. No vegetables are known, nor any fruit, save here and there the plantain. Africa, so fertile in wild animals, has scarcely one indigenous fruit. The Cape gooseberry is the only one worth mentioning.

Sugar is grown and the juice made into *tembo*, an intoxicating drink. In most tribes its use is only permitted to the young under restrictions, and at stated times; the old are allowed to drink themselves into their graves.

Like most savages, the people of East Africa show a great tendency to chip and pare among portions of their persons. The Wakambu file their teeth to a point.* Other tribes knock out two teeth in their lower jaw. Amongst most, the circumcision of both sexes is practised. This operation is deferred to puberty, and is performed on stated occasions, with no little pomp. In the case of boys their demeanour is watched, and cowardice under the knife is remembered against them. The *modus operandi* is peculiar, and surgically, interest-

* Perhaps in imitation of the totemistic crocodile.

ing, from a certain latent intelligence displayed in it. Savages are not rationalists, and cannot themselves account for this rite, but science, reasoning on their behalf, suggests variously cleanliness, fertility, or some religious dedication as the object in view. For my own part, I believe it arose from that tendency to be meddling with their persons, which I have already noted. Perhaps also, some wanton influence has been at work.

To discuss savage morals is not easy, for what do we mean by savage morals? And how far do we know what we mean by morals ourselves?

As we survey the savages' life, we introduce into it a distinction unknown to him, between his morals and his customs. We perceive that in all his daily actions there are a thousand and one rules to be observed concerning the proper ways to perform them. In marriage, the rules minutely circumscribe his choice. In matters of food, they confine him to certain methods of procuring it, cooking it, and eating it. On every occasion of his life, small and large, they lay down for him the course he is to follow. To us these rules appear in the light of customs; the observance of them does not make a man a moral being. What then does?

Our first answer is likely to be that morality means a sense of right and wrong; and it may be asserted that the keeping of a custom does not mean to a savage doing right. Some critics hold that a savage *never* does right; in following custom he obeys a master, whom, if he could, he would disobey. From this view I would dissent, believing that in the savage conscience is the same thing as in ourselves, that he too hears, as clearly as we, the Categorical Imperative. Nor is he merely the victim of habit; nor is it harder for him than for us

to distinguish the uneasiness of broken habit from the compunction of guilt.

His defect is partly this, that he has no general views of morality. I do not mean that he has had no philosophers—though morality owes something to philosophy—but he has never seen, even concretely, what it is that makes moral conduct moral. He has never said to himself, "what a piece of work is man!"

Hence, perhaps, his grossness in sexual matters. Now, against the African, this is perhaps the gravest charge. In these matters he has never grappled with the demon of self-indulgence. Some restraints, no doubt, he has imposed on himself. In some tribes the immature boys are not allowed to sport with the girls. The married women are not allowed universal license. Some restraints, I say, are recognised. Sexual perversion is not common. But, speaking broadly, this sexual license of the African is astounding and appalling. The little girls, from the cradle upwards, suffer the embraces of the warriors; and in some tribes the little boys are allowed much the same liberty. The married women have often a wide field of legitimate choice; polygamy is universal.

Now, if fate had ordained it so, this might have been well enough; sexual pleasure might have been the *summum bonum*, the lode-star of mankind. But fate has ordained it otherwise. The first condition of progress is self-control in these matters, and this condition the African has never grasped. Scarcely, indeed, has any nation grasped it; our armour against the temptations of the flesh is strangely woven of false persuasions, and often we fling it off and choose to perish. But the negro has never faced the struggle. Perhaps I should

not say never, for, as I have said, some restrictions he recognises; coition in the open air is generally condemned; but on the whole he has never recognised that the lusts of the flesh are enemies of the soul.

I cannot say that in his person he has suffered as much as he might have done, and ought to have done, though I think the physique of the East African negro is poor; but surely the poverty of his mind is in some way connected with self-indulgence, and the concentration of his interest on sexual things. His error is that he has not perceived this. We need not demand that he should have reasoned the matter out; it would have been enough if he had taken practical measures to control himself.

Be it remembered that civilisation has never yet anywhere reduced morality to a matter of reason. With many it is still definitely a matter of authority. The Jewish code is still in force. Hedonists and others have tried unsuccessfully to formulate the criteria of Europe. Custom still determines our ideas largely, and no theory holds the field. But we do very generally believe that man's powers were designed for use; that what impairs these powers is wrong:

> "Not enjoyment and not sorrow
> Is our destined end or way,
> But to *act*, that each to-morrow
> Find us farther than to-day."

How we judge between actions we do not know. Nature—or Providence—planted in the dawning consciousness of mankind instincts against certain actions, and these instincts, when we view them by the light of reason, we see in many cases to have been just. Such is the instinct against incest. The early moral sentiment is confined to protecting such instincts. With the pro-

gress of reflection comes the question how far such instincts are true. It is certain many of them are false, and to cling to them is fatal; it is equally certain that the premature efforts of reason are apt to throw off too much. Between these two perils civilisation is ever engendered; no formula can save it; we can only trust that the Powers which formed the first judgments of man will not desert him. They *will* desert him, however, if he is ever consciously selfish.

With this word let us turn to the second defect in the negro's morality. He has too little sense of the rights of other men. No doubt, within the tribe there is much unity of sentiment. Some of this is mere gregarious instinct, subconscious, we may say; some of it rises higher. But it always remains tribal; it does not lead to any respect for human nature.

This is why—or how—the negro puts up with slavery so easily. That he should do so is still a mystery to me. Many tribes of negroes are brave and vigorous, none of them are servile in manner—why are they so easily content with slavery? Partly, perhaps, because slavery has been a comfortable system, and the negro thinks first and last of material comforts; partly because, outside his tribe, the negro has never conceived any relation of rights between man and man. Outside that circle, I suppose, slavery seems to him inevitable.

Within it, his code of virtues is not small or contemptible. He recognises courage against men and beasts; truthfulness and honesty towards his neighbours. He is generally a kindly creature. Some usages may be quoted against this. He puts to death twins because they are inauspicious; he is apt to carry off the dying and leave them to die in the jungle.

Nevertheless, from what I saw in my brief wanderings, and from much that I have heard, I think the negro races are kindly. They are generous over food, and think it a base thing to eat by oneself. They are good-humoured, and easily forget trouble. In fact, they live too much for the moment, and no hero is more needed than a black Prometheus.

As for the negroes' religion, one's first impression is that they have none. No temples crown the hills, there is no public worship, and no priests or mendicants catch the eye. One could spend a lifetime in the country and believe the people to be atheists.

I still think this impression would be nearly correct, but in some ways it must be readjusted. The negro believes in supernatural powers, especially in spirits of the dead. In some tribes the ancestors are represented by small stones placed before the huts, to which food and drink are regularly offered. These spirits take under their charge the system of customary rules, and punish their violation with disease or misfortune. It is denied that they protect the higher virtues, such as truthfulness or generosity, but I should like to have personal knowledge on this point. Beyond these we hear a little though very little, of spiritual powers, or "gods"; and a little also of supreme spirit, or "God." This spirit is conceived as benevolent, and men's relations with Him are certainly religious, if religion means a sense of dependence on God and a desire for protection. Mr Hollis has collected many prayers of Nandi, of which the following is a type:

God, give us health,
God, give us milk,
God, give us power,
God, give us corn,
God, give us everything that is good,
God, guard our children and cattle.

This prayer is used when a house is built. We perceive that it is very naïve, and narrowly materialist. Such are all the prayers quoted by Mr Hollis. There is no prayer for virtue, and no confession of sin—an omission which is curious, especially if it be true that in some tribes there is a sort of confession of sin to "medicine men."

"Medicine man" is the quaint and cautious term applied by Europeans to those agents through whom the negro communicates with the unseen world. The office is not hereditary, as a rule; the medicine man, like the Hindu Guru, takes pupils. I never saw one, for Government frowns upon the tribe, and they live in retired places. I saw, however, the paraphernalia of one in Uganda. Most of the objects were bones and bits of leather, smeared with dry blood, while many have been the blood of animals. The use of these objects is to assist the medicine men in divination, which is his principal business. He undertakes to trace lost or stolen objects, and his plan of action is to throw these bones about on the floor and observe their motions and the positions they assume. From these he draws his conclusions. Without doubt he is open to bribery and influence, and sometimes the wrong person suffers from his verdict. He professes, too, the art of spells and enchantments, and his power is much dreaded by the people.

The true limits of it I cannot surmise. As a believer in these matters, I cannot doubt that savages everywhere possess fragments of occult powers; but the last thing to expect is that they will tell you anything they knew. In spite of many inquiries the only suggestions I heard of were these: The speedy course of news is a mystery,

small details of intelligence pass quickly about the country, perhaps with the aid of clairvoyance. In Uganda, in the old days, when the King's police were out looking for victims, certain medicine men could describe the sort of victims they wanted, and caution their own clients to keep out of the way. I heard an assertion that one well-known European, the "King of the Kikuyu," at a negro *séance*, witnessed a human materialisation; and from a hint that I heard, I wish to ask whether banyan trees in Africa ever threw stones at people, as trees do in India sometimes.

There are, I understand, no traces of a belief in metempsychosis anywhere in Africa. Negroes interest themselves little in the future of the soul, though the Bantu tribes suppose the souls of the dead to watch, in some sort, over the rules of custom and morality. It is also supposed that a man's soul quits his body during sleep, for which reason it is dangerous to wake him up rudely. The Chinese have a similar belief, and it is widely diffused among mystics old and new.

After savage morals and savage religion, we may speak of savage manners. It is a mistake to suppose the negroes have none. In many little ways they show consideration for each other; they have rules of etiquette, principles of courtesy, and they know the difference between good and bad breeding. Young children are not allowed to look their elders in the face when speaking to them; this is disrespectful. We, too, in the days of old-fashioned manners, thought the same:

> "Louisa, my dear, Mr Manners began.
> I fear you are learning to stare!"

So Louisa was taught the lady-like mein of keeping her eyes on her friend's lips; I dare say this would have

suited Nandi ideas quite well. It is not considered proper to look in at the door of a hut and pass on without speaking—a rule with which I sympathise, for such an action is certainly irritating and disquieting to the inmates. Amongst the Nandi I was well pleased with the people's demeanour in the villages, they were pleased to show me everything; and when I gave them a small present they offered me something in return. There were no beggars anywhere; it is only civilised nations that thrust forward their halt and maimed to extract something from the tourist.

The general practice of going about naked raises the question of decency, the prevalence or absence of the ideas that certain actions should not be done in public. This idea, in various communities of men, is attached to very different actions, and different tribes of negroes differ much from each other. As a rule, it is not considered immodest for men to go about naked, nor for women to be naked from the waist upwards. Among the Kavirondo both sexes go naked, but other tribes disapprove of this. When I visited the Kavirondo, I had with me a train of Kikuyu porters, and as we descended from the Nandi Hills we met suddenly, for the first time in their lives and mine, a young woman walking along wholly unadorned. It was a hot afternoon; we were finishing a long march, and everyone was thinking of camp as the most desirable thing in the world. But I shall never forget how wonderfully this fair apparition cheered my dejected train. They burst into a joyous laugh, and their tongues were unloosed in hilarious comment. I joined the mood myself, and many a time amongst the Kavirondo I smiled again. Amongst the Kavirondo notions of

decency do not demand clothes. Except, indeed, a tassel behind; it is not considered proper to expose *that* part of your person.

Strict propriety between the sexes is universal, so far as I have seen, and, save for a few doubtful witnesses, so far as I have heard. Nor have I ever seen any offensive action performed in public; there are nations of Europe which have much to learn from Africa.

The behaviour of women is free but modest—at least in those tribes which have never seen Europeans. There is no vestage of a *purdah* sense. Here, in fact, the country reminded me of Burma.

Let me now proceed to sum up my own impressions of the negro. On our first acquaintance, among the Kikuyu, these were unfavourable. The Kikuyu are the most Bœotian of tribes; their women are small and ugly, and their custom of shaving off their eyebrows makes them repulsive. Their clumsy bath dress is repulsive. They are also the dirtiest of negroes, and the smelliest. The Ethiopian smell is celebrated in history and romance, and it is no traveller's tale. Like all smells, it must be smelt to be realised, so I will only say that it blended with the colour and other circumstances of the Kikuyu into a whole that made me shudder. I really felt after a few days amongst them that the Author of Evil must have created the negro to mock mankind, as Vishwamitra created buffaloes to impair the prestige of cows.

Well, in a measure, this passed away. I met tribes more attractive than the Kikuyu, I learned more of the interesting sides of their life, and, above all, I saw them wholly in that natural environment apart from

the disadvantageous contrast with Europeans. This, perhaps, means that I lost my standards, and began to view them too favourably. This experience occurs easily to sympathetic students of life; they take things as they find them, reflecting that evils abound everywhere, and, in a kind of acquiescence, they lose not only the bias of prejudice but the impulse of divine discontent. However, be this as it may, I lost my horror of the negro.

I remember many a pleasant hour that I passed in his company, among the Nandi Hills and the Kavirondo Plains. Though not myself a coloured person, I like the sun and prefer, as an ordinary temperature, eighty to ninety degrees. That is not the temperature for a strenuous life, but it is a good temperature, when you are disposed to sit down, " apparently idle, but really thinking of nothing at all," as one of my students once put it. On such an occasion once I found myself under the eaves of a blacksmith's hut in the Kavirondo country, sitting on a stool, helping the blacksmith and his " wives " to do nothing. He was a prosperous blacksmith and had several " wives." They had each a round hut to herself, the whole enclosed by a hedge; the huts were clean and the compound was clean, and their was nothing odious in sight. Things, in fact, wore a comfortable, domestic air; the roof was hung with bunches of herbs and seeds; fowl were sunning themselves here and there in the dust. Everyone was stark naked, but the tone of the company was polite and human.

I think I may say that *man*, at any rate, shows to advantage in this way. I do not see in him a " poor, forked thing " of no account; on the contrary, a strong

porter carrying a load seems to me one of the finest spectacles on earth. You spoil the effect if you add an inch of clothing to him. Woman at all times is an animal inferior in interest; she may for a moment have some advantage in point of beauty. But you will more easily find a Hottentot Hercules than a Hottentot Venus.

Moreover, what a wealth of reflections proceed from this spectacle of man's mortal frame! Here, surely, is the philosopher's true standpoint for the contemplation of heaven and earth. We see before us the dualism of mind and matter. Here is that *alter ego* which steps beside us throughout life; that flesh which has so many needs to satisfy; which seems, at one time, the fetter on our aspirations, at another, the wings with which they fly. Is it a friend or an enemy? Shall we renounce it or embrace it? "What is man?" cries the psalmist. "Your bodies are the temples of the Spirit."

Now, are these people happy, you may say; is their life worth living? It certainly has drawbacks. I suppose work in general they dislike, and the work they have to do they consider as an evil. They suffer much from disease, from famine, and from war. The great curse of Africa is the tyranny of the dominant tribe. From time to time, everywhere, some tribe—Zulu, Masai, or Baganda—learns the secret of organisation, and conceives the design of living on its neighbours. Then arises a state of man in which nothing is safe and nothing is spared; the history of the whole region is massacre, starvation, and slavery. The dominant tribe eventually fails; there is an interval of peace, after which history—if the tale deserves the name—repeats itself.

Now I grant that war has its compensations. Othello

found in war "content and a tranquil mind" (strange discovery!) and peradventure, among the plumed troops of the Kikuyu, other Ethiopians have found the same. Even cattle-raiding has been glorified by valour, and the defence of hearth and home has often taught men what is best in themselves. Moreover, without war, Europe would not have known chivalry; and our ideas of virtue, like fogs above a marsh, might have floated for ever on the plane of Mr Shaw's imagination. 'Tis something that the winds have lifted them to the skies, where they show with a splendour, false and fleeting, but borrowed of the sun.

In Africa, however, making all allowances, war has been a selfish and brutal affair. I suppose there has been a glimpse of the Homeric in it now and then, and a glimpse of the Teutonic. They say a Masai will not tell you a lie if you abdure him as a fighting man to tell you the truth; the Zulu warriors were certainly loyal to death, and the Kavirondo spared the lives of women. But this amounts to little; and in judging whether life in these climes was worth living we must make large deductons for the misery of war.

Some deductions must also be made for the self-torturing customs. I really cannot think Kikuyu boys and girls anticipate, with even minds, the "age of puberty," and the influence of superstitions must be depressing. The uncertain terrors of dreams and omens, of customs forgotten or broken, of magic levelled at one by secret enemies, all this cannot fail to prey on men's minds. There may be times when all is going well, and the sense of these dangers does not depress men, but one cannot doubt that it often overpowers them.

There is also a brighter side to things. The climate in many parts is genial in Equatorial Africa, sometimes even inspiring. Within his own circle, his social system distributes the goods of life fairly; there are neither the "submerged tenth" of England, nor the "depressed classes" of India. Within that circle mutual relations, on the whole, are pleasant. Good humour is the rule, and Providence has made the negro, on the whole, as optimist. Interests are not wanting. The intricate social customs must provide plenty of things, and the niceties of conduct are discussed as closely in kraals as in drawing-rooms. Lugard assures us that "no one is more quick to recognise a real gentleman than an African savage."

Popular sayings evince both humour and observation. "I have a daughter," says a riddle, "who eats a meal every morning, but goes to bed hungry at night." Who can this be that follows a rule just the opposite of negro practice? A broom. "Shame," says a saying, "is not one-edged like a knife." It cuts in every direction and paralyses a man. Proverbial wisdom has not attained a higher flight anywhere.

There is no literature among the negroes, though their languages are complex and efficient instruments of thought. They have good decorative ideas, but never draw.* Their weapons of war are vigorous and well finished, but little ingenious. The knob-kerry is the most notable of their inventions. It consists of a small shoot from a tree, with the knot attached, the stem being about a foot long, and the knot a round ball of two or three inches in diameter. To cut it out and

* In this respect the Bushmen of South Africa, a lower race, far surpass them.

finish it needs much patience; the weapon is strong and durable. Stools and wooden vessels are made in the same way, by fashioning blocks of wood. There is no art of carpentry known. A few tribes tan leather, but this has not spread. Neither has weaving, which is known in Abyssinia. The Masai understand tending cattle, and, everywhere, there is a knowledge of herbs which Europeans have not explored. But how little the negro races have achieved! It has never occured to them to make bridges over the smallest streams, or to control nature in any way. An unseen hand has arrested progress everywhere.

Be it remembered, however, that various tribes and races differ no less on their plane, than the nations of Europe. I have, perhaps, already written too much of them *en masse*; it may not weary the reader if I pause here to draw some distinctions.

The negroes of East Africa are found, on first acquaintance, to be divided into various tribes and peoples, with names and characters of their own. Whether these tribes can be classified into races is uncertain, as the same problem is uncertain everywhere. Probably, if we could ascend the course of time a few centuries, we should find other tribes before us, each apparently mixed in origin, and suggesting the same hypothesis of earlier races from which they sprang. The mirage of homogenous races recedes as we approach it; if ever there were such bodies they must have vanished before the prehistoric times began.

In East Africa, applying the test of language, we find we have two main groups, the Nilotic and the Bantu, which are wholly distinct from each other. We cannot say, of course, that all who speak either language are

connected by blood; there is no evidence on this point. Roughly speaking, there are certain points of custom and belief on which divisions follow the linguistic line. The Nilotic tribes worship the sun, the Bantu tribes the spirits of the dead; but the frontier lines of the two systems are not strictly drawn. The Nilotic tribes go naked—men and women; the Bantu-speaking Kavirondo do the same. The Nilotic tribes are rather pastoral than agricultural, the Nilotic Kavirondo are agricultural. So our classifications break down; and, in the long run, there is not much to do but examine the tribes as they are, and note their usages.

The Kikuyu are the first whom the tourist is likely to meet, for they inhabit the highlands, and are the commonest people in the streets of Nairobi. They are poor in physique, especially the women; they wear skins, and rub themselves with fat to keep off the rain. The dress of the women is cumbrous and elaborate; the men are half naked, but do not like to be seen wholly naked, except at dances. Both sexes are circumcised. They live in round huts, each family group being separate in the fields. Their surroundings are dirty and comfortless. They keep small herds of sheep and cattle, but live chiefly on maize and kaffir corn (*jowari*), which they pound and knead into cakes.

They are by no means a peaceful people, though they have never had a military epoch as some African tribes have had. The young men are the military class; they still carry spears and swords, and imitate the martial demeanour of the Masai. But a few years ago the Kikuyu had enough to do in fighting these aggressive neighbours.

In point of intelligence they are the lowest savages

in the country. They are also the most sordid in their ideas. Woman are bought and sold with as little compunction as cattle, and, though not ill treated, they do almost all the hard work of life. As they carry burdens on their backs, they fall into a stooping carriage, which is unattractive, and the loss of their eyebrows and eyelashes, which they pull out, makes them hideous in our eyes. The babies are dirty and repulsive; and it is rarely one sees a pleasant, smiling face among the young women. They show, however, some skill in making ornaments of beads.

Next door to the Kikuyu are the celebrated Masai, a people full of charms for the anthropologist. They speak a Nilotic language, and may be supposed, if the reader choses, to have invaded southern Africa from the Nile. In historic times their range has been wide, though their numbers have never been large. They are fine, well-built men; the women are heavily clothed in skins, the men more or less naked. They live in village kraals; the huts are oblong in shape, and adjoin each other so as to form a large circle or "boma" (a fortification). In the centre is a fenced enclosure, where the cattle are kept, for they do not share the dwellings of the human kind, as they do among most African tribes.

The Masai disdain agriculture, and live exclusively on their cattle. Women buy and eat grain; the men's diet is blood and milk. The blood is drawn—like the milk—from the living animal; neither the one nor the other is cooked.

The Masai never hunt, unless it be to kill a troublesome lion. Their chief interest (apart from cattle-breeding) is raiding and fighting; less glorious in their

exploits than the Zulus, they have nevertheless been a curse to their neighbours throughout East Africa. Not every critic, however, thinks alike of their prowess, and I suspect it has been overrated.

They trouble their heads little about religion, and less about witchcraft, though they have diviners and medicine men. A persistent legend relates that one of this fraternity, a great chief to boot, predicted the arrival of the white man, the construction of the Uganda Railway—and its eventual disappearance.

In sexual relations they are more shameless than all other negroes, which is much to say. Custom permits the warriors to enjoy the immature girls. Chastity in woman is barely recognised anywhere in Africa—though usages differ; among the Masai it is a thing undreamed of. Circumcision is practised; the ceremony is carried out with elaborate care.

I did but once visit a Masai kraal, and was pompously conducted round the same by the proprietors. They were mighty proud of it—"Where will you find a settler who could build a boma like this?" Knowing they do not venerate the cow (which no African does), I inquired if they considered her urine in the light of a medicine; but they repulsed the idea. Nevertheless, they use this fluid to scour their milk vessels, a practice which Europeans deprecate. They made fire for me with fire-sticks, a proceeding which took about a minute. The young warriors were curling their hair and painting themselves, an occupation which, under the Pax Britannica, has to be spun out the whole day long, but does not seem to weary them. Moreover, they showed me how they scrape the hair off their children's heads; and they held a dance for me. Some little girls (heavily

clothed) were ranged in a row, and some young men (stark naked) advanced towards them, as the devil went through Athlone, by standing leaps. The men enjoyed it; the little girls seemed much bored. On the whole, I should think life is a sad affair for the Masai girl.

In demeanour the Masai is dignified and deferential; no savage poses better before the camera. Nevertheless, he is a hopeless and useless animal. He has created nothing; the Muses have disdained to visit him. His cattle are hardy but infructuous animals; his sheep yield no wool and his cows little milk. The proudest aristocrat in Europe is not more contemptuous of work. Nevertheless, he has friends amongst the Europeans, especially the sportsmen. His good manners, his—comparative—cleanliness, and his loyalty to engagements, when he does accept them, cover his pride, his cruelty, and his inflexible preference for the savage life. Alone among the negroes, he has never fought the European. Adroit beyond all our expectations, he has recognised that submission is his only chance; he has never given us an excuse for war. We told him to leave the Rift Valley, and he went; we felt obliged to provide for him elsewhere. He believes in his heart that our schemes will fail, and we shall go. Possibly; but in the meanwhile he is dying out himself. I think his course was run before we entered the country.

It appears that some Masai have actually been clothed in fitting raiment and transported to London. What was it that struck them much? They had milk every day and saw no cow anywhere. What were the London houses like? Not houses at all, they said, but mountains with caves in them. These observations, surely, are

creditable, and such as Caractacus may have made in the streets of Rome.

Cousins of the Masai are the Nandi, who live on the heights near Lake Victoria. They dwell in round huts, with little doors on the level of the ground. You have to crawl through them on all fours, like a cat raiding a pantry through the window. Inside, you find yourself under a low roof, about three feet high, for the upper part of a Nandi hut is a store-house, where grain is kept. There is a hole in the ceiling, through which you can put your head and look round you; otherwise, there is not much freedom of movement in a Nandi house.

The people themselves are manly and pleasant. Their relations with the white man have not always been friendly, though that has been a good deal their own fault. They could not leave the railway alone. The telegraph wires made such lovely bracelets, and the bolts from the sleepers such excellent spear heads. Like the cat who saw the sausages doing nothing on a shelf, they felt obliged to use their opportunities, and the result was, after many warnings, the Nandi War. The Nandi lost, besides warriors killed and wounded, a vast number of sheep and cattle; and they learned the lessons needed. But they seem to have borne no malice, and there is friction between them and their masters at present. They have been settled in a reserve, which lies in one of the richest and fairest parts of the country. There are no white settlers near them, and no labour problem troubles the general peace. The tribe is taking more and more to farming, and various new crops are receiving their attention. On the whole, I should point to the case of the Nandi as one where the new age has

brought the negro more good than evil—though there are no missions working away there. The chief evil it has brought is syphilis, which was spread by the coolies who made the railway.

The customs and beliefs of the Nandi are recorded in Mr Hollis' book. I have not much to say about them. One may note however their practice of symbolical spitting. To spit on a friend is not only auspicious but a mark of favour, goodwill, and gratitude. They have found out by now that white men do not appreciate the action, but you see them liberally spitting on each other. Moreover, the practice of shaking hands is indigenous, and it is proper to spit in your hand before offering it to a friend. I remember no such custom in India, but a London cabby, if you give him sixpence extra, will sometimes spit on it "for luck."

The Nandi Hills are five thousand feet high; they fall down abruptly to the Kavirondo Plain. This plain encircles the lake and it is occupied by two different sets of black men, to both of which we give the name of Kavirondo. They speak wholly distinct languages, one Bantu and the other Nilotic, but their usages are similar, especially the practice among both sexes of going naked. I saw most myself of the Nilotic Kavirondo. They are a peaceful people and suffered much before our rule from the raids of the Nandi. They are tillers of the soil and have few cattle; their country is hot and flat and treeless. Their huts are the best in the country, spacious if dark inside, with a comfortable lounge beneath the eaves where the family sit and chat and while away the time. Not that they are idle, they are indeed industrious people; cotton and other seed crops are spreading amongst them, and they are showing some aptitude

for "civilisation." The C.M.S. has a boy's school at Maseno, which struck me as the sanest and brightest institution in the country. The boys are largely the sons of petty chiefs; they get little schooling beyond the three R's, but are taught to build houses, make clothes, and cultivate the soil, to sing hymns, play football, and resist the devil. By the devil I mean the devil of sexual indulgence, a freedom which the Kavirondo system permits the children. Common rumour exaggerates the virtue of the Kavirondo just because they are naked, and it is true they do not sell their women to foreigners as freely as some tribes do, but chastity they know not and esteem not. Neither sex is circumcised.

Of all quaint sights in the world I think none more entertaining than the Mumias Road; from Lake Victoria through the Kavirondo country. It is full from morning to night of strings of Kavirondo, men, women, and children, carrying baskets of grain into Kisumu. Sometimes a party of dancers varies the scene, travelling to a feast somewhere. They are painted full gaily with red and yellow pigments, they wear crowns and bracelets of beads, and horse-hair tails are slung behind them. They trip it featly along the road, and every face is an image of mirth and happiness.

The Kavirondo are a neurotic people, much given to suicide. Children when harshly addressed will go and lie down in the jungle and let the hyænas eat them.

The Bantu Kavirondo are less industrious and less interesting than the Nilotics; I saw less of them and shall say nothing. And every other tribe I shall pass over save the Wanderobo. These are the only hunting tribe of East Africa, and they are the lowest of all the savages. They have no houses but live in tree-

trunks and caves, and they do not till the soil. They kill such animals as they can and eat them mostly raw. It is a gory sight to watch them revelling in the carcass of an elephant. I did not witness it, but occasionally met the Wanderobo on the frosty plains of the Uas N'gishu. They were lean, shrivelled little people, with tattered skins cast around them. They will die out soon, and I cannot think humanity will be much the poorer. They have not the remarkable powers of the Australian blacks or the South-African bushmen, and they have invented nothing like the boomerang or bushmen's drawings.

These bushmen are not part of my subject, yet I cannot forbear a paragraph concerning them. They are one of the old dwarf races of Africa. They will come to no terms with any other race, and since they are mischievous to settlers' crops, like monkeys, they are treated as vermin and shot on sight. Thus they have been killed off in Cape Colony, but still survive in Rhodesia. The Matabele Chief Lobengula once captured a few score of their children and took them away over two hundred miles to his own kraal. He meant to "civilise" them after his own fashion, but they would not consent to it. One night they all escaped and not one was ever found again. They travelled through sixty miles of Matabele country, lurking in thickets by day and pushing on by night. They lived as bushmen live, on lizards and ants, and they all returned safe to their own people. How they found their way no white man can imagine, nor could Lobengula. "They are just like animals," said he.

The various tribes of negroes, all according to their grades of life, despise each other. The tiller of the

soil despises the Wanderobo; the herdsman, him; the cotton-clad Swaheli, all skin-clad savages. When abusing a friend in a lighter vein a Swaheli will say, "Your mother wore a skin."

After this general view of the negro, as he has been, we may ask how other races have dealt with him, what they have done for him, and what is likely to become of him in the future.*

In the dawn of history the negroes knew and met the Egyptians, but they seem to have learned nothing from them. Traces of Egypt meet us even in Uganda, but they amount to little and prove little. During all the centuries of Rome, tribes rose and fell—we may suppose—in Equatorial Africa, but neither Rome nor Greece sent any impulse there. Islam has been and is more successful. From Somaliland through Nubia and the Senussi to Nigeria the creed of Mohammed has conquered and transformed the negro. But in Equatorial East and Southern Africa it has not changed things. The Arabs settled on the coast from Lamu to Zanzibar, they ruled and established their faith, but in the interior they appeared only as traders in slaves and ivory. They were bold and enterprising men, and credit is due to them in full measure for these qualities, which carried them

*To the strong-minded reader, who desires positive conclusions, I present these of the railway guide. "The opening up of British East Africa is one of the greatest philanthropic enterprises of modern times. An inestimable boon it has certainly been to the native. He is in no way spoiled. He is to-day what he has been for untold generations, except that his savage instincts have been softened, and he has been taught that where the white man takes up his burden, rapine and bloodshed are impossible. Primitive savagery walks hand in hand with modern civilisation, retaining all its picturesqueness, but divorced from its lust and cruelty."

through vast difficulties to the shores of the lakes, and even across the Continent. But they brought unmixed and untold evil into Africa. They promoted war to bring in slaves; and the horrors of their wars, and their raids, and their slave traffic form a dark chapter in the history of man. A chapter no less dark is that of the slave-trade on the western coast, in which Liverpool and Bristol and the Southern States of America are concerned. Nothing worse has ever been done by man to man than occurred in the slave-trade of Western Africa. If sometimes to-day we are vexed by the cant of the Humanitarians, by their malice and mendacity, let us remember there was an age when their harsh judgments were called for.

In East Africa the age of slavery was closed by the Protectorates of England and Germany and the construction of the Uganda Railway. The country then passed under European rule. The motives of those who promoted this change were largely philanthropic; it was hoped that the new territories would some day pay, but it was recognised that for the time being they would not. In the meanwhile under a settled Government the negro races would be steadily encouraged to rise.

In Uganda, as we shall presently see, this programme has been carried out; in British East Africa the unforeseen has occurred, and a new situation has arisen. When the first Europeans penetrated the country, they were amazed to find that the interior of Africa was not a desert, but a green, delightful land, whose high elevation conferred upon it a temperate climate, and made it a white man's home. The population was certainly sparse, and there seemed to be room along with the blacks for any amount of whites. The news of the

discovery spread and the whites began to arrive. With them came a new aspect of the racial problem and the racial war.

The problem and the state of war are not new in the history of man, for strife is the rule of life, and most wars are racial wars. We have to see at present how the situation affects the negro. It is brought under many influences which we must specify and classify.

Let us take first the direct influence of our system of Government. What our Government has aimed at is to preserve peace and to leave the negro scope for development. It has not of course been wholly disinterested. The British tax-payer has not paid without a grumble £6,000,000 for the railway, and £150,000 a year in subsidy to the country. He would have liked to see this sum extracted from the blacks. But England has not pressed the blacks, nor have her officials. The Government has considered itself as a *Protectorate*; it has acted on the principles implied in the name.

Its action has brought some problems into negro society. Peace has deprived the warriors of their occupation, and they have not yet turned to the unattractive life of the labourer. The young bloods of the Kikuyu still prance about in their feathers and paint; you may see them often in the streets of Nairobi, looking with disdain on the coolies and rickshaw boys. They are, like Squireens of Ireland and the idle *noblesse* of other countries, a bad example, a nuisance, and a danger. Meanwhile the seat of authority among them has shifted. The negro chief and the negro council, whatever once they were, are nothing in a country where white officials rule. Yet the white official cannot be everywhere, and who is to second him? Strengthen the

chiefs, you may say, and many people recommend this, but it is not so easily done. These very chiefs do not understand the new laws, and they cannot administer them. Supplement them by a system of appeals, and what becomes of their authority? And how can you reconcile this authority with the principles of a High Court?

These problems inhere in the case, but were they all they might be tackled. They are, however, but the beginning of our difficulties. Let us pause by the way to observe a few incidental troubles.

Drink is luckily not one of them. The conscience of Europe—even her self-interest to some extent—has revolted against trade gin. It is not imported into East Africa, and you may not sell strong drink to the natives there. But you may sell them anything else, and it matters nothing to the trader what rubbish they buy. One of the queerest sights I saw in Africa was a trader whom I met in the heart of the jungle, many miles from the railway, trying to buy beeswax and india-rubber, and sell shirts and hatpins to the natives. Now, as to himself, he was a man of birth and breeding, and even character, and as to his shirts, they were flannelette, of the vilest quality, and priced at one shilling and sixpence each. It was queer enough to see him politely recommending them to the niggers (for a trader *must* be polite), and I felt reminded of those pictures where you see a trout dressed up as a fisherman on the bank angling for an angler in the stream; but sadder thoughts followed this reflection. I was moved to speak to him and I said, "Well, I am glad to see, once in a way, the seamy side of commerce. I often have my attention called to the seamy side of education, and I admit it

exists—but consider what you're doing. This shirt, I suppose, has travelled about ten thousand miles. Of all who have helped to make it, and transport it, to grow and gather the cotton, and pack it, and handle it, and spin and weave it, and make it up into shirts, there is not one pair of hands that did not belong to a sweated labourer, mostly a white man; and the last stage in its history is that being the best suitable garment on earth for these foolish niggers, they are being inveigled into buying it." He allowed that such was the case, and pleaded necessity, and deplored the perversity of his customers, who would not buy the hatpins in spite of the artificial plums on them—price one penny each. But I have no doubt that with a little perseverance he might have sold the hatpins too, for the negro easily deserts his own superior ornaments for European gewgaws. He sells them to officials, and tourists, and goes about with an old jam-pot stuck in his ear. Some day perhaps he may grow wiser, but here as elsewhere the first thing to happen is that civilisation takes away from him the little he has.

In return, one of the things it bestows on him is—clothes. The example of the European sets the savage on clothing himself. Not that the official particularly desires this; he would rather not move in the matter, but the trader promotes it, the settler, where there are settlers, prefers it, and the missionary insists on it. What does the savage gain by the change?

Decency. I will not say this is a bad thing, yet it has little to do with morals. On all planes of civilisation, decency and morals are very loosely united. The clothed Baganda is no whit better than the naked Kavirondo; veiled beauties all the world over have the worst

name. Moreover, no customs vary more than customs of decency, and it is perilous to infer from any custom the presence or absence of the idea. Still, it may be granted that decency in the narrow sense is at least inevitable. As a philosopher, I should like to see things otherwise. History has known one race—the Greek—who went naked, and the Kavirondo, had they ascended to the level of the Athenians, might perhaps have reached it without the aid of clothes. But the argument may be inverted, and it may be suggested that clothes would have saved the Greeks from some vices that soil their record. One cannot say, but clothes for decency's sake are inevitable. Let so much be granted.

Moreover, clothes, in moderation, are healthy. It is true red ochre and castor oil defy the rain, and even without them the negroes seem, like the Scythians, to be "all face." But good clothing would be better—if only we taught the negro to clothe himself well. Unfortunately, we do not achieve this. The clothes he picks up are not only bad of their kind, but the worst kinds for him. Indeed, no one can say what exactly would suit him. Something loose is wanted; something that admits the air, and can easily be cast off in working hours. The blanket is a good idea. Men wear it like a toga, fastened over the shoulder, and if we added to it a pair of drawers I think we should have a good working-dress for the *Shenzi*. Unluckily he tends towards cast-off jerseys, coats, and trousers. He knows not how or when to wash them, and they become to him a source of dirt and disease. Moreover, they expose him to the derision of Europeans, and even more does European dress lower the dignity of his women. For these indeed I cannot even pretend to legislate. Lady missionaries, uninven-

tive as women are, have found out nothing for them, and they go about either in their own nakedness or in blouses and pinafores.

Dress, I have said, is one of the incidental blessings that civilisation brings the savage; its concomitant is disease, and by disease above all the savage finds out that men of a higher order have approached him. Measles in the South Sea, small-pox in America, have done much to solve the problem of the savage; they have at least killed him off—so much cannot be said for syphilis. This friend and companion of man may or may not have preceded the European into Africa—the learned are not agreed on the point; it has been vastly spread by his assistance. Especially in East Africa, by the Asiatics who followed the Europeans, and built the railway for them. When the railway was under construction a great famine occurred in the country, and the savage, who refused to earn wages by honest labour on the railway, found out a simpler way of living by it. He sold his women to the coolies. The spread of syphilis was enormous; it has raged in the country ever since. Unluckily, it is not a disease that kills, but beyond all others it pollutes and torments mankind.

It is a trivial point that I take up next, but we should not forget that the native of East Africa is thrown into contact with tourists. Now hardly any race can resist the temptations which ensue from this, and most races in the face of them abandon certain moral principles altogether. They accept at once, as money-making characteristics, greed mendacity, and insolence. I have seen the German Swiss escape from these evils; I do not expect to see the African do so. In his native wilds, unless he be of the truculent kind—he is in a measure

hospitable and honest; he has not learned to lie and cheat and set an immediate money value on everything. These lessons the tourist soon teaches him.

Let us see now what he gains or loses from the settler.

One thing evidently he loses—the expanse of land that once he possessed. I will not make too much of this, for East Africa is sparsely peopled; native reserves have been created, where the present generation have ample room to live and expand. Some things he gains. He has a chance to make money, by labour too which as a rule is not inapprociate or uncongenial. He sees many improvements in cultivation; he has a chance to learn, and all settlers willingly teach a man who is at all teachable. He suffers violence sometimes, but he is used to this among his own people; if it does not ele vate him it cannot be said it degrades him.

On the other hand, his system of ideas suffers many shocks. Settlers know nothing and care nothing about negro life; whether consciously or not, they upset without remorse the negro's ideas. They come across some medicine man, perhaps, and scatter him and his medicines to the winds, laughing at the horror which their Safâri show. This is well enough in the destructive side, but what takes the place of the veneration they dispel?

They interfere with the status of women. The first proceeding of nearly every settler is to furnish himself with a concubine. This is easily done in a country where women are sold with as little scruple as cows, and nobody's feelings are hurt. Least of all the women's; they think it a fine thing to be taken up by a white man. The white man soon learns that. I remember a young Scotchman telling me how once, soon after his arrival, surveying a Kikuyu woman who was

working for him, much plastered over with red ochre and oil, he said to her, "Why don't you keep yourself clean?" She went away and pondered over his words, and a few days afterwards his *toto** brought him word that if *that* was the objection, she was willing to buy soap and make herself acceptable.

Now if he had accepted the offer there would not have been, so far, much harm done. The harm would have followed later on, when he grew tired of her, and cast her off. She would then have become a common whore, such as one may see in the streets of Nairobi. Savage society does not bring this class into existence. It follows at once on the heels of civilisation.

Moreover, there is a danger that the settler may impair the savage's morals in another way. He may teach him the slavish temper. This is not found in the original savage, who is fearless in mien and thought, and approaches the white man without affection. If however he is ill-used and cowed he learns the cunning of the slave, and all the tricks of servility.

The last agency brought to bear on the negro is that of the missionary. I shall proceed to consider it, not without a groan over the magnitude of the task.

East Africa is well supplied with missions; there is no type of institution which is not represented. Let us begin with the Church, most venerable by reason of its antiquity, the Church of Rome. She has both solitary pioneering missionaries and settlements. I consider the last the most characteristic scenes of her activity. They reproduce the conditions of early Europe when the monasteries were being founded. The little band of Fathers—generally French or Italian—will be found

* *Toto* means a little boy.

remote from the railway, maintaining themselves on the land. In East Africa they have generally the advantage of a pleasant site, and they always improve on it. Amongst their number are trained artisans: carpenters, masons, smiths, and gardeners, and though they live simply and work hard, mere asceticism is not their practice. They grow fruit and vegetables, as well as corn; they plant shady trees and rows of flowers. By the aid of coffee or other high-class produce they improve their funds, purchase clothes and building materials, and such ammunition as they need for their spiritual wars. Though devoted missionaries they are not merely missionaries; the life they lead is one chosen for its own sake, and it has all that recommends such a life to religious minds. From all that I have ever seen it is a life virtuous, useful, and happy, free beyond all others from earthly cares, and full of heavenly hopes.

Its influence on the native African in such centres is undoubtedly good. The Fathers are generally wise and humane in their treatment of natives, they insist on work and discipline, and their system supplies a centre of authority. What then are its defects?

I shall mention two, one of which would be admitted by its followers, while one would not. It is, in the first place, a system difficult to extend. The difficulty is the celibacy of the priesthood. The African cannot understand this. He is not likely, within any visible future, to accept it. This means that the Roman Church must depend on European priests, and they will not be forthcoming in numbers sufficient to occupy the ground. Even if they were, one may doubt whether the negroes would long accept a system which excluded them from all direction and responsibility.

Moreover, in view of savage conditions, I think the Church of Rome accepts members too easily. Her theory, no doubt, makes the Church a wide fold, and I do not here combat her views; but they have this result in a savage country, that many are baptised who have not the slightest knowledge what baptism means. The Protestant bodies have often admitted converts too easily, and have found themselves discredited and weakened by the error, but on the whole they have learned wisdom. The Church of Rome cannot, on its own principles be so cautious, and must always be in danger from heathenism within its pale.

Among the Protestant bodies in East Africa there are represented the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Methodists, the Society of Friends, and various errant forms like the Seventh Day Adventists. There is one large American mission which contains representatives from many churches.

In contemplating the work of these bodies we observe that a change has passed over Protestant missions during the hundred years of their history. The early conception of the missionary was that of the evangelist, the preacher whose work was finished when he delivered his message. It was this conception that inspired the best known of missionary hymns:

> " Shall we, whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high,
> Shall we, to men benighted,
> The lamp of life deny? "

There are such missionaries seen in Africa to-day; one Swedish mission, I believe, never settles its members in one spot, but keeps them always itinerating, preaching where they are heard, and moving on, according

to the injunction, where people are hostile. But the practical spirit of English missionaries soon found out the defects in their programme. It was found necessary to organise, as well as to preach, to build churches, frame councils, and draw up moral codes. With this, however, missions remained content for two generations, when they found they must move further still. The expectations of early days proved deceitful; the message of religion did not show the power that once has hoped to change the daily lives of men. The bad customs of heathenism disappeared and some genuine devotion was aroused, but with it went a great deal of laziness, some self-conceit, and little growth in civilisation. The remedy that suggested itself was more deliberate training in work, not only for the sake of its moral effect on character, but to interest the negro in a higher standard of life.

This redirection of men's thoughts was partly due to observation of the negro's character, partly to that movement of this age in Europe which has brought to the front manual, industrial, and technical training. It has brought us to the point where we stand at present, and the traveller in Africa will observe its effects in many directions.

He will see them least of all in the stations of the C.M.S., which is now the most old-fashioned of all missionary bodies. It supports no industrial work whatever, though a little is sometimes carried on by its agents, with private help from friends. The chief station of this mission is Freretown, near Mombasa, now forty years old, which was established for the reclamation of rescued slaves. I have thought many a time how sad the history of this station has been. It

stands on a most pleasant site, not free from all the plagues of Africa, yet cheerful and inviting. It has never been short of funds or men. The work proposed for it was noble and promising: to take rescued slaves and train them to honest work* as free men, while imparting to them the mild and gracious truths of Christianity. No little toil and thought have been devoted to this task. With what results? The rescued slaves were not sorry to find themselves ashore again, for truly a slave dhow was a place to escape from, but the programme placed before them they refused to accept; work and religion alike they abhorred. The mission had to be strictly policed, and most of its protégés at last ran away to lead dissolute lives elsewhere. The girls succumbed to the brothels of Mombasa; and dissolute Europeans delight to tell you of the mission girls they have corrupted. I do not say all have perished; some have been faithful, and the beautiful church at Freretown is not without a congregation; but the sum of forty years is disappointing.

The industrial mission proper may be seen at Kikuyu, among the Wa-Kikuyu. Here the Church of Scotland is established. It possesses a fine estate, well-wooded and watered, with plenty of arable land. On the staff are two doctors, a schoolmaster, a skilled mechanic, and a farmer, with lady missionaries supporting them. We have here not only a centre of religious enlightenment but of civilisation. Crops and methods of agriculture are being improved; carpentry is taught, and schooling goes forward in its due place. The church is a beautiful building of cedar wood.

* Industrially, the Freretown mission was an exception to the general rule of the C.M.S.

I was present at the opening service of this church, when a strange congregation was gathered together. There were some European sympathisers, a few converts, and a horde of wild Kikuyu, naked or half-wrapped in dirty skins; reeking with their own natural odour and that of mutton fat—a raw, hard-featured, sorry tribe they were. Much I marvelled at their uncouth air, and strove to conjecture their future. Much, too, I pondered over the white man's ways towards them, and thought, if humanity be anything more than a name, at least it is something gained that this church has been built among them and for them. It has been raised out of their own woods, by the hands of men resembling themselves, in the hope that some idea of use and beauty may take form in their own minds, and they may not always be content to be the things they are.

Something of the same kind may be seen at the missions in the country, but the Scotch mission at Kikuyu is by common consent the most advanced and the most complete. In its general spirit it is, like its nation, cautious and sober, and lays its foundations carefully. Elsewhere in the country are some smaller bodies, like the Seventh Day Adventists, whose views are stricter and more exalted. Among them not only is strong drink eschewed—a principle common to all missions—but the fumes of the Indian weed, and some ceremonies like that of feetwashing, assume an importance unknown to orthodox Christianity.

"It is even possible that in the future Kikuyu may be found suitable for European colonisation"; so wrote Sir Henry Johnstone in 1893. Ten years later European colonists began to arrive, and to-day there are two

thousand in the country. Who are they? How are they thriving, and what is likely to be their future?

The question who they are is hard to answer. Not farm labourers, such as go to Canada, and, in general, not people who in England held or cultivated land.* The only real farmers in the country are colonials from South Africa, and they are not numerous. The bulk of the settlers are gentlemen's sons with a little capital, who have not found a vocation elsewhere and have drifted to East Africa. In many cases they first came out to shoot there, liked the country, and took up land. Some few are townspeople from England, who felt weary of town life, and hearing of East Africa as a Happy Land, sold off their goods and proceeded there. Others are men who conform to no type. There is an English peer—Lord Delamere—who owns a vast estate, and has thrown in his lot with the country; an American millionaire, who has sunk a fortune there; and more than one gilded youth, whose relatives have condemned him to a term of penitence in the wilderness.

The part of the country which these people occupy is the land above five thousand feet high, from Nairobi to Lumbwa. In area it is perhaps twice the size of Wales. The climate is one of the most equable in the world. In the hot season the mercury rises to 85 and falls at night to 50; in the cold season these figures sink to 80 and 32. If the weather is regular, rains falls in

* Many tales are told of mistakes made by amateur farmers. One wrote to the agricultural department to inquire the cause of a sheep's death; he had held an autopsy of the carcass, and discovered a suspicious symptom in the shape of "a bag filled with green stuff" attached to the liver. Another found his arrangements for the propagation of sheep going wrong; he had supplied one ram to fifteen ewes.

April, May, and June; the skies are cloudy till September, when rain falls again. From October to March the skies are clear.

The soil is reasonably fertile, and, in most places, well-watered by small but constant streams. According to degrees of elevation and aspect it produces a great variety of crops. On the high plains wheat succeeds; potatoes and all kinds of European fruit and vegetables. Maize and beans do well. Not far away tea and coffee flourish. In many places there is excellent pasture for sheep and cattle.

Since timber and stone also abound, and fine sites for houses, it is easy to see that a man with a little capital might naturally form the idea of building a house, farming, and enjoying the rest of his life in the country. This is exactly what many visitors have done, and it now remains to inquire what disappointments they have met with.

In the first place they have not found the savages at all anxious to resign their freedom and accept the condition of wage labourers on European estates. Even when the savages do so engage themselves they are ignorant and awkward, requiring much supervision and provoking much irritation. It is not pleasant to work with them, and the loss of labour at a critical time may mean the loss of a crop.

The natural conditions which look so promising have turned out deceitful. For the last three years the rains have been irregular, and should this irregularity prove to be the rule, the country would not be worth settlement. Irrigation might improve matters, but how could the prime cost of the works be raised?

Apart from this we are not yet certain of the future

either of crops or animals. The absence of a winter is unfavourable to the life and fertility of European fruit trees, and it encourages rust in wheat. We cannot be certain if sheep will continue to do well. The native sheep do not carry wool, but coarse, stiff hair; the first crosses with European breeds are promising, but time is required to establish definite results. Sheep may not thrive under the vertical sun on the Equator, and their wool may degenerate.

The prevalence of animal disorders is disheartening. Horses and cattle especially are affected, and fatal epidemics are common. Science has discovered that the enemy is a " trypanosome " in the animal's blood, conveyed by a tick or tsetse fly, and various campaigns against this enemy proceed. They involve segregation and fencing off large areas of country—measures which are costly and interfere with trade.

Finally, it is not certain whether the climate suits the white man or not. New-comers are confident in its favour; old stagers more cautious. It is thought by many to affect the nerves, and I noticed myself that after long residence men looked worn—fine, as trainers say of men overtrained. The rarity of the air is blamed by some, the violet ray by others; by others the sharp contrast of day and night. It is curious what different views prevail about sunstroke. There are some who deny the very existence of such a disorder, and take no precautions against the sun; there are many who treat it carelessly, and go about in ordinary felt hats. But the medical profession do not countenance this. They will admit that the pathology of sunstroke is unknown, that perhaps the head is less susceptible than we suppose, but they recommend covering it. And the neglect

of this precaution—which is common in Africa—is blamed by some for the eccentricity, almost derangement of mind, which sometimes follows long residence there. A similar view associates the mental sterility of the negro with the absence of a head-dress.

From all these considerations it will appear that the future of the country is uncertain. But optimists may be found (as well as pessimists); and the settlers now in the field will not easily be beaten. I should predict their victory with more confidence if there were more genuine settlers among them. The country of British East Africa is better fitted than any country of the same area in the world to support a self-contained community. To the list of its products already given we may add cotton from the lowlands, tobacco, sugar, and cocoanuts. Mangrove and wattle bark for tanning are already exported, likewise hides, all of which might be used in the country. Iron is already made by native smiths into serviceable knives. One can easily see that by a general exchange every settler might be provided by his neighbours with the requisites of life. But in many cases these would be crude and coarse at the outset, and few settlers are prepared to face this. Easy communication with Europe brings a desire for European finish; the Dutch alone are exempt from this desire, and few but they in the country are real settlers. Most of the English are people who would like to make a little money and return to England. To effect this, they must find something they can export, and this they have not yet found. Moreover, when they do find it, the long railway journey, the long transit before any market is reached, and the Suez Canal dues, will handicap their export business.

Minerals have not been discovered, and geologic indications do not favour hopes in this direction. Prospectors, however, are still abroad, dreaming of a new Johannesburg. Hard and dangerous is their life—there is none more so; few are the prizes in their lottery. They are mostly poor men who fight their way with a scanty retinue through feverish jungles, looking for outcrops, hammering rocks, and washing the sands of streams. It is astonishing how they hope and persevere, while the fruitless, dreary years pass by.

Few of the English settlers are married. "The public schoolboy" settler is not a marrying man. He is sometimes a loose character who dislikes marriage, and often, I fancy, he does not care to inflict the hardships of a frontier life on a girl of his own class. Neither does he care to marry out of his class; so he does not marry at all. This is another fact that makes the future of the country uncertain. Will this class of resident find successors? It is just possible that their successors will be like themselves, and that the country will continue to be a place of refuge for younger sons with a little money, who do not care for professional life in England, and prefer to play at farming in Africa. Of course there are other possibilities. Serious farmers may increase in number, especially among the larger holders of land, who will grow wool. But if the wages of native labour rise, the small holder will find it hard to exist. Many critics believe he will disappear, and that the European rôle in the country will be that of a trader buying native produce for export.

I do not think the success or failure of the small colony in the highlands a matter of importance to the world at large; the country is too small. It would be a

different matter if it were true that Africa on the widest scale were destined to maintain a white population. Among medical men there are some who hold this view, asserting that science is winning a final victory over malaria and other evils, and paving the way for indefinite expansion by the white man in the Tropics. It may be so. But no profession has more often deceived the world by shouts of victory than medicine, and a few generations must elapse before so great a triumph is established.

In the meantime, sentiment during my visit was on the whole despondent. My duties led me to visit chiefly married settlers; by a coincidence, usual in human affairs, these were poor and struggling. Some things in their surroundings were pleasant enough; they had fine scenery round them, and food of a kind—maize and vegetables—was plentiful. There were none of the stern hardships of Canada. But prospects were not encouraging; and some minor troubles abounded—chigoes, for instance. How many Europeans know what a chigo or a dudu is? It is a small creature of the flea kind, which the naked eye can scarcely see. Unobserved, it burrows under your toe nail (or elsewhere in some crevice of your person) and lays a bagful of eggs. These hatch out into little chigoes, who make themselves at home under your skin, and, if left to themselves, take possession of your body till death supervenes. But things seldom go so far, though the negroes often lose toes and limbs from chigoes; prudent people extract them as soon as they begin to smell. It requires doing carefully. Sir Henry Johnstone says there were none in the country in his day. Perhaps he is right. The creature seems to have travelled over

from the west coast, as the country was opened up; some day it may cross the ocean to Bombay.

Settlers' houses are mostly of wattle and mud, but stone buildings are growing up. The difficulty in the way is the high price of labour. There are none but Indian labourers in the country, and their pay, sixty rupees a month, is very high for their moderate turn-out. However, I may say that everything in the country is dear. Prices are about four times English prices. I paid four shillings and eightpence in Nairobi for a knife that in England might have cost a shilling. You cannot get your hair cut for less than a rupee; in England the usual charge is fourpence.

So, altogether, I cannot tune my note to that of the Uganda Railway Guide, which has this and much else in the same strain to say of the Protectorate: "It is difficult to say where a more perfect climate than that of Nairobi can be found, and what more can be wanted for successful white colonisation, as so many hard-headed colonials and Britishers appear to think, judging by the number that have already been foreseeing enough to take advantage of the most liberal land regulations to possess themselves of estates that many an English farmer would envy, and which, in the course of a very few years, will make men out of all who really chose to work. Indeed, we cannot see any drawbacks, etc., etc."

Perhaps some part of this enthusiasm may be justified; I do not wish to exclude it altogether. It is certain that few countries provoke such swift vicissitudes of opinion in the visitor's mind; the very climate at one moment is enchanting and at another abominable. One hardly knows whether to like the cold nights or to dislike them,

and chances and prospects of every kind assume diverse hues from hour to hour.

The mention of the " liberal land-laws regulations " may prelude a statement of the settlers' case against the Government.

The Government is carried on by officials under a system resembling that of Anglo-India. The oldest of these officials were servants of the company; they arrived at a time when health and courage and a strong arm were indispensable, and the problems of the country were simple. To-day everything is changed. The local politics, though small in scale, present most advanced complexities, and all of the least attractive and least soluble kinds. The white emigrants, diverse in many ways, are alike in this, that they have no experience of life under a bureaucratic system, and regard political " servitude " as ignoble. That, of course, is a tradition of English life, where officials are viewed as public enemies; in East Africa, where the officials' point of view is bound to differ from their's, the settlers find the system, both by tradition and in its practical results, intolerable. The officials they regard as arrogant, dilatory, and overpaid. But these features of the case do not vex them so much as the views of the administration, which definitely conflict with those of the settlers. I shall not discuss or even enumerate all their points of difference; it would be necessary to specify every public question of the Protectorate. But I will mention particularly the treatment of the negroes.

What is to be done with these wretches? forms a question much discussed in drawing-rooms and drinking saloons, and all other places where public opinion is formed, as well as in legislative councils. There are

extremists of all kinds abroad—Humanitarians and the other sort; let us listen for a few moments to their views, and first let the stalwarts speak.

"This black creature, resembling a man, is not really a man, and should not be treated as such. He has no right to anything, in the proper sense of the word; should he claim anything, the white man should deal with his claims at his personal discretion. Should the nigger, on the other hand, damage the white man or his property, punishment should be swift and bloody. The education of the nigger, or the preaching of the Gospel to him, should be interdicted. He should be forced to work, which is probably best for him, but in any case imperative, and the master for whom he works should have the right to flog him."

To none of these views will the Humanitarians consent; especially do they hold that flogging should be prohibited, and that the negro needs but education to reach white man's level. They do not all believe religion to be good for him, some of them being atheists; neither, on the other hand, are the stalwarts all irreligious men. I have met members—earnest members—of both Protestant churches and the Church of Rome who hold that Christianity must and does demoralise the negro.

Between these extremes lie various grades of opinion, firm views on the whole, among the public, predominating. The officials, while not Humanitarian, do undoubtedly uphold negro rights, and incur, on this account, much obloquy. It is charged against them that they neglect to pursue native thieves, that they shrink from the lash and from the valuable principle of collective punishment, do not gather in sufficient

taxes, and do not " induce " the natives to work. " We consider," says the Nairobi Chamber of Commerce, " our first duty is towards the native population; we are not doing our duty by leaving them in their pristine state, discouraging them from taking their proper place in the development of the country."

It is much apprehended that this unity will lead to catastrophe, and the *East African Standard* paints a dark picture of the times: " Not a day goes by but white men are jostled in the streets by natives who are still in a semi-state of savagery. Native women prostitutes are to be seen riding about the main roads in the same rickshaws which our pure white sisters and wives have to make use of; proprietors of houses of ill-fame are Government tenants; golf caddies on the Nairobi links jeer at white men and white women playing thereon; and on occasion natives are flogged by Government servants to secure, or attempt to secure, confessions. To enumerate the gross insolence of the East-African native—a mere infant in civilisation—would occupy too much space, and be too nauseating to put before our readers. The end of it all will be," says the editor, " probably a massacre of white women and children."

Now, if you want to know the facts of the case, you must ask some better authority than me, for, after seven months in the country, I had learned little about them. As regards the negro's case, I did only once see a negro struck, and that was by a native chief in the precincts of a Quaker mission. I do not think, *on the whole*, that much serious violence is used towards negroes, though cases of brutality occur. This happens especially on Safâri; much less often on farms. As regards

the settlers' case, I think the apprehensions of violence are overdone, especially violence towards women. Probably thefts of stock are a genuine grievance.

As regards the grand flogging question, I think it impossible to manage negro labour, in a semi-civilised age, without the occasional use of it. The best judges seem to agree in this; we have only to decide whether the law shall wink at it or regulate it. If common sense prevailed, the latter would be the best plan. Employers of labour should be permitted to flog, provided they reported the case to the nearest magistrate. Failure to do this should entail a flogging for themselves; there would be few failures. But this suggestion is not practical politics.

I am glad for my own part that it is not my destiny to have to hold the balance in this strife; the issues are too obscure. Do not think that in stating the views of settlers I feel myself to be putting an impossible position. Such is not the case. The position is at least tenable, and one may quite well hold that the negro is only fit for slavery or extermination. There are cases where the latter measure has been taken. Where are the Tasmanians? Where will the people of Tierra del Fuego be very shortly if, as I understand, the white men there employ hunters, who are paid so much for every foreskin they bring in. Not much will be left of them; and who shall deny that Tasmania is worth more in the sum of things to-day, with a virtuous and enlightened white population, than if it were crowded with savages?

If you or I personally do not like to die our hands in the niggers' blood, this may be cowardice on our part. If we choose, out of pity or curiosity, to try to raise him,

why should we make our idle propensity a law for other men? What proof is there that we are right? Perhaps the true reason for our humanity is that we are bachelors, and can afford to experiment with the future.

I cannot argue this point; this motive of humanity may be strength or weakness. It played no part in the old Aryan system. The old poets of India did not heed the feelings of the " niggers " whom the Aryans drove before them; they called them plainly by name and spurned them. They did not, so far as I know, send missionaries to teach them trades or open the Vedas to them, and when they kicked the aboriginals off the road, they kicked them farther than even the South Africans are wont to do. Why, even in Cape Town the nigger gained his right to the footpath before he possessed it in Travancore.

But I do not say the Aryans were wrong; their colour sense was the way they protected themselves. So, too, the whites of Africa feel they must draw the line; and one is tempted to imagine that in Africa the caste system can be discerned in its beginnings. The man of mixed blood is abhorred by the white no less than the nigger; his children are excluded from the South-African schools.

The system may have its advantages; one result it certainly has—a harsh tone in people's views. However right and proper it may be to despise the negro, the mood of scorn seems to corrupt human nature. Perhaps, viewing all things from the eternal standpoint, more would be gained by dropping some of our ideals and mingling our blood with the coloured stream of Ham. I should like to visit some of the mixed populations of the world—South America, for example, which

is rising faster than people think. No doubt the Indian was a nobler creature than the African—at least he fought better—and a strain of Indian blood is accounted no disgrace. Nor is a strain of Maori blood in New Zealand. As for the negro, he and his strain should be viewed in the West Indies.

Taking things in Africa from the negroes' standpoint, I think the omens for the future are somewhat in his favour. The first advance of the white man does undoubtedly make a slave of him—whether by name expressly or not—and makes havoc of his institutions. But alleviating influences present themselves, missions, and even Government institutions, which offer to teach him, and economic forces. We do not often think of these as elevating; yet it is a fact that sometimes they operate in this way. They do, in Africa, constantly raise wages, and they improve conditions of work. It is found from year to year that it pays to treat the Rand miners better. The share of wealth that falls to the native increases, and they are learning how to use it. There are, in fact, critics who believe that they are strengthening their hold on the land, and that they will slowly but surely drive the white man off it.

However, I am not writing of South Africa, but of East Africa; and I have already said that one possibility of the future is that wages will rise, and the white settler will go under. A suspicion of this may underlie the demand for responsible Government, a Government which would certainly start with the stringent regulations of native affairs. It will not be granted as long as Great Britain supports the country with a grant-in-aid; perhaps never. The British Government will certainly—at present—protect the native, as it protects

him now. It accepts the principles enunciated by Lord Selborne elsewhere: "The white man would not be justified in placing any artificial impediment in the way of evolution of the native towards civilisation. In the matter of education the pace should not be forced; the white man should be prepared to help and guide the native who desires to obtain education. Throughout the whole spheres of legislation and administration, the white man should realise his responsibility for the evolution of the natives." So far as sentiments like these prevail, the administration are justified in assuming the mottoes of the earlier postage stamps of South Africa and East Africa, "Justice, Commerce, and Freedom," "Light and Liberty." Here is an aspect of our Empire not often realised, and not acceptable to all Imperialists; it liberalises the treatment of aboriginals.

I repeat a doubt whether this liberality leaves the white races a long future in the black men's countries. Lord Selborne thinks their own talents may secure them that; the settlers think otherwise. But what alternative do they propose? Slavery and repression would probably end for them as they ended for the Arabs of Zanzibar; they would decline and perish. Better, then, make a virtue of necessity, and go as an act of grace.

Better still, others might urge, renounce all calculations and follow the practice of apostolic Christianity. That other worldly system avoided systems. Its type is not Paul, or any other theologian, but those eleven apostles who wrote nothing, and carried with them no argument but a life. It followed the single impulse to raise the wretched, to heal the diseased in body or mind, without regard to the visible hopes or visible fruits of its work. It cared nothing about the rise and fall of

races, and it has earned by this indifference, justly and inevitably, the hatred of all prudent men, from the days of Rome to our own. Nevertheless, in the darkness of worldly counsels, it offers a sort of light; it remains, therefore, a constant danger, and politicians admit as much when they neutralise its power by inoculating their own systems with a portion of its views. Shall we be content with this device, or shall we desert to the enthusiasts? We know what the world will think of us, but shall we feel any sting in its reproaches when men say, "You are damaging the future of the white races"?

There is one thing indeed which keeps the waverer back, the *very* small hope of raising the negro by caresses and appeals. Compulsion does not seem to be allowed, on apostolic principles. It is held that the Christian community will assemble itself (as the Buddhist order does), joining by a free impulse in a common life of faith and good works. How many negroes are prepared so to join?

One lights here on the question whether Christian doctrine ever has actually raised a savage people. People in high places, officials, authors and others, reply that it has, for no distinguished person ever openly condemns evangelistic work. It is left to anonymous correspondents in colonial papers to take the opposite view—which they do frequently and strongly. When they profess benevolence towards the negro they find salvation for him in the formula "Teach him to work." But as this means slavery it does not promise much, for compulsory work teaches nothing but dislike of work. whether Christianity—true Christianity—has ever raised a savage race remains undecided.

I for my own part do a little doubt it. The argument is intricate, partly because Christianity has seldom had a fair trial, partly because it is so difficult to define a savage race. The question was raised when I was in Africa, whether our British forefathers were savages when they were Christianised. I found a curious light cast upon it by a book which I came across there, a collection of Gaelic songs, by the late Mr Alexander Carmichael. Fragments of a more or less remote past, they brought before one a time when much in the life of the Scotch Highlands resembled the savagery of the Highlands of East Africa. There was the same poverty of material accomplishments. The Scotch life was not more comfortable—nor cleaner—than a negro kraal; food and clothing were on much the same level. Cattle-raiding and tribal wars were as much the occupation of life, conducted with the same ferocity. In religion there was the same faith in charms, the same fear of the wizard. Now, shall we hold that Christianity here raised a savage people, as it may yet raise the Kikuyu; or that in the Scotch highlanders, there were present from all time, those germs which are not present in the Kikuyu, and, therefore, never can develop. I think that before Christianity approached the Gael, probably there were veins of sentiment in his mind which do not exist in that of the negro. One would like to know the age of the songs which Mr Carmichael has collected. Some are just on a level with the incantations of the negro. Here, for instance, is a charm addressed to a shorn sheep:

"Go shorn and come woolly;
Bear the Beltane female lamb."

A blessing on a loom:

"Since thou, O God, it is who givest growth
To each species and kind,
Give us wool from the surface of the green grass."

But at every turn we come across a strain of a higher kind. Here are some verses to be repeated on lying down at night:

"I am lying down to-night with Father and Son,
With the Spirit of Truth, who shields me from harm.
I will not lie down in evil, nor shall evil lie down with me.
But I will lie down with God, and God shall lie down with me."

And here is an address to a girl, such as a negro, I suppose, has never conceived:

"Thou art the joy of all joyous things,
Thou art the light of the beam of the Sun.
Thou art the door of the chief of hospitality;
Thou art the surpassing star of guidance.
Thou art the step of the deer of the hill,
A shade art thou in the heat,
A shelter art thou in the cold,
Eyes art thou to the blind,
A staff to the pilgrim,
An island at sea.
A fortress on land,
A well in the desert."

But, after all, we have to end somewhere, lest, like the rebel angels, "we find no end, in endless mazes lost." So far as the negro's interests go, I declare myself on the side, not of apostolic Christianity, but of the temperate mixture which the more sober missions have devised. His best hopes lie in that; as for the war of interests between him and the whites, I have no long views to propound, and should act, if I had to act, more or less like a coward, on Lord Selborne's principles.

Now let me turn awhile to an easier task, and depict

for you the town of Nairobi, the capital town of the Protectorate. It stands on a plain, half-way between Mombasa and the Lake. The railway officials chose the spot, thinking chiefly of sidings and locomotive works; but for a capital town they chose unfortunately, not foreseeing the future. The site is cramped by a ridge of hills, intersected by a swamp, and, according to the season, muddy or dusty. Progress however is going forward. The plain is being drained, the swamp is being reclaimed by Indian gardeners, and pleasant suburbs are springing up. Some day more graceful trees will take the place of the blue gums, which at present break the winds, and a handsome park will ennoble the centre of the town. That is, if all goes well. At present, things are standing still. A few years ago Nairobi had its boom. Buildings began to rise, of wood, and iron, and even of stone, recalling the mushroom growths of America. Half a dozen newspapers were born, and enthusiasm prevailed. After the boom, the slump—a severe slump indeed; it has all cleared from off the place, all but hard-working citizens. From what I gather, years ago, Nairobi was a hilarious scene; loose characters flocked to the spot, and worshipped the Fetich, and fooled themselves to the top of their bent. Halcyon days! But things have changed now; but many of the revellers have left as distressed British subjects (shipped off, for choice, to Bombay). Reason has dethroned unreason and sobriety prevails. Comparatively, that is to say. The value of the drinks and smokes imported at Mombasa is £45,000 per annum, at wholesale prices. (Only much self-denial on the part of so poor a community can have brought down the figure so low.)

A few of the Nairobi shops are very good; some very bad and dear. The proprietors are mostly averse to taking hints; as an old Anglo-Indian I could have given them a few, for we know something in India about articles fit for tropical use. There is a fine Cathedral of the Church of Rome, a small English Church, and the immediate prospect of a Scotch one. But religious interests do not flourish; football flourishes, and six clubs contest the possession of the Dobbie cup with skill and spirit.

I owe a word of gratitude to the Norfolk Hotel, which I found both reasonable and comfortable. It is the centre of travellers, sportsmen and residents; as many of these residents have been travellers themselves much knowledge of the world may be picked up there. It is a veritable traveller's club; and I fancy in six months one could pick up there a good local knowledge of the globe. One hears less of India, however, than of other countries; and I have noticed both here and elsewhere that India remains a world in itself. And when you are in India you are out of the world; in spite of its three-weekly mail, and the absence of a daily paper; Nairobi takes more interest in the doings of the world than Bombay.

The currency of East Africa divides the rupee both into sixteen annas and into a hundred cents. An attempt is made to express all prices in figures, which admit of payment either in annas or cents; thus you find an article costs you, say twenty-seven cents or eight annas. (I forget the equivalents; nobody remembers them.) Thus you find that all your purchases involve catchy sums in arithmetic, while your small change accumulates with embarrassing rapidity. The cents have a hole in the middle,

whereby the negroes string them together for necklaces; and civilised men, if disposed to be economical, use them as washers in the construction of wood and iron buildings. They come cheaper than the zinc articles made for the purpose.

Of the Europeans in the country a large number, perhaps one-fourth of those in the highlands, are Dutch. They began to arrive from South Africa about two years ago, and it is difficult to find out what motive sent them here. I did not understand that any change had made life on their old farms impossible. It appears that perhaps they felt crowded as the south became opened up, and thought East Africa would reproduce the earlier days when the Boers roamed about the veldt, shooting, trading, and tilling the soil at their will. Africa does, beyond doubt, implant a roving disposition in men; you find an illustration of this in almost every white man you meet there. He is certain to be thinking of going somewhere else and doing something else than you find him doing. So, too, the Boers are a people who love to be on the move, like those ancient Scythians whose houses on wheels interested the Romans. In the Boers' case, the house is known as a Cape wagon. It is immensely large and strong, with a hood over the front part of it. This forms a tent where a Boer and his family can live, while the hind part of the wagon conveys a load of perhaps six thousand pounds. According to the road, ten to thirty oxen are required to draw it; hardly any obstacle can bring it to a halt. If it sticks in the middle of a river, the oxen proceed up the further bank and pull it out; if it has to cross a plain covered with ant-hills, each wheel scales an ant-hill as it meets one. Most of the Boers in East Africa brought

up such wagons with them, and they took them round when they reconverted the country. They brought little money, and I wondered often how people so penniless, and so devoid of views, found their way so far afield. However, it is a fact that they arrived, and most of them ended by settling on the Uas N'gishu plateau. This lies on the north-west of the country. It is a wide timber plain, near the Nandi Reserve, about eighty miles from the railway. I suppose the Boers chose it because it reproduced the South Africa they know.

My duties in the country took me to the plateau to see them. I marched up from Londiam Station, through beautiful woods, across grassy downs to the plateau, and paid some visits to *patres familiarum*, amid their new surroundings. The surroundings were not bad. The plain is hot in the day-time, but cold at night. It is watered by many streams, of which some at least are perennial; the prospects are good both for sheep and wheat. The first care of the settlers was to build themselves houses, chiefly of rough stones and mud, and to plant a little maize for a food supply. I found them busy with this task, and greatly admired the courage with which they fronted the wilderness. Many were very poor—the poorest having always the largest families, and large families being the rule. They were making a careful use of the same, shooting it with discretion and making the flesh into *biltong*.* The zebra skins they tan, and cut out into shoes; from the wild berries they prepare vinegar.

* Biltong is made by cutting strips along the muscles, steeping them in salt water, and drying them in the sun and wind. They are quite hard but preserve the taste of the fresh meat for almost any length of time.

These are *settlers* in the strict sense; they have come to prepare themselves a home in the country. Some of their rude huts have already a few domestic treasures, such as have survived many wanderings; and there is everywhere a disposition among the Boers to value and preserve home life. The children that I saw were always carefully dressed; and it was not without emotion that I beheld in this lonely wilderness, under the tropic sun, troops of little children apparelled like our own village children at home. As to the end of the experiment I can predict nothing. Many of the Boers have already left the country, dissatisfied with the conditions of land tenure. Others have been heard to complain of the sun. It is quite a chance that the same caprice which led them to the country will disperse them again, especially if they find they cannot capture the political control of it.

My own recollections of the race are pleasant. They received me with such hospitality as lay in their power, and did not embarrass our negotiations with unreasonable demands. I am aware that critics allege against them farsighted dissimulation, exclusiveness, and selfishness; and the course of South African politics since the war is held to justify these charges. I shall not here discuss them but only note them, noting also that English sentiment in South Africa suspects and dislikes the Dutch. It is alleged that in the country districts their sexual morality is low, and the general tone of life is cunning and dishonest. As regards these charges, I think, that under the old regime, there was at least something in them; there is good evidence that white families, living alone among the native races, deteriorated.* If,

* Instances may also be found of white men who have deliberately renounced civilisation and accepted savagery with all its

however, it be true that there is a new spirit stirring in the south, that the younger generation of the Boers wish to move forward, these symptoms of evil disappear.

That they are a religious people is well known; I knew it myself, and yet found with surprise that they will not as a rule, shoot game on Sundays. Their ministers—or predicants—are educated men, who rule them in the spirit of Calvin at Geneva. There was no predicant on the scene when I visited the Uas N'gishu; one arrived before I left East Africa. Many of the girls are very pretty; indeed, it was under a Dutchman's tent that I first saw the Maud Muller of Whitter's dreams. I noted with interest the refinement of some of the younger children, which was due, I think, to the influence of good schools since the war. The question presented itself whether this refinement might not easily be carried so far as to disqualify the Boers for the frontier life they prefer. The danger of hyper-refinement is one that accompanies education at every stage.

East Africa—not merely British East Africa, but the whole coast as far as Natal—has its share of Indian settlers. In British East Africa Hindus preponderate, but all are known to the English settlers as Indians. Some few are in Government service; most are artisans or petty traders. Nearly all come from Gujarat.

It is difficult to say how far they are flourishing, as all live with studious economy. I believe, however, that remittances to India through the Post Office amount to Rs. 100,000 a month.

usages. I heard on good authority of a white woman doing so —Western Africa—and so occasioning both shame and perplexity to the white colony there. There are instances of white degenerates rising to distinction among the negroes and being accepted by them as chiefs.

The various classes and castes of Indian do not coalesce. They retain their Indian dress and usages, but there are very few Hindu temples in the country. I imagine it is found impossible to fulfil in Africa the requirements of Hindu ritual, and the life of Hindus is carried on in a lax and chaotic manner; no new impulse takes the place of what is lost by exile.

Indian traders throughout Africa have followed the British flag, which cannot be said of the Arabs, who penetrated the country before us. Nevertheless, to have travelled so far afield shows both courage and enterprise, and it is somewhat surprising that the Indians one meets in Africa do not convey a stronger impression of vigour and intelligence. They turn up in the most remote stations, always keeping the same microscopic shops, in humble and even squalid surroundings, and almost always wearing a dejected air and speaking gloomily of their prospects. But this reflection brings up the question how far the pioneers of other races in new worlds have been the best of their kind. I should think, in many countries, the number of strong characters has been small. There have always been in the stream those loose characters who float on the wave of general impulse, various fugitives from justice, ne'er-do-wells, and malcontents, such as long ago resorted to the Cave of Adullam or peopled the Asylum of Rome. These rogues have sometimes characteristics that help the situation; among white men, if they make bad settlers, at least they fight well. Amongst Indians, who have not fought their way in Africa, some of the poorer specimens have at least great powers of stoical endurance, and that, perhaps, is how they have filled their place in the scheme of things.

The future of the Indian, like all futures, is uncertain. On the coast he is well established. In the highlands, white sentiment does not welcome him, and would probably, if allowed to do so, legislate him out of the country. The Colonist's Association in their letter of 8th April, 1909, addressing the Governor, report:—"This Association is strongly opposed to Indians being allowed to settle in the country, even in the lowlands. It is doubtful, also, if it will be of advantage to themselves to allow them to settle in the lowlands, in view of the fact that in all probability this Protectorate will eventually become a White Colony with Responsible Government, when the Indian will find himself in the same position as he is now in the Transvaal or Natal." This aversion to Indians extends in many minds to Anglo-Indians, and the Indian Empire generally. I perceived that one journal recommended that "our Empire should be relieved by amputation from this expensive and troublesome member."

It amused me more than once to note the differences between Indian and African ways of doing and looking at things. There is not, on the whole, the resemblance between the races; if any similarity could be found, it would be among the non-Hindu Santals of Bengal. To begin with little things, the African cannot sit in any of the Indian postures; he has, in fact, no recognised sitting posture, but sprawls about anyhow, just as a European does, when deprived of his chair. The African has, moreover, invented chairs and stools, which old India knew not. When he—or she—works in the fields he bends from the hips, and does not squat to work. There is not anywhere amongst his women the retiring Hindu disposition. However much he depends on the cow he

does not venerate the creature, or connect it with any religious observance. He shows no tendency to represent his gods under a human form. Something distantly like caste may be observed in the position of smiths among the Masai, but the resemblence is a distant one. There is no objection to sharing food with anybody, and, in spite of strong differences between the food of different tribes, there is no sense of uncleanness based on such a difference. Never has the African anything like the patience of the Indian, he likes to be moving about, and shows something of the lively sociable disposition of the dog. He is, however, less loquacious than most Indians are; in his native wilds, when working in the fields or walking along the roads, I should almost call him a taciturn personage. As a domestic servant he is noisy enough, and at all times, on great occasions, capable of sustained rhetoric. Sometimes this rises into eloquence, though more often it degenerates into verbiage.

I scarcely know what the African thinks of the Indian; the Indians, whom I questioned concerning the African, expressed chiefly disgust and contempt for him.

Within the memory of living men the history of Africa has passed from the heroic age to the age of democracies. It is in the collision of races that the interest of the present moment lies; not long ago it lay in the achievements of individuals. Among these, by general consent, there is no greater name than that of Livingstone. A weaver by trade, swallowed up in the harsh conditions of the early factory system, he emerged by unsparing toil, reached Africa as a humble and ill-paid missionary, and, after many years of obscure labour, set off on those explorations which time will scarcely ever efface from men's

memories. We discern many traits of such greatness in his nature. His writings are modest and free from sensationalism; he neither made nor sought to make money, and his religious convictions, sincere beyond all question, are expressed with much reserve. His habits of life were austere; he carried his neglect of comfort so far as to impair his powers and hasten his death. His piety was not the supramundane order of St Francis, or St Xavier; he kept in view the civilisation as well as the spirited advancement of the negro. He desired to substitute commerce for pillage; and certainly noted the improvements needful among the negroes in the arts of life. He was, moreover, a first rate scientific observer. We forget quite readily, since he never presses them upon us, his endurance and his courage. During all the thousands of miles he travelled, he never employed violence, and in his great days, before he was worn out by illness and fatigue, his command over negroes never failed. Towards the end of his life, the passion for geographical research to some extent replaced his missionary enthusiasm; it seems pathetic to record that he perished in the pursuit of a false idea. He was tracing the Lualaba River, fully confident it would prove to be the Nile; he did not live to find that it was the Congo. Even at that date the disposition of the lakes and rivers of Central Africa was a mystery; and one finds with astonishment that Livingstone, who always worked from the south, was ignorant that the Victoria Nyanza existed.

I do not know whether there is a statue of Livingstone anywhere, probably not; really famous men need no statues. But his memorial is the Livingstonic mission near Lake Tanganyika. It is a light to lighten

the Gentiles, and to bear witness that all Europeans are not immersed in schemes of greed or glory.

I pass over many illustrious names to devote a paragraph to Tippoo Tib. Because he was an Arab, and we do not always remember the great qualities which the Arabs displayed in East Africa. We are somewhat set against them by the evil they did. Of doing good in Africa they had no idea whatever. They held and still hold that the native African is born to be a slave, and to capture slaves was just exactly half the business in Africa, the other half being to carry off ivory. The pursuit of these ends thus promoted was without mercy, carrying fire and sword throughout the country. They gave the negro nothing in return for this—not even the faith of Islam, for this never spread and was never preached in East Africa. But credit is due to them for much perseverance and force of character. Of these qualities a great example was Tippoo Tib, a famous Arab of Zanzibar, whose name was once all powerful as far as the Congo. Slave-raider, ivory dealer, and owner of plantations, he was the richest man in East Africa. Europeans he appreciated and served well, being a faithful ally of most European explorers in the seventies. His biography has been written and published, and read and forgotten; but some memories of his name cling to his house in Zanzibar, now a hotel.

Along with him let me commemorate the savage potentates, whose day is past. Some of these were makers of nations; had the Ethiopians produced more of their strain, they might have travelled further on the path of human development. But those were few who emerged, and their thoughts were set more on martial than on civil triumphs.

As Britons, we are too prone to neglect the part played in the drama by Europeans of other nations. But many of the great explorers were Germans; some, too, of the missionaries. They have not, however, produced men so practical or so appropriative as the British. Their greatest name in this region is that of Peters, and he seems to me one of the most interesting figures among all. He was a German of the high Imperialist school, penetrated with an unwavering faith in the destiny of Germany. England he found lying across his path, and to humble England became with him a dream and a passion. He believed in the future of Africa as a scene of the white man's expansion, and he was determined that on this scene Germany, and not England, should play the leading part. I will not follow his career, but will briefly recall its most dramatic episode.

When the Mahdi rose to power, Emin Pasha—himself a German—was left isolated in the Soudan; an expedition was equipped in England to rescue him. The command was offered to Stanley, who advanced up the Congo, and brought Emin down to Zanzibar. While Stanley was on his way, Peters organised a rival expedition in Germany, to approach Emin through Masailand. It can hardly have been called an expedition for Emin's rescue; since its numbers were, in any case, too small to have assisted him, and it is probable that Peter's object from the first was to create some fighting power out of Emin's resources and establish a military power under the German flag on the Upper Nile. The British authorities, preceiving this, refused to allow him to land in East Africa; but Peters, with great skill and daring, evaded their blockade, landed, marched up the Tana, and reached up the boarders of Uganda. There he

learned, to his chargin, that Stanley had anticipated him, and Emin Pasha had left the Soudan. Making the best of the case, he hastened into Uganda, and was just persuading the King to accept the German flag, when letters arrived from Germany disowning his action and renouncing Uganda, as well as all the annexations of Peters on the Tana. In much mortification he retired to Germany and published his account of the transaction in "New Light on Darkest Africa."

Peters had no interest in the natives of Africa. He was neither a savant nor a missionary, and he was too busy with other thoughts to concern himself with exploiting them in any way. But he fiercely resented their interference with his plans, and required from them instant compliance with all his demands. "*Oderint dum metuant* is the only practical motto for Africa" he writes; and he tells us that if a man looked into his tent he flogged him, if he shouted rudely at his Safâri, he shot him. The English explorers, who were less drastic, he charges with cowardice, especially Joseph Thomson, his predecessor through Masailand, of whom it is recorded that in all his African travels he never caused the loss of a single life. Which of the two was right? It is not so easy to judge, and I will not say Joseph Thomson, who suffered the Masai to tweak his nose, shows altogether to advantage. There is no doubt the Masai were insolent and bloodthirsty tyrants; and the lesson Peters taught them has been useful to pacific travellers.

Peters united in a curious way the sentimental and enthusiastic character of old Germany with the aggressive tone of the present age. His pages are full of religious protests. "A higher hand," he says, "led

us manifestly through all hindrances and dangers." When he thought of its workings, tears came into his eyes. He was conscious of nothing in his deeds that would not stand scrutiny. "The great principle that makes itself felt throughout the universe is the principle of unlimited justice. During the whole time of my leading the expedition I was always conscious of acting on this principle." In his harangue to the people of Uganda he tells them that "we are all Christians; we know the words of Jesus and love them."

Was this vulgar hypocrisy? I think only a vulgar judgment will suppose so, yet Peter's character remains a mystery. His name in British East Africa is a by-word for lust and cruelty; and in his own country he was condemned on charges of this character.* Yet knowing all the possibilities of error, I hesitate in my own mind to assent to the verdict; it is possible, however, that Peters, like other men, degenerated under the temptations of African travel. One thing, however, is clear against him, that he did not understand Englishmen. The view that Englishmen at heart are timid, that their placability is cowardice, much favoured by some German and then foreign critics, is unfortunately not correct. Peters himself tells us, with justice, that England has yet to suffer for underrating her energies. The Boer War justified his words, yet, with unexpected naïveté, he is guilty of the same fault in estimating the character of Englishmen. Now, pleasant as it is to think evil of our enemies, prudence bids us indulge the propensity with care.

Truly England has been fortunate in Africa. Neg-

* See the *Frankfurter Zeiting* of 23rd July, 1905. The charges include whipping his concubines and shooting his servants.

ligent, dilatory, and unsystematic as the policy of her Home Government has ever been, from Cairo to the Cape; yet the flag waves to-day over the fairest portions of the Continent. Had she been as far-sighted as she has been fortunate, Kilimananjo and Delagoa Bay, the two things she has missed, might easily have been hers. One claim alone she may make on the ground of merit, that the ablest men on the spot have been hers; not only in Egypt but in the east and south of the country. Sir Henry Johnstone in East Africa, Sir John Kirk and Sir Lloyd Matthews in Zanzibar, Sir Bartle Frere and Cecil Rhodes in the south are names which no other country can parallel. So perhaps once more we are driven back on the adage quoted by Aristotle, " Skill is enamoured of Fortune, and Fortune of Skill." At any rate we perceive that in the critical hour France retired at Fashoda, Germany in Uganda, and each of these powers resigned its last chance of an African Empire.

Uganda

Beyond the great lake, in the heart of the Continent, lies the pearl of Africa—Uganda. You reach it from Kisumu, travelling nowadays luxuriously in a steamer where not long ago you would have had to imperil your life in a dhow or a canoe. The lake, like all inland waters, can rise in formidable waves, and the tourist, though secure against a watery death, stands a good chance of sea-sickness.

Uganda is a country about three thousand feet high. The surface consists of rolling hills; there are forest stretches here and there, and little rows of forest run up the valleys. But the striking feature in the vegetation is usually the plantain groves, for people live on plantains,

and all the villages are buried in plantain foliage. The air is moist and hot, rain falls throughout the year, and heavy thunder-storms are common. Thus everything is green—except in rare seasons of drought—and Uganda, in this as in other points, contrasts with many parts of Africa.

Stanley was the first explorer to make the country known; he was struck by the civilised and inquiring character of the people and their desire for Christianity. He published an account of them in *The Times*, and the C.M.S. sent five missionaries to the country. These, on their arrival after a long and toilsome journey, are beginning to meet with some success, when the Church of Rome, disquieted by the perversion of an important branch of the negro race, dispatched a mission of the White Fathers to counteract them. Mohammedan emissaries were also at work, and a period of intrigue and bloodshed followed. Political considerations were added to those of religion; the wa-catholici representing the interests of France, the wa-protestonti those of England. A little later the Germans also appeared on the scene, when Dr Peters made his bold attempt to plant the German eagle there. The British East African Company long refused to annex the country, recognising that it could not pay for a white administration; and it would have passed under some other flag than ours had not a popular movement in England compelled the Government to retain control of it. At present it is administered jointly by the king and chiefs, and by a white Civil Service. Expenses are met by local taxation and a great-in-aid from the British Exchequer of £100,000 a year.

The people of Uganda are locally known as Baganda.

They are strong and vigorous in physique, the girls especially growing tall and stout at an early age. They do not keep cattle but cultivate the soil, living almost entirely on plantains of which, for the most part, they eat one meal—a very good meal—once a day. The plantains are gathered green, and boiled, and eaten with a little vegetable sauce. It is a simple fare and rather insipid; the use of grain and meat is spreading to-day. One large rat, a delicacy, is appropriated to the table of the king.

Clothes are universal. When first the country was known they were made of bark-cloth. This was procured from the bark of a tree, beaten out with wooden mallets. In substance it resembled brown paper; in colour a Sanyasi's robe. It was cumbrous and very durable, so that the present change to cotton cloth is for the better. One could wish, however, that some sensible forms of dress had been discovered and adopted. The women are taking to the Swadi robe, the men to the Arab kanzu, both of which, especially the latter, are the most impractical dresses in the world.

The old-fashioned house was a large beehive of straw. It was larger than the kraal huts, and capable of some dignity of appearance. The king's house, made of selected reeds, with a pattern woven in the portico, was not devoid of royal dignity, and it was a highly characteristic dwelling. One regrets the disappearance of these houses, without seeing how to retain them. They were dark, cramped, and verminous, and much exposed to the risk of fire. Moreover they were expensive to build and repair. Square houses of mud and brick are replacing them; and people are learning to build on a plinth, which is a real step in civilisation.

Uganda was already remarkable, when the country was discovered, for the feudal organisation of its society. The king, the chiefs, and the common people found those orders living under a system of severe subordination. Money was unknown, and services and payments were all in kind. The king's authority was supported by a large body of soldiers, and his edicts were rigorously enforced.

So far as the history of Uganda is known to us—and that is only for a short time—the fruits of the system were much like the fruits of the same system elsewhere. Its close organisation gave the state many advantages in war; the Baganda domineered over less progressive tribes, and one thing they have lost under our flag is the privilege of plundering their neighbours within the confines of Uganda. For the most part things went well and life was easy. Food was plentiful, leisure and amusement abundant. The dark shadow over men's lives was cast by the state religion, which required human sacrifices on a vast scale. The king's diviners informed him of the number needed, and the auspicious marks which would be found on their persons. The *Kiwendu* or secret police then went forth to arrest them. They perished in various ways; sometimes their arms and legs were broken, and they were exposed to crocodiles on the shores of the lake.

Before death, the victims drank out of a special pot, with the effects, as was supposed, of conferring on the king the power to control their spirits. Such belief in magical powers was—and is—widespread throughout Uganda. When the secret police went forth clairvoyants used to trace their course, divine their intentions, and warn persons threatened to keep out of their sight.

All state punishments in old days were cruel; one or both eyes were scooped out for trifling offences. Sufferers are still visible, as well as the old man who blinded them. It was a simple matter, says he; "I just put my thumb in—so!" Another penalty was the loss of a hand, it was cut off with a strip of bamboo, in less than a minute; and sometimes the culprit's legs were gradually smashed by continuous taps with a hammer. A capricious king would sometimes create new offences, and visit them with their formidable punishment. Mtesa ordered that every man should wear a button on his waist, on pain of losing his hand, and every woman one on her waist on pain of being cut in half.

As one consequence of the court system social manners became refined.* For such is the soil in which refinement grows, the atmosphere in which it flourishes. Among armed neighbours, in the absence of law, it behoves a man to think twice before he speaks, and to handle the truth carefully where his neighbours' feelings are involved. So, too, when a man speaks in the presence of a despot, politeness pays. Writers on good manners are slow to believe this; they would like to found good manners on good will. But this purification of social intercourse will not precede the millennium.

One may inquire what the changes of the past few years have brought Uganda in the way of good and evil. It is a good thing that the Kiwendu are no more; that life and property are secure, that human rights are better recognised. Whether Justice is done between man

* Greetings are long and complicated; the lower orders flop down on their knees when they address their superior. Should you meet a party of men working on the road it is proper to compliment them on their activity, for it is not to be supposed they are working merely because they are paid to do so.

and man I cannot say, but the evils of intricate procedure and protected appeals, evils common in similar countries elsewhere, do not seem to be flagrant here. The system prescribes much liberty to the native chiefs, who, one may suppose, understand their subjects. The use of money has, to some extent, imported a mercenary spirit into life, while bringing with it more individuality, more initiative, and more sense of responsibility. This is the common course of events in such cases; one does not gather that the worst consequences predominate. The one serious evil is the growth of a class of dissolute women. The Christian system, forbidding polygamy, leaves many women unprovided for, and their number has been increased in recent years by the prevalence of sleeping sickness—which has been fatal chiefly to men —and the disappearance of many men as coolies. In earlier days the superfluous women were assorted as wives; they are now thrown on the market. Married women, too, are charged with much laxity of morals; the older system repressed this by the use of the stick, which has not been replaced by any other form of pressure. Young men, too, finding wives less useful and less amenable than formerly, tend to evade marriage. Finally, syphilis ravages both sexes, and the number of children born is decreasing. Few even of these survive, for countless thousands die through neglect and error.

Still, life is stirring. The national council of the Baganda prepends these evils and takes steps to fight them; Government and the Church assist. The greater part—though not all—of the Baganda are Christians, and strong influences for good are not wanting in the country. It is the policy of Protestants to confer on the

negroes a large share of power; and though distinguished characters are not forthcoming, useful and upright men are not rare among them.

To be critical, I think the country needs a sound and sensible educational system. At present all education is in the hands of the churches, and no help is received from Government. It is therefore cramped for want of funds; there is no system of training teachers, and industrial education is wholly neglected. Thus, among a people of great natural talents, we find it is still necessary to import Indian artisans; and the classes which should supply these if educated at all are educated for office careers. Village schools are non-existent or ill-supplied with teachers. The study of English is unduly pressed.

Certainly the schools which do exist, of their type, are excellent. I visited the Mengo High School, the Budu High School, the Gyasa Girls' School. These all possess fine buildings, and the work done in them is thorough. The Budu School has buildings and surroundings of a noble character; it is fitly placed on a great centre of the old spirit worship, with a distant view of Kampala and the lake. The boys here, though not of the industrial classes, nevertheless receive some manual training, and are taught to look on the world as a scene of work. The girls at Gyasa belong to the same class, and are taught in the same spirit.

I doubt somewhat if everything has been done to incorporate the old system in the new. This is easily said; nevertheless I feel bound to say it. Why, for instance, should the old musical system have been discarded? The Baganda are very fond of music; they have lutes of their own, with six strings, which they

carry with them, and play as they walk about. (In fact our child's idea of paradise is quite realised in Uganda, where people may be seen clothed in white robes, walking about with harps, amid green fields, singing and playing all day long.) I grant the music they discourse is rudimentary—perhaps it was the only policy to introduce our scale; yet I feel a kind of doubt whether this was so. I feel much the same doubt whether the young King is being wisely educated. He has an English tutor, a bungalow, and a drawing-room with brown monochromes after Watts on the walls. He is a nice quiet sort of boy with nothing that is not amicable about him; the most we can hope is that he will remain such and not take to evil courses. The son of the Prime Minister has been educated in England; we had a very pleasant interview, and, so far as I can see, all has been gained that could have been hoped for by sending him there. But how many blanks there must be in his life!

Still, it cannot be too constantly remembered that no human problems are soluble, that any system must be called a success if it escapes failure, and I should not call Uganda a failure. In many ways there is progress going on. The economic departments of the Government are active; people are learning the secrets of tobacco and cotton-growing. Mistakes are visible; waste of effort; there are too many transfers of officials; there is too little knowledge of the Uganda language; but on the whole there is progress and hope.

For Europeans the country is not favourable. Blackwater fever, spirillum, and sleeping sickness are specialities, while other tropical disorders abound. Though the nights are cool, and the heat not unbearable, still

there is no cold season, and life is exhausting. To those few who are born to love the Tropics Uganda is attractive; but they will always be few. Uganda is a land of negroes; I trust it will remain such. The people have been called—perhaps too fondly—the Japanese of Africa; it remains to see what they will achieve.

Their past is in every way a mystery. They have no writings, and practically no traditions. Some details of their manners suggest that they came from, or had once some dealings with, Egypt. Their musical instruments resemble those of Egypt; so does some of their pottery. But all amounts to little; they remain, like other races, a type emerging, unaccountably, but actually a fact, and destined when their day is run to yield to other types. I must confess I had moments when I thought they were already effete; their suavity of manner was oppressive, and I felt I preferred the ruder but more vigorous style of their naked neighbours, the Kavirondo.

They are not an artistic people. Their artistic work is for the most part procured from neighbouring races, whom they conquered. Their shields however are the most striking in Africa. It is notable that with the advent of European ideas people have lost interest in their best achievements; what decorative art they had is vanishing.* Government has started a museum, in which some good samples are collected, but much has already left the country. An ingenious kind of drum is much used and supplies the place of a chime of bells in the Cathedral.

Kampala, like Rome, is a city built on seven

* In Uganda, as elsewhere, both in Africa and Asia, people are too careless or too idle to make good articles for those who really desire to buy them. This is one reason why native art declines.

hills, the King's palace occupies one, the C.M.S. another, the Church of Rome a third, and so on. Outside is a general bazaar, much on the Indian lines, and the public offices. The houses of the negroes are hidden in plantain groves, and approached by a few good roads and many winding paths. One of the best roads leads to the King's palace; it is surrounded by several palisades of elephant grass, neatly woven. Among the group of buildings there is the old palace, the new bungalow, the buildings for the royal drums, and that for the umbilical chords of the royal line. These curious fragments are preserved with religious care in baskets of a special shape. The drums are beaten at stated times by a hereditary drummer, who accompanies their music with loud howls; he was the only living vestige of the past that I saw, the only bit of Uganda that Stanley would have recognised. Not far away is Parliament House, a well-arranged building, with a throne and two rows of seats. I believe the debates are dignified and sensible; I am sorry I had no opportunity of observing one.

The chief building in Kampala is the Protestant Cathedral.* It stands on the highest hill and dominates the city. The walls are of brick; the roof of thatch. The exterior is not striking, and does not prepare the visitor for the impression within. That impression gives the building a place of its own among the cathedrals of the world. The roof is supported by a wooden framework of admirable design, and the framework and the underside of the roof are covered with long reeds. The regularity with which these are laid and their rich mellow hue invest the interior with unique and ineffaceable

* Since destroyed by lightning.

charm. It is pleasant also to reflect that this perpetuates the original style of Uganda buildings, while adding to it a dignity previously unknown; and that the whole building was erected by the voluntary work of the negroes. Around the Cathedral are clustered schools and a divinity college and other buildings; the one circumstance to regret is that the summit of a hill is an inaccessible place, and the ascent to Mengo is a trial of the worshipper's constancy in faith.

Of all scenes in Uganda the most memorable is no doubt the source of the Nile. The lake scenery in general is but moderately interesting; it is at its best no doubt in those parts where there are groups of islands. But the source of the Nile is worthy of the river. The water sweeps round a promontory up an inlet, and plunges down a large waterfall into a ravine. The change from lake to river is clear and swift; on one side of the line we have the lake, on the other the Nile, fully borne and travelling on its course. A few islets break the waterfall; the scene is enlivened by the flight of birds and fish leaping up the cataract; the water is pure and fresh and goes dancing blithely down the ravine.

At present just enough has been done by man to make the spot accessible without spoiling it; *just* enough, for anything more could be a mistake. Surely it was not necessary to stretch a telegraph wire across the river? And it is really proposed to make the falls into a power station. Politicians are never to be trusted—nor explorers either—who was it that conferred upon this sacred scene the name of "Ripon Fall?" What dean or marquis is commemorated in this impious way? Is not this the source of the Nile, which thousands of generations have desired to see?

It must have been seen by some prehistoric eye, for even Aristotle knew that the Nile springs from a vast lake in the remote interior. Yet only yesterday was the veil drawn. And even now I doubt if we have really seen the sources of the Nile. For where does the water of the lake come from? If you add up all that visibly enters it and deduct what visibly leaves it, and allow for evaporation, it is doubtful if the lake is explained; and peradventure the true source of the Nile is a spring that for ever remains concealed in her bosom.

Passing the shores of the lake one perceives they are green and smiling—and deserted by reason of the sleeping sickness, the name which all the world knows. It is a lingering complaint, beginning with vague pains and ending after some months in coma and death. It seems to have come, with increase of intercourse, from the West, but its history is unknown. It is due to the presence of a germ in the blood, a germ conveyed by the tsetse fly; as for the fly, he is no other to look at than a common fly. He buzzes about in the sunlight and settles on your skin and bites you. Without effect, if he is not himself inoculated; but if he is a "wrong un" (as an American said), with the result that sooner or later—it may be years later—you fall sick and perish. Medical science knows so much, and no more; no remedy has been found. As the fly lives only near water, means have been taken to remove the population from the borders of the lake; all fishing is prohibited, and the grass which shelters him has been cut down near important stations. But the end of the mischief is not in sight yet; it will be added to the other troubles of British East Africa and may steal its way across to India.

Uganda does not at present pay as a possession. With

better cultivation it may do so; our hopes are chiefly founded on cotton. But it is in a sense the keystone of the arch in our African possessions. It commands the headquarters of the Nile; as a Christian country it excludes the waves of Pan Islamia from the south of Africa. And, once more, if certain symptoms of decay can be arrested, it may have a future before it, and may present the world with the first type of a real negro civilisation.

I have forgotten to mention that the country is the true home of the grey parrot—most beautiful and most talented of birds. Many thousands of them are dispatched into exile every year, and I saw cases full of victims at Entebe. What a mystery of fate this is, that gifts so useless to the race of parrots should entail upon them such a sea of troubles! Happily mankind is exterminating their ill-starred tribe; the grey parrot is well on the way to extinction.

Zanzibar—I

Zanzibar is an island off the east coast of Africa. By the derivation the word means "Land of the blacks," but the Arabs interpret it as *Zayn za l'barr*, "Fair is this land." They have on their side if not etymology at any rate both fact and fancy, as far as the island goes. It is truly a fair land; a land of rolling hills for ever green, encircled by a coral beach and a world of sapphire waters. It is never cool, and for the most part of the year it lies simmering like a cauldron above a furnace.

The richest products of the Tropics grow there unbidden. The mango bears a double crop, and its fruit is hardly ever out of season. Pine-apples spring up like

weeds from the soil; plantains, coco-nuts, and cassara reject the aid of the husbandman. Till the earth with a hoe and she smiles forth crops. But useful animals she does not encourage, and beasts of draught and burden perish beneath the sun and the microbes of disease.

In ancient times Marco Polo visited these shores and found them full of naked negroes "looking like very devils." Who these were we know not; nor do we know anything of the Persian settlements, which occupied the land before A.D. 1000. Later on came Arabs from Oman, but it was not till the nineteenth century they took the place seriously. In 1799 it was first visited by English ships.

In 1832 Seyyid Said of Oman came and settled here. He was a great and vigorous ruler; under him rose the city of Zanzibar as we see it to-day. It stands on the western coast, on a bay which is sheltered during most of the year, though in some months it is dangerous for shipping. The value of the harbour is partly due to its position between the two monsoons; it was convenient for dhows to approach from the north-east, and it formed a centre for traffic with all parts of the Continent. It was safe from attacks by the negroes; and behind it lay fertile, unexploited land. All this did the far-sighted Sultan perceive, and by wise and vigorous measures he exploited his dominions. He established a vast and lucrative trade in slaves, who were shipped off to Asia; his followers scoured the mainland for ivory, and on Zanzibar they introduced the clove. This was no small feat, for the seed is difficult to transport; but the difficulty was vanquished and Zanzibar, with its sister island Pemba, became the world's emporium for cloves.

Sultan Said was a ruler of the classic, oriental type. He cared not for western notions and refused to set up the tide gauges which the *Societé Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* presented to him. But he fostered trade, maintained order, built himself palaces, and died full of years and wives and riches. He had seventy concubines and thirty-two children living at that time. A contention regarding the heritage broke out, and Great Britain, invited to arbitrate, decreed that it should be divided, the Sultanate of Zanzibar being separated from that of Muscat. One more good ruler was destined to Zanzibar, Sultan Bavghash. After his time the continental dominions passed under the control of Europe, Germany buying half for four million francs, and England renting the other half. This arrangement still continues. The island is still an independent state. The Sultan's red flag floats above it, his physiognomy distinguishes the postage stamps, and his officers administer the country, but they have to comply with modern—or western—ideas, and are watched by English officials. He receives a fixed allowance of three hundred thousand rupees for personal expenses, which the present incumbent of the throne spends chiefly in Europe. I understand that he is an educated man, of a type which educates badly, and is not prepared to interest himself in the dull programme of sanitation, etc., etc.

Well, this is a thrice-told tale. I don't know that the fate of the Arabs in Zanzibar specially deserves our sympathy. They went there as conquerors and would have had no grievance if other conquerers ejected them. Instead of that, the Germans paid them four million marks for a territory which was never theirs, which they neither controlled nor administered, and they draw a rent

from Mombasa which they are quite lucky to get. They still have their chance to rise in the new world, but they are not prepared to take it. Their day is over. It remains to specify the evils at work among them and their causes.

They are much disinclined for trade, especially for petty trade, and for any kind of manual work. They disdain to pay wages to the blacks, and would rather face ruin than this humiliation. They abhor book-keeping, and once fallen into pecuniary straits become hopelessly involved with Indian moneylenders. Some have yielded to the temptations of drink, almost all to those of debauchery. And clean diseases are common even among the schoolboys. The decay of parental control is a feature common in such epochs and well marked here.

Now part of this decay must be attributed to the effect of depressing European ascendancy. It is probably true that the Arab, unable to overtake the European, lost heart in the struggle to compete with him. But this is not the whole truth. Still more must be attributed to a system which made rapine the foundation of prosperity, and relegated all manual work to slaves. Under such a system sexual self-indulgence is an early consequence, and every sort of moral decay is ensured. It is true slave-holding systems have lasted long; it is true also that no system lasts for ever, but the slave-holding system surely promises least.

I argue the case at length because it is a notable one. The city of Zanzibar is a proof of vigour in those who built it. Wholly devoid of plan, a mass of narrow, crooked little streets, it is nevertheless a marvellously solid piece of work. The houses are fortresses, three

and four stories high, with massive beams and impenetrable walls. They seemed designed to last for ever. What has overtaken the men who built them? Some of the old Arabs have gone off in dudgeon to Muscat, but many are still left, and still possess the dignity, courtesy, and generosity of their race. When you meet them, you wonder they will not put their shoulders to the wheel and repair their fortunes ere it be too late. Then again you reflect perhaps on the sombre law which prescribes to all races their inevitable hour. The whole coast of Africa, from Lamu to Zimbabwa, is full of the ruins of vanished civilisations. Phœnician, Persian, and Arab have come and gone there for countless centuries; we cannot even guess who built these desolate piles or by what names they once were known.

Climate may have something to do with the decay of the Arabs in Zanzibar. The place is far more enervating than the land of Oman from which they came—where still they may be found, hardy cultivators and sailors, as their fathers were. There they have to dig their own fields and to fight not with the naked negro but with the Bedouin of the desert. There some day I hope to see them again.

Meantime, the state supports a school, where the young Arabs sit under the instruction of an Englishman, a Parsee, a Jain, and an Egyptian—the last of whom dispenses Arabic. The Arabs, strange to say, have largely forgotten their Arabic and taken to Swaheli —especially on the mainland. This language is the mother-tongue of the despised negro, enriched with some Arabic and Indian words. It is mightily strange that it should have replaced Arabic—but the influence of slave women has had much to do with the change.

Now that "education" is offered the Arab, he wishes to receive his Arabic—thus multiplying the problems of the island, where society, like that of so many eastern communities, is made up of enclaves of hostile, unsympathetic races.

One thing more let us add concerning the Arab and his dealings with the Africans—that the Arab system left the African a future. Were he the blackest of the blacks, the Ethiopian who accepted Islam had a fair chance in the world. No colour prejudice, no caste distinction barred his path. He might rise to any position to which his talents carried him. There were black poets at the court of Cordova; there was a black University at Timbuctoo. Protestantism has only risen—or is only rising—slowly to this concepton.

As for the Swaheli of to-day, the enfranchised slaves or half-caste slaves or Arabs, their future is obscure. They do not take kindly to work, nor is there much occasion for it. Burton enlarges on their "self-esteem, fondness for praise, dissimulation, horror of responsibility and regular occupation." Perhaps he is right. Like most slave communities they are sterile, and they seem to be dying out. The future seems to lie with the Indian community, with the old inhabitants who still survive, and with fresh infusions of negro blood. But then the whole future of Zanzibar is uncertain. Steamers have changed the conditions of trade and the ports on the mainland are developing. Zanzibar must depend on its own resources, and people must be found who are willing to work them. One is tempted—and there will always be the temptation—to revert to slavery. Intelligent masters, humanity, reasonable compulsion—might not the whole system result in happiness for the

slave and the cultured classes above him? Truly, it is very possible. Sometimes, under the Arab rule, it did so; and if it would only last, this might really be the system for Zanzibar.

To quit these speculations however and become historical again, there is something quaint and even pathetic about the relations between the Arabs and the English. There was every reason why these relations should be unfriendly, but they never were so. The Arabs recognised and respected the power of England, the great Sultans sought the alliance of the English, and the English officials esteemed the Arabs. The one bar between them was slavery. The Arabs knew that England had renounced the system, that they were pledged to put down slave-raiding. They knew also that this meant either ruin or revolution for themselves, and they sought by entreaties and remonstrances to put off the evil day.* The Humanitarians in England cared nothing about the interests of the Arabs; the officials on the spot temporised and gilded the pill, but the Humanitarians were in earnest, the British fleets watched the seas, and slowly, slowly the slave dhows disappeared. A few years ago arrangements were made to emancipate all the domestic slaves, and money was granted—in Mombasa from British revenue—to compensate their masters. This money might have been much better spent in other ways; the domestic slaves were not unhappy, and in any case were dying out.

There is now in Zanzibar a fairly large colony of Europeans. They live in comfort, compared with their predecessors, of whose lives and surroundings Burton

* Sultan Said in 1842 sent an embassy with costly presents to Queen Victoria, petitioning against the abolitionists.

gives a grim account. Burton, it is true, was a cynic, and his keen eyes lighted always on the foulest things around him; but I suppose his picture of old Zanzibar in the main is faithful. "A filthy labyrinth, heaped with offal, and choked with ruins." Thus he sums it up, and he notes the black and green puddles in the streets. There is nothing of the kind now. The whole town is beautifully clean; there is a vigorous conservancy department and a good water supply. The bad water of early times was one of the causes of European mortality, a mortality which seems to us nowadays incredible; even the crews of ships in the harbour perished by hundreds.

It is, in fact, astonishing how European life in the Tropics has changed everywhere. In many ways we are less careful than our forefathers; we do not dread the evening chills or the night winds so much. But certain precautions we take. We wear helmets, drink less, go to bed earlier, and, above all, enjoy good food, fresh meat, fresh vegetables, and pure water. Clean surroundings have also been established, and reliable medicines sorted out. Healthy amusements have replaced dissipation; there is a beautiful sports ground at Zanzibar, a stretch of green turf by the sea, with a background of tropical foliage. There are also pleasant clubs, and many other features of Anglo-India. A campaign against mosquitoes is proceeding.

To a nature like Burton's I suppose these changes would, on the whole, be unwelcome. Much as he grumbles at the filth, he revels in the lawless and picturesque life before him. In his day the old systems, though dying, were still alive; in ours they have vanished. There is no one now, for instance, imbued

with the traditions and ideas of the harem; no one who seriously defends Government by potentates, wholesale executions, and so forth. Sometimes one finds a renovated version of the thing upheld, but to know it as it was is now impossible, or almost impossible; but some traits in the picture may be recovered. It is full of strange vistas, and suggests that many things we take for granted in the west are not inevitable.

I took a walk out to Dunga, about half-way across the island, where there is one of the many Sultan's palaces. (It was a rule that every new Sultan should build himself a new palace, for piety and superstition forbade him to live in his father's house. The stern practicality of the British Government frowns on the custom.) On the way I passed the hospital for incurable diseases, built by Government, and attended by priests and nuns of the Church of Rome. The patients displayed some portentous cases of elephantiasis, leprosy, and lupus; but I learned that one old woman, whose face had quite disappeared, was wont to amaze the rest by dancing. As usual, among the sisters were some cheerful and others sad, and, again as usual, a cheerful sister took me round. Everything was clean and orderly. Till lately the sisters lived there with patients, but so many of them died that now they go home at night. Proceeding on my way, I passed through many clove plantations; the trees are small and regular in appearance, and were beginning to flower. The cloves are the unexpanded buds, which are picked and dried, and known well enough in that state to everyone everywhere.

There is a large Protestant mission in Zanzibar, with a high church tradition. The church is a noble building, erected in the vigorous days of the movement.

The European congregation, as I saw it, numbered less than twenty. Not far off is a fine Roman Church, in the polychrome style, which occupies the site of the old slave-market.

The religion of Islam does not flourish in Zanzibar; not once did I see an Arab saying his prayers there. The mosques are built in the strictest style of Arabia, with no frivolity of art. What art there is in Zanzibar takes the form of carved doorways of Persian design.

These are often costly and beautiful. I took away myself but few souvenirs; amongst them photos of six of the most beautiful wives of the Sultan; Caucassians with rounded features and heavy eyes. I marvel that so much as a reflection of their charms should be exposed for sale; but, *autres temps, autres mœurs.*

One thing, however, is unchanged both in Zanzibar and Pemba—the cloud of evil spirits that infests the island, and the magical skill of its old inhabitants. I had no chance to witness any proof of this, but will relate what I heard. That not long ago the people of Zanzibar were much troubled by stones dropped on their roofs, not by birds, as sceptical Europeans maintained, but by the demons of the air. That a missionary who slept in the palace at Checini was vexed by the apparition of an old Arab scourging a boy and a woman interceding for him. That the people of Pemba do make corpses stand upright in their graves, while they revile them to prove if they be really dead.* That once a year the magicians of Pemba collect all the evil spirits

* Burton also relates the same and gives a specimen of the riotings: "Fellow! Dost thou remember making fierce love to me at such and such a time? Much good will thy love do me now thou art the food of ugly worms."

in paper roats and float them out to sea—but they return. That knowledge of spells and incantations abounds, and many people perish thereby. *Credat Judæus*, you may say; but Mr Stead believes in this sort of thing. Sir Oliver Lodge, the theosophists, and new thought leaders generally; and so do I.

German East Africa

I will not relate the story of Germany's colonial ambitions; suffice it to say that at present they have ended in the possession of German East Africa, a stretch of territory about the size of British East Africa, rather larger but less attractive. There is not the same range of highlands, and there is no Nairobi. A colony the country can never be; but it is already a valuable dependency. Germany has put into it much money and much toil, and explored its resources with her own patient and industrious care; it is now beginning to repay her. There are vast sisal and rubber plantations on the coast, and an active trade. I would, if I could, have spent much time studying German ways and ideas there, but I had to content myself with a few hours in Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam.

These are the two ports; Dar-es-Salaam is the capital. They are both well laid-out, with avenues of trees, public gardens, Bismarck Denkmals, and substantial buildings. Dar-es-Salaam has two fine churches—even a Protestant church, which no one who knows Germany would expect. The streets are clean and smart; the hotels good and reminiscential of German cooking and German decoration. The black eagle stares fiercely down on you from flags and walls and pillars.

English is spoken freely; the Germans are not, like the Portuguese, too proud to learn it. At least *their* pride takes a more sensible course.

The question is raised whether Germans know how to manage their relations with the negroes, and what those relations are. It is certain that current opinion in British East Africa holds that these relations are harsh and strict; that wholesale floggings and executions are a usual feature of German regime; that public disorder in any region is punished by the extermination of the inhabitants. I refuse to accept this opinion merely because it is current, nor even because the traditions of the German army do, to some extent, render it probable. The truth is that all accounts of national atrocities, as circulated in other countries, require careful investigation on the spot. Russian atrocities towards the Jews, Turkish atrocities towards the Armenians, Belgian atrocities on the Congo, English atrocities in the Transvaal and elsewhere—livid and circumstantial accounts of these may be read in newspapers throughout the world, and yet, after all, are largely the fictions of patriotic or humanitarian malevolence. Nevertheless, I think it likely the Germans are to some extent too stiff in their regulations. It is certain that many negroes have left their territory for ours, the useless Masai and the useful Wanyamuezi, that they are short of labourers, and that Herr Dernburg, their Colonial Secretary, after a long tour in the country, warned them that, in his judgment, only a more lenient system of treatment would procure them the supply they need.

But, if I am to speak of what I saw, I can only say that I saw in one direction much evidence of an en-

lightened and liberal policy towards the negro. There is no doubt that an earnest and systematic attempt is made to bestow on them the benefits of education. The central schools at Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam are model establishments. At the former place there are about five hundred boys under instruction; education being compulsory for boys in Tanga, and select boys being sent in from the districts by the officials. The school is divided into two parts, a primary school where the three R's are taught, and a secondary school, where, along with these subjects, various industries are carried on. The staff includes five German and many native teachers. The primary school costs Government thirty thousand marks a year; the industrial section is connected with workshops which practically pay for it. The boys are not boarded at the school, but receive an allowance of eight cents a day each, on which (with some assistance from their parents) they board themselves. The school at Dar-es-Salaam is smaller, and has only a primary department of one hundred and thirty boys with one German master. The boys here are boarded and clothed at the public expense. The buildings in both cases are admirable, and admirably equipped; the masters, so far as a visitor could judge, fully in sympathy with their pupils and their work. It is claimed that ten years have shown satisfactory results, and the negroes are beginning to do useful and even responsible work.

Music is taught to select pupils; there is an admirable band at Tanga, which plays *Die Wacht am Rheim* under the auspices of the Bismarck Denkmal. There is no religious, and no definitely moral instruction. Germany trusts here, as in the Fatherland, to the

formula of work and music. There will be something interesting in watching the future of this. The negro, as some hold, comes naturally near being an Atheist; will it not be interesting if he progresses upwards on these theistic or atheistic lines?

Of course the cynic and the humourist may find something to carp at in the programme. The little niggers reciting poems about the "mildness" of the German Emperor are quaint figures in the phantasmagoria of time, but every civilisation has its veins of the spurious and unreal. Most of all the modern age in Europe; why should the modern age in Africa be exempt?

Village schools and mission schools, both more or less supported by Government, I did not see.

Indians exist in the country, but are not numerous or flourishing. The present Governor is said to view them favourably; but they complain of over-regulation.

Portugal in Africa

Portugal is the oldest of European powers in Africa. Vasco de Gama, of immortal fame, rounded the Cape when Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic. It seems a smaller feat; yet, recalling the stormy seas of that region, the dangerous currents and rocks of the eastern coast, and the perplexing and inhospitable shore, I wonder much that he thought the enterprise worth his pains or carried it through. Nevertheless, we know that he succeeded, that a few years later Portugal was the ruling power throughout the east. About 1530 she had it parcelled out in four great dependencies, India, Malacca, Ceylon, and Africa—wherein were

reckoned both Hormuz and Zanzibar. She had hopes, it seems, in these regions, but especially in Africa, to rule as Spain ruled in America, to the exclusion of all partners, white, black, or brown. But a brief revolution of the wheel dispelled the vision; the Arabs drove her from Hormuz and Mombasa, the Indians from Bassein, and the Dutch from the gateways of the Day. There is nothing of her left now but a few names and a wilderness of territory in Africa.

This territory she has never really subdued. Want of men, want of system, and perhaps want of military instincts may have been the causes; the fact at any rate is certain that, even a few miles from Mozambique Portugal has little authority.

Mozambique stands on an island about a mile from the African shore. The houses are mostly modern, well-built, and well-arranged. The streets are beautifully clean—here, as elsewhere, apparently, the present age has taken the broom in hand. If no great prosperity is visible, neither is any squalor. Old fashions linger: ships are discharged into lighters, and the lighters are unloaded by coolies who wade ashore with bales of merchandise on their heads.

The Cathedral is a modern building; the only place of interest is the fort. It was built early in the seventeenth century. The stone was all brought from Portugal or from Portuguese India, since there was no good building stone on the island. This was a great feat of energy and perseverance, but indeed the Portuguese buildings have all been constructed in the same spirit, as any visitor to Bassein will remember; her modern buildings evince it to-day. The Mozambique fort is a huge star-shaped structure, with walls thirty

feet thick; it was a masterpiece in the days when it was built, and it has now been captured. To-day it contains a garrison and some hundreds of negro convicts. I suppose it will never fight another battle, though rows of stout old cannon breathe defiance from its battlements.

Mozambique shares in a revival which is going on throughout Africa; its share would be larger if it were not for the growth of Biera. This is the most northerly port connected with the South-African railway system; it is the nearest to Rhodesia, and, with the occupation of Rhodesia, has risen into wealth, if one should not rather say come into existence. It is still a straggling place, with roads of native sand; but signs of growth appear in every direction, reclamations from the sea, wharves, banks, and hotels. Here passengers descend for the Victoria Falls, a great natural curio up-country, where the Zambezi tumbles over a precipice of four hundred feet. Not caring much for waterfalls, and feeling economical, I did not deviate to view it, but contented myself with picture post cards and Lord Curzon's massification of words in *The Times*.

Picture post cards cost threepence each at Beira. The Portuguese system is to lay all their imposts on trade, leaving the householder free—as far as possible. Tempting as this system is, it does not seem to pay in the long-run. The opposite system is to leave trade free and tax the householders. Of course the idea of Protection is not involved in either case.

Beira Harbour is a dangerous and unpleasant place. A river flows into it, and the tide rises and falls twenty feet a day, running out seven or eight miles an hour. Loading from and into lighters is difficult and often

perilous work. Passengers are charged three shillings to and from the ship, and with the result that the unscrupulous cheat the boatmen and the boatmen retaliate on the passengers. Disagreeable scenes occur, and firmness may be required.

With Beira one leaves the Tropics. Though the place is very hot in summer, still, the conditions are not tropical; subtropical, one might say, resembling those of Egypt. Delagoa Bay is definitely in the temperate zone. We reached it on a cold, wet day, and had the satisfaction, for the first time, of going alongside a wharf. The town is European in character; there is little of it that looks like India or Africa. The business part lies low down by the sea; behind this rises a steep bluff, the Brea, where Government House stands. The buildings are all modern, and present many signs of growth. The wharves are fitted with electric cranes; electric trams run everywhere. You find yourself again in the world of shop windows; and there are excellent shops and fine public buildings.

Years ago, when arbitration between England and Portugal assigned this locality to Portugal, that country offered to sell it to England for £4,000,000. The far-sighted Disraeli would have bought it; but the House of Commons declined the chance. Nothing would buy it to-day; and though the place has been created by English trade and lives on English trade, it belongs irrevocably to Portugal. It took that power a long time to wake up to her good fortune; want of sense and want of honesty impeded progress and allowed valuable public rights to be seized as "concessions." Things seem to have changed for the better now, but the Portuguese are still behind the time. They are too

much disposed to assert their dignity by throwing obstacles in the way of foreigners, at the expense of their own ultimate loss. In the post office, for example, where many of the inquiries are necessarily in English, the clerks make a point of knowing no language but Portuguese. The stranger finds this provoking, especially if, as in my case, the occasion of the visit be a missing telegram.

Zanzibar—II

However, I am able to speak of my experiences at Delagoa Bay in a more pleasant strain. I was interested in educational work, and during my brief stay there obtained permission from the authorities to visit some of the schools. I was received everywhere with the greatest frankness and kindness, and was much pleased with the intelligent and progressive policy visible. It was evidently a new departure. There was by no means perfect system, and it seemed to me there were some great mistakes;* but there were many excellent buildings, and good teachers, and relations with the children seemed throughout pleasant and affectionate. It was here for the first time in my life I saw readers for the young printed in suitable type.

Most of all I was struck with the generosity of the State towards negro education. There are no Government institutions for this purpose, but missions are liberally subsidised, both Catholic and Protestant. I cannot give any general figures, but I can instance one mission in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay, which

* The absence of instruction in English is on any view a mistake, as it entails the chances of the young.

receives £800 a year and maintains two large schools (one hundred and eighty and eighty) for boys, four small schools, and six small schools for girls. This is the mission of S. José de Lhanguene; I visited it, inspected its fine schoolroom recently built by Government, and heard some excellent music, both native and European, from the boys. The curriculum is simple, but suitable; it appears to me, however, a great mistake that it is not associated with industrial training. I visited, also, a district school in the town itself, and attended its evening classes, held from eight to ten at night. Here about five hundred youths attended, who are employed in domestic service in the town. That they should spend their evenings in this way—of their own accord—is a notable fact.

The Portuguese, it must be observed, have always been liberal in their treatment of negroes. Livingstone contrasts them with the Boers in this respect, and remarks that "instances of half-caste children being abandoned, so common in the south, are rare here. Nowhere else in Africa is there so much goodwill between Europeans and natives as here."* This is probably equally true to-day, and I have heard strong testimony from English and Scotch observers as to the skill of the Portuguese in handling negroes. It is certain that punishment is involved and is inflicted; but the negroes are not dragooned into submission. Half-caste children—and even negroes—are admitted freely into all schools; there is no acute hostility to colour.†

* i.e., in Portuguese territory; I forget the exact place.

† It is part of the irony of things that a humanitarian journalist —Mr Nevinson—should drag Portugal before the Public on the odious charge of slavery. I assert that of all powers in Africa it is Portugal which treats the negro with most generosity.

In criticising this system we must observe that, for the present, it has its drawback in the greater prevalence of disorder in Portuguese territory, much of which is not safe for the traveller. There we may inquire whether the Portuguese doctrine has not been due largely to the growth of a half-caste race. By the advocates of a colour line this would be strongly asserted, and I feel there is probably much truth in the view. It must not be forgotten, however, that during the period in question the Latin races have been declining in Europe, without the co-operation of this cause. Moreover, the future of the mixed races is not by any means hopeless. In Portuguese Africa they are probably rising; in South America, a scene of great interest in the drama of history, the rise is certain and even rapid. It may be granted that the mixed races are lamentably inefficient, but it is something to their credit that they are pervaded by a broader humanity of tone than the exclusive white societies.

It would be interesting to ask how far the influence of the Roman Church promotes this result. I think, on the whole, it tends in this direction. The English settler in British East Africa generally commends it for the strict subordination in which it places the negro. This, however, is more apparent at the first view than on reflection. Speaking broadly, and with some great reservations, the Roman Church obliterates distinctions between laymen; it has no fixed objection to coloured clergy, and the coloured priest possesses his full and equal share of the tremendous authority of the Church. Moreover, the Church prefers coloured marriages to fornication, and does not deprecate the birth of half-caste children.

There are even Protestant and Teutonic observers who would welcome the wholesale fusion of white and negro blood. Observing the undoubted good qualities of the negro—his cheerfulness and buoyancy of temper —they hope to import these along with European virtues into a new strain; failing this, they predict disaster for the white races, or at least their disappearance from the territory of the negro. For their pessimism, at any rate, there is much ground. The negro is multiplying; he is strengthening his hold on the ground; and he is already driving the white man out of manual occupations. Higher education may make him a rival in other fields; it will probably make him conscious of his own interests and render him a deliberate enemy of the white. The white man, in the meantime, is almost bound to deteriorate. He is overtaken by contempt for manual labour, a frame of mind which ends in inefficiency and contempt for all labours, and he cultivates a habit of harsh animosity which affects all his differences of opinion. The optimists in South Africa hope things will develop along more promising lines; that the whites will avoid these pitfalls; that, under a free system, their own talents will enable them to keep the lead by fair means, and the negro will remain a useful friend. Australia does not believe in this programme; she holds with the pessimists, and places her hopes in a system which will exclude from her territories every shade of colour. As I write I feel that the Australian system is the only true alternative to the Portuguese. The Portuguese programme is the more interesting—though it may be cynical to say so; the future of South Africa looks dark.

But here no doubt, as elsewhere, the unforeseen will happen. It may be that the Latin—and Greek—races

from Southern Europe will yet discover South Africa and revolutionise it. In the meantime I myself bid farewell to the Portuguese. It is not likely I shall visit them again. If I do, perhaps I shall find Delagoa Bay a fashionable watering-place. An astute Jew from the Transvaal already owns the building sites on the Brea. Thus millions beget millions; what clusters of millionaires shine in the South-African sky!

Durban

The original site of Durban was a spit of sand running into the sea, with a narrow opening and a large sheltered bay behind it. Pertinacious industry has deepened the opening, protected it with sea-walls, and lined the spit of sand with wharves. The approach from the sea is beautiful and impressive. Behind the harbour lie steep and wooded hills, and beneath them is the business quarter of the town. The outer side of the spit is fitted up with an esplanade and all the appurtenances of a watering-place.

Durban is, in fact, an English seaside town transported by a sort of miracle to Africa. As I walked about it I found myself once more in Southport, the scene of my childhood in Lancashire. There were the same shops, the same style of goods, the same advertisements of summer sales, and boardings with the very same posters that tell the Englishman he is at home. Strings of children with spades and buckets paraded the streets, and refreshment-rooms extended their invitations. There was nothing alien anywhere, except the rickshaw boys and the little blackamoors selling papers. I believe there were Indian and negro quarters elsewhere, but I did not see them.

This was the first English town beyond the seas I have seen, and a curious sight it was. There is no such thing in the world as a French town outside France or a German town outside Germany. What an odd thing that there should be an English town outside England!

There is an excellent tram service in Durban; you can take a tram, ride up the hills and admire the bijou villas where the people of Durban live. They are very small, but most of them have beautiful gardens, and a wide view over the harbour and the sea. Descending, you admire the handsome buildings of West Street, and you cannot fail to stop and marvel at the town hall. Three hundred thousand pounds it cost; and it represents the money. Not, I think, in the final success of the design, but in size and ambitious splendour. It would satisfy the requirements of any capital in the world, and certainly indicates a spirited policy in the views of the Durban residents. I believe they number about thirty thousand, and no town of the size has done more for itself anywhere. The war, of course, gave it a life; Durban is a distributing centre for the interior.

The climate is agreeable; prices rule low, and closer union, as the optimists think, has secured the future. The immigrant Indian is to be excluded from the country; and the domiciled Indian, though he is bound to stay, may, it is hoped, be kept within bounds. There are a hundred thousand of him. The negro is an unsolved problem of the interior. A few years ago he rebelled, but the rebellion was quietly put down,* and a commission was appointed to inquire how such things

* At an estimated loss, to the Colony, of £500,000; to the insurgents, of ten thousand lives.

might be averted in future. Their report makes gloomy reading; the commissioners assume sackcloth and ashes on behalf of Natal, confess the absence of a policy in the past, and hope—with little confidence—one may be found.

I shall not discuss the situation, because South Africa is excluded from my purview. I will only observe that the South-African negro is a larger and stronger, a more promising or more dangerous man, than the negro of British East Africa. He seems to grow more vigorous at each port as we go south, be this due to climate or the food, or to unknown causes. Nor is he found idling his time away. In the hold of the ship, at the winch, or on the wharf, he is learning what work and responsibility mean. This sort of education, at any rate, proceeds; and let me add that he is a cheerful labourer. Hour after hour he goes on, sometimes twenty-four hours at a stretch, and when his spirits flag he refreshes them with a circular dance, a memory of his ancestral kraal. Indeed, nowhere in South Africa has he yet forgotten his kraal, and few negroes there are who do not sometimes resist it. Employers view this habit with disfavour, but perhaps it saves society from the creation of a town proletariate.

One trace of the native in Durban is the curiosity shops. There are half a dozen of them, very interesting and attractive places. It is one of the oddities of the white man that, however much he despises the coloured man, he never fails to appreciate and appropriate anything good the coloured man makes. This is a lesson the coloured man ought to learn from him, but rarely does. Nowhere in Durban you may see basket-work, bead-work, and wire-work from the Zulu kraals freely

brought and sold at remunerative prices. Some of it is very tasteful, and I succumbed to several articles myself. One was the sceptre of a Zulu king, a tall staff of polished wood with a mystic emblem carved upon it, which I will some day ask a theosophist to explain for me.

The Zulus are great magicians. Their wizards are able to change an enemy into an owl, possessed indeed of his own human head, but otherwise hopelessly transformed, and his tongue split so that he can only gibber with it. I had this from one whose informant had witnessed it. A certain man was missing from a kraal, and the whole village went to search for him. They found him up a tree, looking mournfully down and struggling to speak; unnerved by the spectacle, they fled. As I take a special interest in stone-throwing spirits, I will mention that there is one on the Umgeni River, who throws very large stones at those who cross it.

Moreover, one man, whose word I trust, a man famous, if I mentioned his name, told me a tale of a Zulu clairvoyant, who recovered some stolen blankets for him. I have heard many tales to the same effect, but never one so circumstantial as this. He was certain that the diviner did not know why he was sent for, that he described the place where the blankets would be found, and that they were immediately found there.

Enough now of Africa, O reader! thou hast the better part of what I saw, and some part of what I reflected thereon. Yet, as we close with comprehensive glance, let us circle the Continent and see how much we have left unseen.

Northward of British East Africa the Somali main-

tains his freedom. Half-negro, perchance half-Arab, like the Swaheli, yet how unlike him; he scorns the yoke of east or west and flouts the advances of civilisation. A herdsman of cattle, like the most part of such, he is fierce and predatory; for they err who associate cows with the mild amours of Krishna or the piping swains and milkmaids of the west. The Somali is no such person; he traverses the country under our rule, cheating where he cannot plunder and plundering where he need not cheat; and retires to his own wilderness when he thinks fit, to breed and fight hostile clansmen and crown his brows with laurel. He is a Mohammedan, yet not of the brotherhood of Islam. He recks not of the Mahdi of Senussi, and I doubt if he has heard of the green flag.

Beyond him dwell the Abyssinians, in the Switzerland of Africa, a fertile land, a land rich in kine, and rich in mineral treasures. I predict for it a day of doom. Puffed up with memories of Adowa, and some unchronicled victories over the Mahdists, the chiefs of Abyssinia think they will never be removed. But all Europe has its eyes on Abyssinia, and the reckless feuds of those same chiefs will provide their chance, if they are ready to take it, when old Menelik dies. Like Oom Paul, like Abdul Hamid, he represents a failing order, and when he dies Abyssinia will or should, by the rules of probability, sweep into a newer day.

Egypt is as much Europe as Africa, for it belongs to neither; I pass it by. Algiers is France; Morocco, like the tortoise, is safe, at least till she provokes the European powers to unity. The spacious Sahara intervenes; beyond is a new Africa, the negro under Islam. There are potentialities here, but no sign of immediate

change. I know not what ferment passes under the name of the Senussi; but his hand is not ready to strike. Then comes the Congo Free State, in our days too easily maligned; the worst is over there. Here again the negro meets Christianity; we shall never see what he makes of it. Of South Africa I need not nor could I speak.

Throughout all the Continent railways are pressing forward with incredible speed; towns are springing up wherever the white man can live. Our school geographies grow obsolete as fast as they are written; no part of the world is moving with a swifter impulse. One can hardly say that anything like a new type of life or thought is emerging; but perhaps the present is the pioneer of that, as Mungo Park and Livingstone were the pioneers of the present. Perhaps, again, those ruins from Lamu to Zimbabwa prefigure the future as they sum up the past, and a newer age will find but the savages dancing and fighting under the African sun.

CHAPTER VII

AUSTRALIA

THE beginning of Australian history, like the beginnings of all things mortal, lies concealed in mystery. Strabo and Ptolemy write of a great Southern Land, and such a region is shown on some mediæval maps. The Spaniards or Portuguese may have sighted it; our first certain knowledge comes from the Dutch. Dutch explorers landed on the north and west, and Tasman in 1650 sailed round the whole country. He discovered Tasmania, New Zealand, and Tonga, but he avoided the coast of Australia and brought no attractive report of it. Indeed the districts which he saw, like those which the Dutch had already seen, were unfriendly to ships and unpromising to traders; the best parts of Australia were the last to be explored. In 1688 Dampier visited the north-west, to which he afterwards returned; he too gave a bad account of the country. He was the first English explorer; in 1770 came Captain Cook. The last great names amongst the mariners are those of Bass and Flinders, who completed our knowledge of the Australian shores.

This is a cold recital of many heroic deeds, performed for the most part by men who were scantily rewarded, even by Fame, and perished miserably. Flinders was a young surgeon who set off with six men in a ship's boat to chart the coast of South Australia, a coast as savage

and washed by a sea as stormy as any in the world. He was made a prisoner by the French for many years, and died at last on the day when his book was published. His name is now forgotten. Even the name of Tasman is forgotten; that of Cook alone survives. Here, at least, the verdict of Fame is just; Cook was the greatest of English seamen, in some ways the greatest seamen, of all time. To the virtues of a captain he added the acute eye of true science; the accuracy of his charts is marvellous, and his accounts of savage life admirably faithful. As a leader he was just and humane beyond his age; it is a typical freak of history that he, one of the few friends of the Polynesians, should have perished by their hands at Hawaii.

The land of Australia is so large that no visitor sees more than a corner of it; I write only of the corner which I saw, the south-east. It confronts the sea with glorious cliffs, that please the artist better than the sailor. The few openings are usually guarded by majestic heads rising like bastions from the water;* Sydney Heads form the noblest portal of the noblest harbour in the world. Against their rocky bases the sea thunders with restless fury; there is no grander sea than the coastal waters of Australia. I recall a long day watching the rollers at Newcastle. There was little wind, and only a slight swell off the shore; but as that swell approached, how it gathered volume, till the crest of each lifted wave with a grave irresistible motion fell straight down before the advancing wall of water. What a fall! a deafening crash, and the wall of water was a seething world of foam, racing towards the shore, as though it would swallow up

* The shores of Western India must have looked like those of Australia before the sea left the Ghats.

all Australia. Yet a few moments and the water was racing back and the next roller was posing itself for a descent. Tennyson, who cannot have seen such a thing, with prophetic insight realised its grandeur; the " league long " roller in his poems is almost the mark of the Southern Seas. But Australians know and love it well and surf bathing is one of their summer joys, not without its dangers as many a tale testifies, but Australians are bold swimmers, and hold many swimming records of the world.

The land near the sea is a sandy waste, attractive only to the botanist. Who knows not Botany Bay? But how many really know its history? How Cook spent a week; here " Mr Banks " gathered his specimens, and here, a few years later, the first convicts were sent to found the Commonwealth. But not here did they make their habitation; few days passed ere they discovered the thing that Cook missed—Sydney Harbour. Strange, but true, Cook sailed past Sydney Harbour without noticing it. So Sydney has become a city, while Botany Bay, but a few miles away, is still as Cook saw it, a sheet of water with untenanted shores. Most of these shores are now a public domain, and will be for ever, as they are now, specimens of old Australia. They are covered with heathery shrubs, rich in flowers, the new and brilliant flowers of the southern cross. I saw them first at Albany, where I landed in the west, and said to myself, if this was once a land of exile it cannot long have been a land of exile if it bears flowers like these. Not, at least, for English people. And the flowers of Australia has as much a place in English hearts there as the daisies of the north. Every state has its symbol flower, from the Boronia of the west to the Waratah of New South Wales;

I wonder the old world has not borrowed more of them. They were the more striking to me, as I came from Africa, a flowerless land, and all through my Australian visit I found new flowers showing themselves. In Melbourne there is a great botanical garden, where they are marshalled in beds together; elsewhere, on the heath by the sea or inland in the plains, they are scattered by Nature with her own random hand.

Of the scrub and bush of Australia much has been written. Almost everyone knows the blue gum tree, its lean trunk and sparse metallic foliage; assuredly there is nothing of the merry green wood in its sombre monotonous groves. We know, too, that much of Australia is clothed with it, and still more with "scrub." I saw little of this, and would rather write of those brighter scenes which I did visit and which are less known to the world. In the south-east of the country there is a large pastoral district, part of which is known as Liverpool Plains. Here you may enjoy the very perfection of pastoral scenery. Rolling hills, clusters of trees, pellucid streams, and miles of nobler pastures; England can show you nothing better. I saw it in the spring, for there is a spring in the far South; a spring that makes all things new, when the "faint fresh flame" of the young year transforms even the blue gum trees. Millions of flowers—red, yellow and blue—sparkled in the grass; there was nothing wanting to satisfy the farmer or the poet or the philosopher.

Australia, however, has wilder scenes than these. Journey up towards Queensland, voyaging over the Miall Lake, and you will find yourself in the virgin forest. Here the immigrant Papuan vegetation meets that of Australia; the forest is subtropical. I esteem it the finest

forest I have seen. The trees are all evergreen, with glossy leaves that twinkle in the sun, and the foliage is of witching beauty. It is not the drowsy verdure of the tropics, but a lighter and more graceful drapery; there are no heavy creepers, and you can look far into the heart of the forest. Ferns abound, especially epiphytes on the trees; they encircle the trunks with crowns of natural jewels.

The spoiler has not yet invaded these glorious retreats. No trust has exploited them; a few settlers live upon them; they are not yet ruined. Their day no doubt is coming; but, meanwhile, they have no other enemy than the sturdy woodman. He indeed makes short work of them, when once he swings his axe, and I watched more than one veteran of the forest fall. I saw him carried off in primeval fashion by teams of patient oxen, whose sagacious work was a delight to behold. Much of the timber so obtained is the best and most beautiful in the world; what will posterity do without it? One would like to see precious woods reserved for the higher purposes of art; and one would like to see some true reserves of primeval nature in every part of the world. Could not Australia spare a few square miles of her forests to show future ages what civilisation has destroyed? I grant some fine public domain she has set apart, but not exactly this, viz. a great block of untouched virgin forest. If Nature is really a sacred name with English people, why do they not create for the spirits of the woods a sanctuary? It is scarcely realised by us yet how little virgin forest is now left in the world.

It may be asked, do I forget the state reserves in the Blue Mountains? I do not; who that has ever seen them could forget them? The Blue Mountains rise some few

miles from Sydney and are easily reached from that city. Their summits form a series of plateaux, covered with blue gum trees. It is not these, however, that bring visitors to the Blue Mountains, but the gorges that intersect them. These gorges are the crowning glory of Australian scenery, and they compare with all that is most famous in the old historic North. They are deep and winding chasms in the plateau, with walls of precipitous rock. No element of grandeur is wanting in their outlines, escarpments, cliffs and boulders confront each other in profuse variety, streams of water, pools and cascades relieve their gloom and fill their silence with music. The vegetation displays the hand of a demiurgic artist; criticism becomes merely a search for the most exacting demands, which in a moment are supplied. Here rises a wall of many acres crowded with moss and ferns; there it is challenged by an iron cliff without a lichen on it. Sometimes the valley widens and we see height upon height receding above us; sometimes it narrows to a dark cleft, where slender trees, immeasurably tall, aspire vainly to the distant skies.

The State of New South Wales has laid out walks amid these scenes with great judgment, and the more remote of them may be visited with unqualified pleasure. Rodriguez Pass I shall remember, along with Kashmir, as one of the few perfect spots on earth. But other places, even a little more accessible, are beginning to lose their charm. Accessibility brings the crowd of vandals, whose pleasure it is to damage and pollute scenes like these, and who must needs be defeated by precautions almost as vexatious as the injuries they inflict. Will "education" ever teach these people better? I know not; education has not taught the vulgarian

to cease scratching his name on conspicuous places; the only person who will not do this is the gentleman—whatever a gentleman may be. Even in Rodriguez Pass I came across one foolish woman scratching her name on a boulder; very tired she looked, and much I wondered what miserable instinct inspired her action. Perhaps the same instinct that led the souls in hell to inquire if they were remembered in the upper world, the horror of oblivion, as much an infirmity of ignoble as of noble minds.

Not far from these regions are the Jenolan Caves. Caves in lime-stone rocks—such things are common enough, but every common thing, somewhere in the world, attains a size that makes it a glory of Nature's works. Such are the Jenolan Caves. Their full extent is yet unknown, but you may spend a week exploring them, several hours a day, without revisiting the same scene. The interiors are sometimes narrow and winding, sometimes vaster than any created by man, and merely as caverns they would be interesting. The material of the rocks is strangely impressive, and the ages of geologic history rise dimly on the mind. A few quiet streams that glide along the floors of the caverns, these are the agents of the change before us; how long has it taken them?

The following is from an Australian paper:

"A most interesting and little known geological explanation of the Jenolan Caves was given at the opening of the "Temple of Baal" Cave on Saturday. Over an old continent that once lay somewhere near where Australia is to-day there grew a forest, it was said, and on the fallen forest trees dripped the rain, and absorbed carbonic acid gas that rose from the rotting leaves. The acid water passing over rocks, especially limestone, dissolved the lime out of them, and flowed off, carrying the lime with it to the sea. Off the coast of that continent, in the sea where the Blue

Mountains are now, was a coral reef, whose coral insects absorbed the lime that got into the sea, and made more coral of it. The bottom of the sea was sinking, and the coral always building up to it until for some reason they died. The mud slime of the ocean for æons flowed over their reef, and crushed it into hard rock. Then at last the bed of the sea began to rise again. Here may have been a fissure along that part of the earth's crust. Any way the coral reef and the land around it rose till it became the high mountains we see from Sydney to-day. Another forest grew and decayed over it—and grows and decays there still. More acid water dissolved out the lime from the rock that once was coral, and left—the Jenolan Caves. The lime it carried to the sea where the coral insects about Lord Howe Island are eating it at this day."

But how long has it taken to form the great wonder of the caves, the stalactites? And how shall we write of them? Descending from the roofs, ascending from the floors, through all the caves, are crowded millions of stalactites, if millions be a strong word to use, where it is really as feeble as "dozens." Their mere number escapes observation, for the mind is fully occupied with their variety, and their amazing, inexpressible beauty. In every cave, in almost every chamber the type varies. Sometimes we have pillars, smooth or fluted, sometimes filaments descending from the roof as thin as wires or many yards in circumference, and yet again long shawls with graceful folds, or pavements fretted with millions of tiny bristles. The imagination can suggest nothing that is wanting. Sometimes the formation resembles that of a tree, with a trunk springing from the soil and branches running in every direction; such formations often stand in little caves of their own and look like triumphs of the jeweller's art. The colours vary from that of snow to rich browns and reds in the shawls, which are viewed by transmitted light. Electricity and magnesium lamps are freely used.

These luxuries are due to the New South Wales

Government which has taken over the caves, and manages them. The management is excellent. The arrangements are all admirable and perfect in their good taste. The charges are moderate, and I have only to complain that they do not supply either in print or through the guides any scientific information about the caves. This, of course, is not supplied because it is wanted. The crowds of tourists who visit Jenolan, good-humoured Philistines on their holidays, desire no such thing as serious words from the guide. He marshals them in a flock as they enter, and admonishes them not to break the stalactites, or write their names upon them. Forgetting (or perhaps remembering) that this is what they would be apt to do, the tourists reprehend such practices and the train proceeds. In tempting places their principles are not tried, for a suspicious Government encloses the party in a cage of netting. The guide, as they proceed, points out resemblances, such as may please the party, Jews being gratified with the sight of a Jew's nose, Catholics with that of a Madonna. A hole is indicated where a certain Ridley fell and damaged himself through neglecting the guide's instructions. Fifty feet he fell; " was he killed? " inquire the ladies; " no," replies the guide, " 'e was a Civil Servant, they're 'ard to kill." (In the democracy of Australia, Civil Servants are not popular.) The male birds of the party, encouraged by the guide make their own experiments in similes:

That is like a piece of bacon.

That is like a piece of tripe.

That is like a turkey in a poulterer's shop.

The ladies less inventive, exhaust themselves in continual praises (like the elect spirits in Paradise).

Isn't it lovely?
How lovely!
There's a lovely one!

The inanity of the crowd is a comment on Education scarcely favourable. In mitigation one may urge that mixed crowds of men and women are never in a serious humour. Women, indeed, are never serious where things beautiful or intellectual are concerned, and men lay aside serious thoughts in their company.

The close resemblance of the caves to architecture raises many curious thoughts, like those other resemblances, so often found between contrivances of nature and contrivances of man. The mystery of design is raised once more. For what purpose were these marvels created and treasured up in the earth? Countless millions of years have passed over them; no eye has seen their beauty till yesterday,* was it for this they have waited? Or is their beauty but an accident, and our mortal sight of it an accident? Then what more important end, if any, do they serve, or what deeper reality belongs to them?

I know not; to be practical once more, let me say that amongst all the natural wonders of the world there is none that surpasses, hardly one that equals, these caves. Similar caves in America and Europe can not be named along with them. Other caves in Australia (and New Zealand) may deserve the comparison; I did not myself visit them.

In the neighbourhood of Jenolan you may still see a few wallabies, little kangaroos, that skip full blithely over the rocks. I am thus prompted to speak here of

* Nevertheless, skeleton of a "blackfellow" was found in one of the caves. It was a bushranger who discovered them.

the wild animals of Australia, though it is little indeed I can say of them. Why should I copy out of books curious details about kangaroos and wombats and the duck-billed platypus? What I have chiefly to say about these animals is that they are all dead and gone; civilisation has killed them. The kangaroo, so edible, so flayable and so tannable, could hardly expect to live among white settlers; and even had they spared *him*, they were not prepared to spare the tall grass which he needs for his sustenance. The duck-billed platypus might have hoped something from his unique form; but his fur was too much of a temptation. In Messrs Tost and Rohu's shop there are three thousand skins of his awaiting sale. The emu struggles on in a few barren districts; you can still buy emu eggs in the shops. His day is coming however. A few reserves have been for the wild creatures, and in the zoos a few tame specimens may survive, their native wilds know them no more.

Cockatoos and parrots still exist—mischevious tribes of *graminivorae*. I did not see any, nor did I see a snake, though snakes are common, also cases of snake-bite. I met an idiot girl who had never recovered from a snake-bite, and bethought myself of Ruskin's notion of the colonies, as places where people "got bitten by rattlesnakes and died of fever."

The death of Australia's native fauna has been, in a measure, avenged by that humble instrument of destiny, the rabbit. Some years ago a settler thought he would like to see a few rabbits frisking about his fields and sent for some; with what results the world knows. Rabbits became the chief question of Australia. Having no natural enemies, no cold winter to face, and endless plains of grass before them, the rabbits stepped forward

to enjoy those gifts of Ceres and Venus which the settlers intended for themselves. They ruined millions of acres of land, and even costly and careful fencing failed to check them. Poison scarcely thinned their numbers, and only closer settlement really gets rid of them.

One device against them, it is said, has succeeded. As many rabbits as possible having been caught in a certain area, the does are killed and the bucks released. The sexual equilibrium of the community is thus disturbed; the surviving does are harrased by the bucks, and all the symptoms of race suicide present themselves. Thus, perhaps, man triumphs again. As not always nor everywhere; in Bombay we are openly flouted by the vermin; crows, sparrows, rats and bugs use as they will. And even in the heart of Melbourne, in the University Gardens, vanishing amid the bushes, I saw a rabbit.

The aborigines of Australia were the "blackfellows," by which name I shall write of them, for they had no name by which they called themselves. I saw little of them myself, for in the settled parts of Australia they are almost extinct. At Albany one wretched old man was begging in the street, the last blackfellow in that district; near Sydney I saw a few, chiefly half-castes, in a mission at Botany Bay. But this is what I have learned about the blackfellow from those who knew him:

He was a very lowly savage. Something like a negro, yet not a negro, nor a Melanesian, his affinities are unknown, so are those of his many languages. Unlike the islanders, he had no agriculture—there is hardly a native plant in Australia worth cultivating for food. He lived by the chase, or on casual berries of the jungle, shifting his quarters according to the

seasons. He had no houses; even in the cold latitudes of the south he put up nothing more than a shelter of boughs and strips of bark.

Social groups were small, for food was scarce; the scarcity of food and the difficulties of travel required the systematic slaughter of children. Chiefs were either unknown or enjoyed little power. The various tribes were constantly at war, chiefly over hunting rights. There were, however, many reunions, and heralds—mostly women—were respected. Religion, chaotic and fragmentary; they had some belief in the future world and some in a Supreme Being, but, for the most part, were concerned with ghosts. It is asserted by one good authority that some tribes in the centre believed in re-incarnation; evidence of this, however, is needed, for the doctrine is a pre-Aryan invention of India, and does not seem to be met with outside that country.

We have thus before us a people on a low level of culture. I will not say of happiness, for I have no doubt they were as happy as ourselves, enjoyed their feasts and "corroborees,"* and battled through their days of want much as we do. But some remarkable gifts they had, and some of their inventions will live for ever. The old "black trackers" are renowned in literature; they could pick up the desert trail of man or beast with a skill which no other savage seems to have equalled. And the blackfellow invented that most curious of weapons, the boomerang. Volumes have been written on it, and the cases of Australian museums exhibit countless boomerangs of every shape. Not all of them returned in their flight; indeed the returning boomerang were more a toy than a weapon, but the flight of a boomerang was

* Dances.

always puzzling, and it was a dangerous weapon in attack. I have seen myself a boomerang meant to be thrown at a fish leaping out of water. Whether boomerangs were known to other races has been debated by savants; there is an Egyptian fowler on one of the monuments who seems to be hunting ducks with a boomerang, and the German *cateia*, mentioned by Virgil, is claimed by some as a boomerang. I know not; ideas and inventions spring up in many places and culminate in one, so it was with the boomerang. I saw it thrown by a blackfellow on a Melbourne football field; it looked like a tumbler pigeon circling in the air. The blackfellows were also skilled in the use of spears, and by use of their "throwing sticks" could hurl them with prodigious force and accuracy.

They were, moreover, humorous and musical people. It was a blackfellow who refused to believe in hell, "where get 'em wood make 'em that big fellow fire?" And I saw one of the race, at the mission, taking a gum-tree leaf, and placing it between his thumbs, blow upon it, eliciting notes as sweet as those of a flute and rendering our own melodies in perfect tune.

Such then was the blackfellow, before we invaded his land; what have we done for him? There is a picture in the gallery at Medlow Bath with a sad suggestiveness about it; a blackfellow lying on the cliff near Sydney, watching a portent on the sea, a white-winged bark sailing past his shore. He is wondering what it means. This the blackfellows soon learned when the strangers came to settle in Australia; and between settlers and savages no lasting peace is possible. It has generally happened that savages have recognised in white settlers a superior power, have sought to placate

it, and have abstained from acts of provocation till provoked themselves. But every act of the settlers provokes them. Their hunting and fishing grounds are appropriated, and they are offered the choice of starvation or war. War follows. Some acts of savage cruelty follow, and the settler has an excuse, if excuse he needs, for crushing the savage. This, at any rate, was the order of events in Australia, where finally, in many districts, the savages were shot off along with the kangaroos, or exterminated by poisoned grain. The Tasmanians, in particular, were ground into dust between the upper and nether millstones of fate; hear what the Government complier, B. Smyth, says of them:

"From all that could be gathered respecting this extinct race, it appears that the people were originally, when they first came into contact with whites, mild, diffident, willing to be friendly and rather afraid of the invaders of their territory. But when the convicts began to steal their wives and daughters and slaughter their warriors, when the settlers began to occupy their lands, they evinced stronger feelings. They attacked the settlers whenever an opportunity occurred and their energy and persistence, if they had succeeded in ridding themselves of their enemies, would have placed them high in the ranks of patriots."

The situation thus created passes human powers of judgment. I heard a minister in Melbourne, a distinguished man, a good and pious man, preaching from the text "Be fruitful and multiply," justify the extermination of the blackfellows on the ground that they had neglected to use and develop the country. He may have been right; perhaps only want of courage prevents one from meeting him with hearty assent. But surely he did not see the dreadful import of his views!

Be it noted that white civilisation is neither better nor worse than others in its fierce self-assertion; let the extinguished Coreans and the slaughtered Formosans

testify against Japan. And there is this to the credit of the white races, that they do shirk the truth; they beat witness against themselves. Moreover, their responsible Governments have generally, to the best of their power, fought the hopeless battle of the native. Phillip's first instructions to the colony were to live in amity and kindness with the natives; "Any man who takes the life of a native will be put on his trial the same as if he had killed one of the garrison"; and succeeding Governments punished the murderer of blackfellows with severity, hanging as many as seven whites together on one single occasion.

There has never been any racial feeling against the blackfellow. Early settlers wrote of them often with great sympathy; listen to Captain Trench (1793) on the charms of a dusky maiden:

"She excelled in beauty all the females I ever saw.* Her age was about eighteen; the firmness, symmetry and luxuriance of her bosom might have tempted painting to copy its charms. Her mouth was small; her teeth white and unbroken. Her countenance was distinguished by a softness and sensibility unequalled in the rest of her countrymen, and I was willing to believe that these traits indicated the disposition of her mind."

At the present day such blacks as work, work on the same pay and in the company of white labourers; black children are not excluded from any Government School.

They are so far better off than the "untouchables" of India.

The remaining aborigines, quite numerous in the centre of Australia, are now treated in the main sensibly and kindly, and efforts are made to bring them round to civilisation. Unavailing efforts! Steady work they cannot endure; it breaks their spirits and ruins their health. The missionaries (much condemned by scientific men),

* He was only a naval officer!

struggle with the problem; it is the weakness of their system, here as elsewhere, that they require too much religion and produce too many pious frauds. There was, however, a great scandal, during my visit, over a moderate chastisement of a little black girl by a missionary; so queer is the course of history, that the same people who once shot the Australian without mercy are now spoiling him by silly kindness. I was once at an entertainment by the children of an aborigine's school; it seemed that the work done was a spurious and decadent kindergarten.

It is a relief to turn to the growth of the white colonies of Australia, a subject admirably illustrated by the historical records published by the New South Wales Government. We have already noted that Australia got a bad name from the early explorers, it was long before any northern nation thought of colonising the country. Some such idea was suggested to England by the loss of her American colonies, and schemes were put forward for replanting the American loyalists in Australia.* Some of these schemes were excellently planned, notably those of Mr Matra and Sir George Young, but they came to nothing; the Government had no views of Empire. What finally set them in motion was the crowd of criminals in English prisons, a crowd numbering one million in 1785.† Government at last decided to thin them out my depositing some of them in Australia. This was in no sense a philanthropic project or one framed in

* Not generally known by this name till after 1800; previously "New Holland."

† Australian authorities assert that more than one hundred and twenty thousand criminals were previously deported to the U.S.A. I have heard this denied in America, and have not explored the point.

pursuit of an ideal. Bacon long before had declared it " a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked and condemned men " to plant a colony; and for all the British Government knew, he was right,* but they proceeded with their scheme. It found no friends;† the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Monthly Review* pronounced it " most extravagant." Had Mr Stead been alive, perhaps, he would have foiled it; however, those were aristocratic days, and Government went its way. Lord Sydney was Home Secretary, and the officer he chose to command the enterprise was Phillips.

I pause here to reverence the name of Phillips; he is one of the forgotten great men of England, not a town or street in Australia bears his name; the city he founded is called, from the negligent and incapable, Sydney. But the Records show what sort of man he was; a truly great organiser, farsighted, patient, humane and just, he is the one really great man connected with Australian history. The hour found him out; when his work was done, he retired into obscurity. One can hardly understand what led him to accept the thankless office to which Sydney called him; probably it was a mere sense of duty.

Anyhow, there were handed over to him seven hundred and seventy-five persons, sailors and convicts, men and women, and a ship to be victualled and stored for the voyage. Over the victuals and stores Government showed incredible meanness and apathy. They did not even provide arms, there were no musket balls, no paper for cart-

* Strange to say he was only partly right; the example of Australia's history does not vindicate the claim of philosophers to be kings.

† That verbose Irishman, Edmund Burke, ignored it.

ridges, no armourer's tools, no medicines, no hospital diet, no supplies of such things as leather, no women's clothes. Month after month Phillips continued his applications for them, showing marvellous patience and self-control; at last he was forced to sail without them.

We cannot follow him on his long voyage; it lasted thirty-six weeks and covered 5021 leagues. During that time only twenty-five persons died, a proof of excellent dispositions on the ship. A brief trial of Botany Bay led Phillips to move on to Sydney, and there he founded the colony. It was a long and weary task. Even amongst the free men discontent was rife; Phillips had no friends or supporters. The soldiers refused to act as goalers. The surgeon declared "it was a country so hateful as to merit only execration and curses." The chaplain* returned to England by the first ship that sailed there, finding the place "an awkward and unpromising corner of the Lord's Great House." But amid cowardice and mutiny Phillip persevered. He wrote in his first despatches that Australia was "the most valuable acquisition Great Britain ever made"; and all his thoughts were directed to improvements. Meantime, he lived on the same food and the same rations as the convicts, and during the first winter these sunk to a point at which they barely supported life.† The convicts, who did not

* One chaplain was sent with the expedition at the last moment, on the urgent request of Sir Joseph Banks. A Roman Catholic Chaplain volunteered, but Government refused him permission to go.

† There was a real danger of the colony being starved to death. In 1581 Philip II (of Spain) fitted out a colony of five hundred men for the straits of Magellan. An English ship passing later found sixteen of them alive. Of these only one was at hand when the ship appeared; she took him off, but did not wait for the other fifteen.

include a single farmer and gardener, much less a botanist, whose tools were "the worst that ever were seen," were long before they raised any food for themselves.

It has only to be added that when Phillips left the days of doubt and gloom were over; free settlers were arriving, and brighter views were being taken of the future. But the only recognition the leader had, so far as I remember, were the words, on receipt of his first despatches, "His Majesty is graciously pleased to approve of your conduct." Let those who are not ashamed of low ideals fix their thoughts on medals and ribbons, on fame, even on pensionary allowances (for which last weakness there is some excuse).

Shall we pause now a little "to explore the convict world of those vanished days?" The literary relics are all we have left. I did, indeed, at Sydney visit "the Rocks," a group of the first Sydney houses, empty and vanishing, which had seen the convict days, but there is really nothing left to speak of the system itself. Books there are about it, yet even here we miss the spiritual life of the old thieves and ruffian; it has never passed into literature. There is a glimpse of it in "Oliver Twist," much melodramatised, and with that we must be satisfied. Australia yields us nothing, except a few hard facts.

I had the fortune to find these in a hotel, the Newgate Calendar, a moralising work which relates the trials of famous criminals. It shows some dark spots in human nature; if you wish to try your faith in man, the Newgate Calendar will supply a test. Among the nobles of England, Lord Ferress, Colonel Charteris, Lord Baltimore—what monsters of lust and cruelty! In the pro-

fessed criminal classes, what hardened perseverence in crime! One is amazed at the prevalence of seduction and rape; the ill-treatment of children and apprentices, and, in general, at the impunity of evil doers. Indeed, the nobleman was really above the law, and the vulgar criminal easily escaped beyond it. Had there not been righteous men whom nothing could quell, the civilisation of such an age must have perished.

The great feature of life in England then was a marvellous hardness and toughness. In the military and naval service we read tales of incredible endurance, both mental and physical. Flogging was the common punishment; and in the service directions the wielder of the "cat" was enjoined to run the lash through his fingers between each stroke to remove the flesh and blood from it. This single fact shows us what flogging was like; yet men survived hundreds of lashes. Their food was such that one fails to perceive how they ate it at all, much more how they lived and flourished on it. But complaint would have been useless, and hardness of body had to be fortified by hardness of mind. If harsh injustice was not the rule, it was certainly a common exception to the rule, and a man of a brooding temper must have perished quickly in those days. Yet I do not remember even to have read of a suicide in the service,* and acts of personal vengeance were very rare. What saved the situation was partly the presence of some men in authority both strong and just, and partly the general spirit of fair play among the masses. We must add, in other directions, the influences of religion and of humanitarian sentiment—at that time not yet an evil. Those who spread these influences were

* Not even in the days of the press gang.

fortunately men of the same tough fibre as their enemies.*

We know now what sort of men the convict ships brought to Australia. There were, no doubt, other types, swindlers and sneaks, as well as men scarcely criminals at all, poachers for example, and many transported for petty crimes, or convicted on false evidence.†

But the mass were rogues, and in judging their treatment we must not forget this. If we remember it, that treatment seems to have been, on the whole, sensible and humane. It is astonishing how many good officials one reads of, captains, surgeons, chaplains, and even warders. Some of the governors, like Macquarie, were notably indulgent to convicts. The general system was to grant leave to men of good character, finding them to work for free settlers. The system was sometimes abused, but on the whole it worked well. It seems a fair inference from the record that any convict, who deserved it, could, in a few years, secure his freedom, independent means and a good character. Violent punishment was not common; re-convicted convicts were sent to Norfolk Island. Here they had a good and healthy climate, and a hard life; vice and cruelty were rife; but at least those who suffered, suffered the reward of deliberate and incurable rascality.

As the few settlers increased in numbers, they objected more and more to the transportation of convicts. Finally

* Reader, if ever you are in Melbourne, observe the picture "Food for Powder" in the Melbourne Gallery.

† Once or twice a prisoner falsely convicted established his innocence. Such a one was William Barber, whose misfortunes and heroism are amongst the most moving tales I have read. If any sort of men deserve statues and stained-glass windows is it not such as he, who are forgotten?

in 1851 the discovery of gold made the system impossible. About eighty thousand convicts reached Australia before that date; and it is an interesting question what effect their presence has had on the colonial character.

One institution certainly is conferred on the country —the bushranger. The early bushrangers were escaped convicts. Naturally, the convicts sometimes tried to escape, by sea and land, though very rarely they succeeded. One party did actually make their way in a boat to Timor (an astonishing feat), where, by accident, they were recaptured and, without compunction, sent back to servitude. Other parties struggled as far as the Blue Mountains, where they perished of thirst or even murdered and ate each other. A few eked out a desperate living in the bush, plundering farm-houses or holding up coaches. There was little romance about their lives, and they were much hated by the settlers. When this generation passed away, native born Australians began to take to the bush, and sometimes caused much public inconvenience. The story of the Kelly Gang is well known, at least in Australia; it cost the State of New South Wales £80,000 to catch and destroy them.

I have heard it said that the Kelly Gang owed their long life to the slow wits of the Australian police; that a few Americans from the wild west would have shot them down much sooner. Very likely this is true; but things Australian have never followed the same course as things American. Though Australia absorbed so many convicts, in the Australian goldfields the law took its usual course, while in such scenes in America it has always been powerless. The source of this difference I have never fully explored. I am told it was visible in

Klondyke, directly you crossed from American to British territory; lynch law and private shooting ceased. Everybody knew that a murderer would, sooner or later, be hanged; this had a sobering effect even on bullies who were masters of their weapons.

The wider question remains whether Australian tone has been affected by the convict element. In one way obviously it has been affected; the Australians dislike references to the past. You must not speak of ropes in the presence of a man whose father was hanged; and one colonial governor, neglecting this adage, had its truth severely rubbed into him. He congratulated the Australians on having lived down their birth stains, and public opinion expelled him from the country. Public opinion could have been wiser and more manly had it accepted the compliment in the spirit in which it was intended; in Australia it should be no libel to inform the world that a man's grandfather was a convict. I can say this because I feel that Australia really has lived down its origin. No one would have predicted this a hundred years ago, and it shows a great vitality in the Australian people. New Zealand, their neighbour, was colonised by the chosen few (and New Zealand does not forget this), yet I think no visitor who has travelled in both countries will say anything he met with recalled this difference to his mind. There are differences between Australia and New Zealand, not always in favour of Australia; but the manners of good society in both countries are similar, and there has never appeared any decadent class of whites in Australia, (such as one may find in the southern states of America).

To proceed, I leave untold the wonderful story of Australian inland exploration. It may be found in any

history, and yields to no story of the kind in the great qualities which it records. It brought to light a disappointing interior. The great want of Australia is water; why did not Providence pour the superfluity of Canada into the waste of Australia?

If indeed the earth was designed for man, it is wonderful how little of it yields him a comfortable habitation. A few corners and fringes of the great Continents —that is all. Australia has such corners in the south-east. I have spoken already of the Liverpool Plains, and artesian wells have changed much of the north-east, perhaps are destined to change still more. Humanly speaking, however, most of the country is dry, hot, and cheerless. The south-west is chilly enough in winter, and the days are as variable as those of our own British Isles; but passing northwards you soon come to regions with the summer temperature of Sind. Hot winds from these regions blew down to Sydney occasionally, and the Bombayite recognises Bombay; but the breezes sweep up from the ocean, rain pours down, and the demons of the sky retreat inland again.

So we are now approaching Australia of the present; it is time to speak of the cities and city life of the country. Let me not pass without a word of gratitude to the quiet town of Albany; its trim little streets, churches, schools and town hall. After three weeks of the Southern Sea I found myself once more at home, though not at home; everything familiar and unfamiliar; contrasts arising everywhere. White labourers on the quay working about half as hard as the niggers in Africa. On the door of the post office was chalked up by some optimist "Co-operation will abolish poverty." I bought some sprays of *Baronia*, a new flower, a new

colour, a new smell, and returning to the Karoolah voyaged on to Melbourne.

Melbourne is the Paris of Australia. It owes its wide handsome streets to a farsighted surveyor, who died in poverty; it is a city of fine vistas. In its situation it is unfortunate. Some miles of a winding river separate it from the bay, and the bay is itself an unsightly piece of water. The river has been dredged and broadened, but is still a problem; its scenic value is *nil*. The charms of the city lie within its own boundaries; and it is truly a wonderful creation. In 1835 there was not a house in Melbourne; it has now five hundred thousand people, and its public buildings are all worthy of a great city. There are two museums, one popular and one scientific. Nowhere else have I seen this plan of division so well carried out; and there is much to be gained by it. The popular museum has all the relics of old Melbourne, many illustrations of life in England, and all those odds and ends which are instructive and interesting to common people, but lumber up a scientific institution. The scientific museum is strong in the antiquities of Australia—the furniture of the poor savages is tended far more carefully than their own bodies and souls. I forget in which museum I saw the statue of Ten Thousand Years, with an inscription relating that it was looted by the New South Wales Contingent at the sack of Pekin. This is the only piece of downright plunder I have ever seen in a British museum, though many articles have doubtless been wheedled or bullied out of savages. But then, is it not just as fair to pillage your enemy as to kill him?

The botanical gardens are very beautiful; there is a pleasant acquarium, and an excellent picture gallery.

The library is a noble institution, and all the shelves are open to the visitor. This plan is general in Australia and New Zealand; it increases the value of a library manyfold and its possibility shows great progress in the culture and morality of the people. Is not this enough in praise of Melbourne? Melbourne people do not envy Sydney, in spite of its harbour; they are satisfied with Melbourne. They have their own country resorts; I did not visit them, but went on to Sydney.

Sydney is the London of Australia. It did not spring up in a night like Melbourne, but grew by a growth rapid enough, but unconscious and undirected. One of its chief streets still follows the zigzag of the old carts, as they made their way up the hill before the street existed. And all its streets are more or less narrow and crooked. But they teem with a life which recalls that of London, and the type of buildings favours the comparison, tall, massive and irregular. The public institutions are not so well housed as those of Melbourne; their contents are perhaps in each case on a level. The Sydney museum draws from the South Sea Islands rather than from Australia. There is a botanic garden and a domain or public parks, the Hyde Park of Sydney, where the revolutionaries preach. But the glory of the city is its situation; "What do you think of our harbour?" There are hundreds of miles of this harbour, sheets of water and winding creeks without end, countless thousands of villas line the heights which surround it, yet there are still reaches where not a house can be seen, and the old fragrant bushes line the shores. For use and recreation there is hardly such a sheet of water in the world. And then you can easily pass from Sydney to the open shore, where the long rollers wash

the crags, and the whole world, if they would, could spend their holidays.

Great cities like Melbourne and Sydney imply great industries somewhere. What are the industries of Australia?

Mining, of course, but I did not see anything of it. Since 1851 £500,000,000 of gold have been produced in Australia; and of silver £38,000,000. Other minerals are also found; New South Wales raises yearly about 10,000,000 tons of coal. Iron exists in many places but is yet little worked. I saw nothing personally of Australian mining save indeed the alum mine near the Miall Lakes. You could hardly call it a mine; it was a mountain of alum, a glorious mass of rosy crags, clothed with trees and ferns. Broken Hill, the great silver mine, from photos seems to be a dark place of the earth, a chaos of wheels and chimney stacks, shrouded in poisonous fumes.

But the wool industry is the true gold mine of Australia. Its history has been written by Mr Burfitt; I draw a few facts from his absorbing pages. Wool had always been a staple of England, and Governor Phillip did actually take some sheep with his convicts to Australia. These sheep all perished, and the question of the sheep's future in Australia became a subject of discussion. It was suggested that the Spanish merino would flourish there, and the British Government invited the opinion (among others) of Sir Joseph Banks. That really great botanist and practical man, himself familiar with Australia, replied:

"I have no reason to believe that the climate or soil of New South Wales is at all better calculated for the production of fine wools than that of other temperate climates, and am confident that

the natural grass of that country is tall, coarse, seedy and very different from the short and sweet mountain grass of Europe, upon which sheep thrive to the best advantage. I have never heard of any luxuriant pastures of the natural growth of New South Wales at all fitted for the pasturage of sheep till I read of them of Captain Macarthur's statement. . . . I am not inclined to advise their Lordships to recommend any special encouragement to be given at present to perfect what as yet is a mere theoretical speculation."

The Captain Macarthur here mentioned landed in Australia as an army officer in 1790. He it was who guided the first plough that broke Australian soil, and he early took the step of obtaining those rams and five ewes of the merino breed from South Africa. He sent to England a specimen of the wool he grew, and Sir Joseph Banks had seen these specimens when he wrote his discouraging report.

From which we learn:

(i) That expert opinion is fallible,

(ii) That *a prior* reasoning is fallible. And yet expert opinion and *a prior* reasoning are apparently all we have to trust to in this world.

Be that as it may, the British Government did not actually crush Macarthur, but allowed him some land (out of millions of unused acres), and the services of thirty convicts—on condition of his maintaining them. The next Governor, the famous and ill-famed Bligh, tried to take these advantages from him, but Governor Bligh was himself deported by the colonists. And Macarthur, before he died, in 1834, saw Australia producing over £2,000,000 of wool a year.

In 1910 I met in New South Wales an old man named Denny, who had known Macarthur. He was the first white man born in Australia, and his age was verified at ninety-eight. His step was firm, his eye bright, his mind and

memory clear. In features and character and even in speech he belonged to an earlier age of Englishmen; "King Jarge," he said to me (George III.) "would ha' hanged you or me if we'd stolen a sheep" (pausing and with emphasis), "*he* had a flock o' sheep *stolen* from action in this light, and I cannot say what happened, but this is what Mr Denny believed. He had been over sixty years a ship's carpenter, and had never married.

In 1908 the value of the wool exported from Australia was £2,200,000. I was curious to see the source of this wealth, and received a kind invitation to a squatter's home in New South Wales. It was a beautiful home in a park-like country, with green pastures and clumps of trees. The house was bright and modern, with a pleasant garden. Not far away were the men's quarters, and the buildings where the sheep were shorn or (according to the season) otherwise maltreated. I say maltreated, for the useful sheep, like poor Tecmessa in ancient poetry, is born to misery.

His first experience after birth is to be gelded and have his tail cut off; a year later comes his first visit to the shears. This is an annual pleasure for several years, till his wool falls off in quality, and he is killed and eaten, or boiled down into tallow. His life is made up of alarms; he has a few quiet moments to nibble the grass in, but it is never long before he finds dogs barking and whips cracking at him, and he is chased into a pen or a pasture somewhere else. All unintelligible to the sheep.

Now, as for the shearing, at present this is mostly done by machinery; an oil-engine sets in motion a row of clippers on each side of a long shed. Each shearer

has his own clipper, and his own supply of sheep in a pen. Diving into the mass he seizes and drags out a sheep, plants it upright on its haunches and bestrides it. Then he plunges the shears into the wool, pealing a long strip from the creature's back. There is a regular method followed, and very soon the whole fleece lies on the floor. The sheep utters never a sound and scarcely struggles.* Yet he leaves the shearer bleeding all over, and sometimes with great gashes ploughed in him. A splash of tar is daubed on there—or a few stitches applied in bad cases—and the sheep is kicked down a shoot into the yard. There, if the night is frosty, he stands a chance of death, for, however uncomfortable the burden of his fleece may have been, the sudden loss of it leaves him miserably cold. Such are the facts regarding the care of sheep; facts overlooked by pastoral poets. Indeed the Australian shearers are no "dainty rogues in porcelain." They are a muscular, unwashed set of varlets who sit very loosely to civilisaton. They go round, according to the season, from one station to another, carrying their roll of blankets and the tin can, or billy, for boiling tea, which is almost the national emblem of the country. The conditions of their life to-day are not so hard or degrading as those of the past; they are well fed, well paid, and well housed. This is due to Unionism, of which more hereafter; the shearers' union is the strongest in Australia. Shearers are still paid by piece-work, and the best men work incredibly fast. The sheep is stripped in about three minutes. It may be judged that a shearing

* How true is the scriptural expression "Like a sheep before the shearers, he was dumb." I should like to see a collie dog shorn; what a barking and biting there would be.

shed is a lively scene. I think Homer describes one in the Shield of Achilles:

"Also he sets therein a shearing shed with two rows of shearers busy on either side. Full speedily they stripped the sheep, and the fleeces kept falling to the floor, and between them seen boys gathering up the fleeces, bearing them to the sorters, and a blackfellow with a brush and a bucket of tar, in case any of the well skilled shearers should slit the throat of a sheep. And silently amid them all stood the squatter with his hands in his pocket, reflecting on the price of wool and congratulating himself. All of gold was the squatter fashioned and the blackfellow of copper; it was a marvellous work to look on."

Shearers have their entertainments, too, dances at night, and what not; but time fails me to speak of them. Neither do I speak of the horse-breeding industry, nor of the wide plains of wheat. Nor do I speak of manufactures, for they are nowhere yet really important in Australia, and I saw nothing of them. Let us close these topics with a few figures regarding the productivity of the country. (They are but specimen figures; the official Year-book of Australia contains one thousand two hundred pages of such.)

Pastoral Production—	£
Exports in 1908	28,000,000
Horses—	
Exports in 1908	152,000
Wheat and Flour—	Bushels
Exports in 1908	20,000,000
Sugar—	Tons
Production in 1908	165,000
Wine—	Gallons
Production in 1908	5,515,000
Fruit—	£
Exports in 1908	155,681

The political system of Australia is modelled on that of England to an almost comical degree. Every state has its Governor, its House of Lords (Council), and its House of Commons (Assembly). There were, indeed,

proposals at one time to create heriditary Peers, but Democracy protested. For the Lower Houses both sexes enjoy the franchise, from which privilege courtesans are not excluded; indeed Democracy, both in England and Australia, takes a lenient view of the vocation. The councils are nominated by Government in three colonies, and elected on a property qualification in the rest.

Above the local bodies is the Federal Government, with a senate of six members from each state and a House of Representatives numbering seventy-five. It is chiefly concerned with measures of national defence and the regulation of the customs.

Members of the Local Parliaments are paid £300 a year; Federal Representatives £600. (They began with £400, but took immediate steps to raise their pay.) They have various privileges, and very fine, comfortable buildings. Federal speeches are reported in a *Hansard*, which costs £6000 a year. The whole machinery, with eleven State Houses and two Federal Houses, costs Australia £1,000,000 a year. Whatever else may be said of Democracy, it is at least not an economical form of Government.

The two-party system of England has been successfully exported, along with the speaker's wig, and other appurtenances of our own Commons. At one time Free Trade versus Protection was the dividing line of parties; since Federation, Free Trade is dead; and at the time of my visit the two parties had coalesced against the Labourites and Socialists. For the time being the coalition was successful, and the Labourites, who regard success at the polls as a privilege of their order, were exceedingly bitter over their defeat. Since then, however (1911), Labour has in a measure, come into its

own. The division between the propertied classes and labour coincides with that between Colonial and Federal sentiment. Labour regards the local colonial bodies as strongholds of property and status, and desires to strengthen the Federal Government. Through this Government, it is held, far-reaching measures may most easily be carried.

As to whether the Parliamentary system of Australia has brought into politics men of character and ability, there is only one opinion to be heard throughout Australia, in the negative. Such men have found more attractive or more profitable careers elsewhere; perhaps often have been repelled by the rancour of party strife and its heartless waste of time. I paid myself visits to various assemblies, including these Federal assemblies, and received the impression that no body of public men could possibly be found living on a lower phase, moral or intellectual, than these vulgar, noisy politicians. A brief extract from a Federal debate will be found in a foot-note;* the reader may be assured that it is a fair

* Mr Hughes (shouting).—I have an amendment—(Continued uproar.)

The Chairman.—Order! I must put the clause.

Mr Hughes.—I——

The Chairman.—I say I must put the clause.

Mr Fisher.—Cannot a member add a clause? (Deafening uproar.)

The Chairman. The clause must be put as the Committee has already carried a motion that the clause be now put.

Mr Fisher—I submit—— (Uproar.) I say that something can be added. (Continued uproar.) You set of bounders. (Sensation.)

Mr Hughes (shouting).—What is this?

Mr Storrer.—Be men! Be men!

The Chairman—Order! Order! The question is that the clause stand part of the bill.

The House divided on the question.

sample of what went on hour after hour, day after day, month after month, and was reported in column after column of the papers. No wonder that in this land of Democracy politicians are spoken of with contempt, and the caricatures of politicians are as hideous and spiteful as that of the *Asino* or *Simplicissimus*.

Personal corruption, however, is not alleged against them, or only in rare instances. There have been scandals in connection with the sale of public lands; but the influence of trusts is wanting, and " 'tis opportunity that makes the thief." There is, however, much local bribery of constituencies; a member is expected and

The division resulted as follows :

Majority for the clause	14
Ayes	31
Noes	17

Sir William Lyne.—Mr. Mauger has accused me of using, and he repeats it, a filthy expression. It is absolutely without a word of truth in it. (Opposition cheers.) He has been laughing, too, at that filthy expression. Is that fair warfare, and is the House going to be conducted in a proper way? If any member accuses me of using a filthy expression, which must be an exhibition of a filthy mind, he will get more than he expects. (Sensation.) It is a scandalous thing.

Mr Fisher.—He tried it once before. (Outcry.)

Sir William Lyne.—I feel that it is hard to keep within bounds when a member does such a diabolical thing. (Labour cheers.)

Mr. Mauger.—I am extremely sorry if I used a word that Sir William Lyne did not use. I used it under great provocation, but with no intention to misrepresent. It would not be the first time he has used vile language in my hearing in the House.

Mr. Hughes.—I have known him for 15 years, and I have never known him to make use of that expression.

Mr. Mauger.—I accept the explanation and the apology, (Laughter.) I mean, I apologise. I hope that the same provocation will not be given again.

Sir William Lyne said that there was another attack in the explanation. He might use strong language.

Voices—You do.

expects to procure something for his friends, a " school of arts," it may be, a common name for what is really a gymkhana or social club. One is surprised to find Government grants to such local amusements.

Politics and religion being the two poles of human development, the one by contrast brings up the other. As politics are prominent in Australia, so religion is obscure. Looking at America you might say, " Religiosity is incident to new countries "; in Australia you would say the reverse. The great mass of Australians ignore it; to many the teachings of Christ are as little known as those of Mithra. This is not the fault of the school system, for in almost every state the school buildings are open to all religious teachers, who may use them after school hours to teach such children as care to come. But the system has no vitality, and the young generation for the most part shake off the burden of religion, save their pockets, and spend their Sundays on the seductive beach. The churches find it difficult to live. One of the queer things I have seen in England was an Australian bishop preaching to a struggling congregation near London, and taking a collection for a clerical training college in Australia—perhaps the wealthiest country in the world. The days seem to have gone by when the country clergy were welcome figures among the pioneers; the advancing host of labour is hostile to religion. Only one church that I visited in Australia was really filled, the Scots Church in Melbourne. The dullness of sermons is a convenient excuse for absence; and certainly there does not seem to be much notability in the clerical ranks.

Even the Roman Church (the second largest body in Australia) feels the time unfavourable, and is not making

progress. Its organs are largely staffed by Irish Catholics, and dwell much on "the sordid and sickening story of Protestant misrule in Ireland." The European journals of their Church are non-favourable to England, and less disposed to coquet with Socialism. The Australian Catholics have not lost the hope of making terms with labour, and organising a common campaign against Protestantism. The " Red International " and the " Black International " are not arrayed against each other as in Europe. But the Socialists are certainly stand-offish towards these overtures.

Not even freak religions flourish in Australia, though their presence should be noted. The Hindu propaganda is carried on by European converts. I did not meet with a Hindu teacher anywhere, though I heard some lectures by the Sister Avobamia. This lady, I believe, is a follower of Vivekananda, and her centre is in Sydney. Swedish, voluble if not eloquent, dressed in a long white veil with a swaslika on her forehead, a double pentagon on her breast, and a rosary of amber beads. In one address she explained the mystery of re-incarnation; the little street boy who felt himself of an artist might be assured that, in a future life, his powers could find a scope. (Is *this* the Vedanta? It seems to me the voice of the West.) The Sister was arranging for a circle of students, and a room with " special vibrational influences for those who desired to lead the high life." Noticing that my neighbour put five rupees into the collection, I drew him into conversation, and found him to be a Scotchman, an ex-Presbyterian, who even then had the mein and accent of an elder.

I attended the annual convention of the Seventh Day Adventists, and aberrant body of millenarians, who

attach importance to observing the Sabbath on the seventh day, that is to say, Saturday. They are very simple and earnest people of a truly Christian type, who do much harm in the mission-field by perplexing the heathen and creating dissentions where Protestant missions are beginning to meet with success. However, as they justly say, they have the truth on their side; it does not seem likely to prevail.

The chief speaker of their conversion was a man of leonine, intellectual air, with a massive brow and a luxuriant mane. He spoke with a convinced and convincing manner; I expected much from him. "This is an age of knowledge," so began his speech; and he went on to base his arguments on Usher's Chronology. He pointed with a stern air of challenge to the *ipsissima verba* of the Ten Commandments, forgetting that these very Commandments enjoin, "Thou shalt have no graven image"; a plain injunction which he was, no doubt, willing to evade, just as the rest of the Christian Church evades the law relating to the Sabbath.

The most flourishing of such bodies in Australia is the Spiritualists. These are nominally Christians, though Christ is more a name than a reality with them. They do not believe, however, in re-incarnation, but in a progressive perfection of the spirit as it passes after death from place to place. They seek guidance, chiefly, from such liberated spirits who address them through the organs of mediums. I was present at many such addresses, and listened to many mediums, men and women. The tone which they—or their guides—adopted was one of friendly superiority, little justified by their discourses. These, without exception, were

mediocre and prosy, and would not, as ordinary sermons, have found these large audiences who listened to them under the name of spiritualism.

The Spiritualists themselves were friendly and pleasant people, but could not be classed as Christians. One of the marks of Christianity is its dependence on a Saviour, another its rejection of *gnosis*, and this puts them in a world apart from that of the Theosophists and Spiritualists. Self-development and knowledge are the watch-words of these. Their modes of spiritual experience are different. With Christians it is a grace vouchsafed, with Theosophists a power attained.

What the Spiritualists have on their side, as a fact, is the intervention of super-normal powers in the material world. The intervention, from my own experience, I accept as a fact, which here I shall only state. In Melbourne this fact is illustrated by Mr Stanford's extraordinary collection of "apports." They represent many years experiment with the medium Bailey, and form a museum far more remarkable than the great State Museums of Australia. It contains objects connected with almost every religion known to history, old or new, alive or dead. Cuneiform tablets, palm-leaf manuscripts, relics of the Incas, and hundreds of other objects take their place in it side by side; Mr Stanford has quite a collection of living birds that have appeared during the Bailey séances. I was greatly indebted to him for his kindness in showing these objects to me. I am not yet prepared to accept his own view of the powers who brought them or their design, viz. that these powers are departed spirits who bring these things as proofs of the good faith. But I do believe in Mr Stanford's good faith, and shall always regret

that, owing of the absence of the medium in New Zealand, I could witness no séance with him.

As to *his* good faith I express no opinion; my own experience is that professional mediums are never reliable. If they begin their career honestly, they are sooner or later forced into dishonesty; and their character, more than any other circumstance, makes this field of research trying and unfruitful. The many mediums I met in Australia impressed me badly, and I feel that much social harm is done by their proceedings. People ask them questions on business affairs, on the fidelity of servants, and even of wives; the mediums give such answers as they think proper, and their victims leave them perplexed or misguided. It is, in my own view, probably true that many of these mediums possess some sort of access to men's minds, which enables them, sometimes, to give surprising answers to questions. But their information is at best imperfect, and their insight into the future is in no sense established. Their off-hand answers, in most cases, are simply pieces of dishonesty and impudence. The confidence reposed in them by otherwise sensible people is astonishing, and their growing power is an evil which at this present moment Australia requires attention.

I will not deny that from these Spiritualist meetings I carried away some lessons, chief amongst them, my own insignificance in the world. It was a usual thing for the medium to address some commonplace man or woman and offer him or her sympathy over vanished hopes, wasted powers, and all the spiritual misfortunes which we regard as the privilege of illustrious poets. I, who have read these poets, supposed myself, somehow, to share their privileges, and it was a useful

rebuke to find that so many plain men and women (assuredly not friends of the poets) shared it no more than I, and, to the more discerning sages of the liberated spirits, were no less interesting.

Another observation suggested by the séances was the deep gloom so often concealed beneath the outward man. Very, very few of those who attended them seemed to come with minds at ease. Anxiety was the prevailing mood, and "don't worry" the unfailing advice sent down from the skies. The question presented itself whether the very occasion brought together dissatisfied people, or whether, beneath the laughter of the age, there is more sadness hidden than we really think.

I print here* a curious extract from the *Australian Aborigine's Advocate*, where there is some evidence offered for the Spiritualist view. It is unconscious evidence; the magazine is not associated with Spiritualism. The Roman Church would explain the case by spiritual agency; indeed, the Roman objection to "Spiritualism" as practised is rather an objection to the unlicensed, unclerical medium than anything else. That liberated spirits can appear to men, guide, and assist them, is part of the Roman faith; though it would ascribe the phenomena of the séance to mischievous demons, who seek to perplex and mislead those who place themselves in their power.

Figures regarding the morals of Australia will be found in the official Year-book, and, so far as morals

* The speaker is an aboriginal woman: "God spoke to me by take in' my little girl away. A month after I saw a vision—a very strong bright light, so strong it made my eyes sore, and I saw a beautiful girl in the bright light, and she said 'Never mind, mother.'"

can be treated by statistics, present conclusions very creditable to the country. Violent crime is rare; the number of murders and attempted murders throughout the Commonwealth in 1906 being fifty-six. Convictions for drunkenness show 119 per ten thousand inhabitants; the consumption of alcoholic beverages is much less than that in the United Kingdom. Tea is, in fact, the beverage of Australia. It is drunk incessantly by everybody, four, five, and six times a day; and not much clairvoyance is needed to foresee that posterity will repent this indulgence. The conditions of the drink traffic differ in different states, but regulations are strong everywhere. Strict hours are enforced, including Sunday closing, and the mere traveller in Australia will never be quite comfortable unless he is a teetotaller. "Local option" provides in many districts for the total extinction of the drink traffic. There is much grumbling over this, and much evasion of regulations takes place; drunkenness, to a certain extent, is driven from the street into the home. To what extent few people could really say, though violent assertions are constantly made. I can only give the general expression that Australia, compared with England, is really a sober country. Government is quite in earnest against drink; no "hard drinks" are sold on the railways, or at any Government institution. I fancy that drunkenness is confined to certain disreputable circles and localities; I saw very little of it myself. The climate of Australia, hot and dry, disinclines people to stimulants. At the same time the one religious book I have seen in favour of strong drink came from Australia; it was an impassioned defence of wine as a gift of God to man, and placed the invention of casks along with that of the wheel or the

alphabet as one of the great forward steps taken by humanity.

But many questions can be asked regarding the morals of a country which cannot be answered out of statistics, and more than one such question will strike the traveller. He may, for instance, hear complaints about the tone of business morality, as I did in Sydney, and he may answer them, as I did, by asking whether so splendid a city could have risen had probity not been the rule in business. It is a good answer, yet, like all *a priori* reasoning, inconclusive, and I have nothing to add to it. Nor can I say what is the truth about the sexual morality of Australia. This part of human life—the most important—is in every country the least accessible. I doubt, in fact, if any country is fully explored by any save a few retired students. Now, in Australia, figures show us that illegitimacy is common compared with England; but they do not show us how much sexual laxity really exists. I can only say that Australians themselves make very unpleasant assertions on this point. When I was in Melbourne an alarm was raised by the Lord Chief Justice over the morality of school children, and a long discussion followed, which established little except a general uneasiness. It seemed a strange thing to me, as I looked at the frank and pleasing children of Australian schools, that this sinister doubt should be hanging over people's minds. Possibly the guilty conscience of older men and women led them to suspect school children; and it is always to be remembered that the older generation in a country seldom know what the young are really thinking and doing.

I am inclined to believe that a great deal is and must be wrong with sexual morals in Australia when I view

the declines in the marriage rate and the birth of children. The marriage figures at present resemble those of England, 7.8 marriages taking place per thousand of the population, about two-thirds of the bridegrooms being between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. The birth-rate (1907) is 26 per thousand, that of England in the same year being 27, that of Germany 33. These are low figures for a new country, and one inquires what they mean. Socialism replies that the poverty of the masses prevents them from reproducing. I see no reason to believe this is true of Australia, unless by poverty is meant that comparatively straitened condition of men's finances in which they cannot afford *both* to enjoy themselves *and* to bring up large families. The truth is that enjoyment is a craving widely spread in the country, as it is elsewhere, and good-humoured self-indulgence has become almost the moral ideal of the age. Australians hearing this charge reply that a people cannot be indolent who produce so much wealth. This is true. What is charged, however, is not indolence, but a habit of alternating hard work with amusement, and an aversion to the sober, self-denial of steady married life. When this aversion shows itself, laxity in sexual relations will show itself, and every one knows that a low birth-rate does not indicate continence among married people.

The city coroner of Sydney, during my visit, described the amount of infanticide in Sydney as "simply appalling"; but he quoted no figures, and perhaps he was easily appalled.

Of course, much that is said above must be qualified in other ways. For example, though the Australians spend money freely, they have plenty of it saved up.

The deposits in Banks amount to £125,000,000, of which £34,000,000 are in Savings Banks. One could not tell how much *thrift* is shown by these figures, for thrift is a virtue of poor people, and the number of really poor is not very large; but they show a good deal of foresight and self-control.

Public amusements proceed on a gigantic scale. The book-makers of Victoria are said to handle £3,500,000 of money a year. The crowd that witnesses the Melbourne Cup is not exceeded in numbers—or in dressy splendour—by any similar crowd in the world. Of Australian cricketers and swimmers and sailors I need not write; but not everybody knows that the football spectators at Melbourne rival in number the largest assemblies of England and Scotland. The Victoria game, by the way, is peculiar to Victoria; a development of rugby, very fast and tricky, but dangerous. The players are trained to the hour, and in intervals of play shampooed by professionals and stimulated with oxygen.

Woman in Australia, as elsewhere in our age, is becoming, as the case may be, more manly or more mannish than of yore. She does not yet fill the rank and file of all vocations, as she does in America; such persons as primary schoolmasters, male clerks, and post office subordinates still exist. But economic independence is not far ahead of her, and is slowly but surely arriving. The discontented, of course, are numerous; overworked mothers and idle girls waiting for husbands. One can almost sympathise with the feminist poet of the *Bulletin*:

> "God be sorry for women,
> —If there be a God that hears!"

But this sort of writing does not much help the situation, and women themselves aggravate it. Their dislike of domestic work cuts off the supply of servants and makes the prospect of marriage, even when otherwise desirable, a repellant one. Thus all the forces of the age work towards Socialism. Marriage—or something resembling it—will at least become more feasible in proportion as the State relieves parents of the care of their offspring.

The influence of women in politics, as yet, is hardly felt. They obtained the franchise chiefly through a manœuvre of the Labour party, who counted on their support. It is yet uncertain whether they will not become the great Conservative element in the State, though, at present, feminism is associated with the Revolution. During my stay in Australia, a Bill was introduced in Victoria to compel any man who seduced a woman to marry her. It was not passed into law. A cynic may suggest that such a law would have placed Australian women under a temptation too severe for feminine virtue.

Of Australian education I will write elsewhere. Let us say a word regarding Literature and the Arts. These flowers of the mind do not greatly flourish. Australia does not produce and does not read much literature. Her ablest sons and daughters—like Mrs Humphrey Ward—find their way to Europe, where the field is wider. Gordon, her one poet, is not much of a poet, though the spirit of poetry, scarcely descending, hovers about his verses. Yet the muses have real friends and followers, and the *Bulletin* constantly prints pieces which only just fall short of distinction. They are not, however, specially Australian; the thoughts and feelings

are those of the old world of the north. Galleries and schools of art, excellent and well-arranged, represent the cause of art both in Sydney and Melbourne; but artists complain of public indifference when it comes to buying pictures. No Australian artist has yet made himself a name, save Phil May, and perhaps one should add Norman Gale, in black and white.

It remains to speak of political life and principles, which I place here at the close, apart from political machinery, because they lead to a few final words on the future.

The general position in Australia is like that in England. Though Australia is so new a country, she has developed all those problems and social antagonisms which perplex the Motherland. It is true that the assumptions of rank are absent, and there is no established church, yet this makes surprisingly little difference in the position. The conflicts of capital, rent, and labour are no less acute.

The history of the land question in Australia is long and complicated. So it is in every country; and it seems that even to-day, if Providence upheaved a new continent from the bottom of the Pacific and a new race of settlers came to occupy it, all the experience of the past would not enable them to avoid perpetual conflicts over land or land acts which produced effects the opposite of what their authors intended. The land of Australia early passed into the possession of squatters, or large holders, whose right was that defined by the old lawyers as "adverse tenure fortified by prescription." Succeeding Parliaments in Australia created "free selectors," i.e. adventurers who (under certain circumstances) had the right to descend on these

squatters' properties, and to buy, at low rates, the most desirable portions of them. This measure the squatters defeated by collusion; and still, in a great part of settled Australia, the squatters—or their children—occupy the soil. In Tasmania, notably, a few families own the island.

It is now complained by the Labour party, that the best land in Australia is all inaccessible, and the development of the country hopeless. The visitor hears interminable arguments on this subject. I will state the conclusion as I seem to see it. It is by no means true that a pioneer at the present day would find his path hopelessly blocked. The visitor can easily be shown, even in long settled parts of the country, men who have worked their way up the ladder within the last few years. But it is true that pioneers have grown scarce, and that the young generation are not willing to face either the hardships of the frontier, or the delay of some years, which must everywhere elapse, before the penniless man finds himself the owner of a comfortable estate. This delay is inevitable. Government does indeed buy up and sell, for closer settlement,* suitable estates, but some capital is needed to benefit by this action. A man might conceivably accumulate this capital; a sheep-shearer, for instance, could save enough to start for himself in three or four years. But the type of man willing to fight his way thus is not common; the programme of labour is to tax large estates into the market at a nominal price. The class of large owners would thus be extinguished, and small owners would appro-

* The system is to assign the small holdings so created by lot. This means that many fall into the hands of speculators, who spend on improvements the bare stipulated sum and wait for a rise.

priate what they lost. The future will show whether this programme is to be carried out, and whether the present Australians can really provide a race of small farmers. The love of town life is already strong in the country; Sydney swallows up 592,000 out of the 849,000 of New South Wales, and Melbourne 549,000 of the 636,000 of Victoria.

Possibly, however, future immigrants are anticipated; at present immigration is standing still. The Labour party blames the propertied classes (and Government) for this; there is no opening in the country, they say. The classes attacked reply that labour discourages immigration, for fear competition should bring down wages. The visitor finds it hard to judge between these views; but, certainly, ordinary labour in Australia is not badly off. I made my own humble inquiries, and, as a specimen of their results, I will relate what the carter said who carted my boxes to the s.s. *Wodonga* at Melbourne. He was a frank and grimy carter; I apologised for handing him a tip, and explaining myself as a philosophic traveller, asked how he was doing in the world. He was doing well. His wages were £100 a year; he owned the house he lived in. He supported not only a wife and family, but a step-mother; he drank a glass of beer at his supper, and took the family, when he had a mind, to the theatre. He saved ten shillings a week, and received fifteen shillings and ninepence a year interest from the Savings Bank.

Now, whether or not white labour is paid twenty-six shillings a week, as asserted by Tom Mann, I cannot tell; nor how much is paid at Broken Hill. But I can say that in Victoria and New South Wales wages are fixed, by State Boards, at about ten shillings a day

(skilled labour). There is an old age pension of eight shillings a week, and a good, but humble, meal can be bought for fourpence. Hours are fixed at forty-eight a week. Education is free; there is no judgment for a debt under £200.

With all this the tone of the Labour party is as bitter against Society as anywhere in the world. This, perhaps, is a vestige of the past, for, be it always remembered, labour has suffered much. And, be it also remembered, where Unionism has never appeared, it suffers still. The bank clerk is not a "labourer"; *he* is not protected in Australia, and his hours and pay and prospects are the worst in the country. The shopman and shopgirl are badly paid, but at least in Victoria their hours are rigidly fixed; 6 P.M. every day (except Saturday, 12 P.M.) is the closing time. I am not one that grudges labour its victory, nor do I think the present conditions at all too favourable, but it is disappointing to find that social harmony is not in the least restored. The masters of the present day seem to take the situation well; they do not jibe at labour, but some of them have grown despondent. I met one of the race of squatters, a very genial, pleasant man, to whom I owe a day in Sydney Harbour, whose office displayed two wall maps, one of Fiji, one of Argentine. He was selling his property in Australia, and deliberating to which of these lands he should betake himself.

Long and ferocious strikes are common. The coal strike at Newcastle, in progress during my visit, lasted many months. It has almost ruined the coal trade of Newcastle, which has passed to the Japanese. As in all mining strikes, the causes were too obscure for an

outsider to grasp them, but it was generally agreed that there were actually more colliers in Newcastle than the mines could support.* One may ask why the industry—a profitable one—did not develop; but the suspicion presents itself that the situation was not one to encourage capital. The Labour party demand that mines should be made a State department, and worked with public capital.

It will not do to proceed here to a general discussion of Socialism. Not all the Labour party of Australia is Socialist, but all verge on Socialism, and the Socialist propaganda is vigorous and incessant. Regarding its final victory nothing can be predicted, neither whether it will take place, nor how long it will last, nor how many of its promises it will make good. Obviously, as men have prospered under every conceivable organisation, so they may prosper under Socialism; nor is this possibility weakened by any *priori* arguments based on laws of human nature which Socialism seems to infringe. In human affairs it is always the unforeseen that happens. If I myself write in no friendly spirit of the movement, it is partly through a prejudice against all *political* movements, and partly because there is about Socialists so much surly ingratitude to the past, and so much self-righteousness; one can see them treading in the same path as other oppressors while loudly proclaiming they are no such persons. I will illustrate this by a few lines from a pompous Socialist magazine called the *Sunrise*, published by Senator Findley in

* I spent some days in Newcastle, and witnessed the procession in celebration of the enactment of an Eight Hour day. I did not see anything like the squalor of an English mining town; the crowd was well-dressed and good-humoured.

Melbourne, and a book, the "Rising Tide," by H. I. Jenson, D.Sc., Sydney.

"The Labour party has thrown wide to the breezes a banner on which is emblazoned, Love; its mottoes are taken from the Book of Human kinship, and its lofty ideals, like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, lead ever onward and upward to the promised land, the army of the new crusade, sworn to exterminate injustice, caste, and privilege, and pledged to win for every human being born into the world the fullest development in all that is healthy and honourable, pure and sweet, merciful and just, good and true."

One might suppose, then, that the Labour party would have some sympathy for the aborigines; but the only reference I have met in their writings to these victims of white Australia is a complacent observation that the country is fortunate in "having so inferior a race of aboriginals that it must die out completely." Now I do not say that it was wrong to slaughter the Tasmanians, but the same principles that make it right justify anything that Capital ever did to Labour; and the Labour party is building on the same foundations as those they reprehend in their enemies. It may be said that the Tasmanians being now dead and gone, it is no use digging them up again; but everyone knows that, if they came to life again, the Labour party would be the first to shoot them down. In his spirit the Labour party confronts the whole coloured world. A fierce contempt for colour is one of its leading passions. Again, I do not discuss whether they are right or wrong in this. But if honesty is going to be one of their merits, let them take their stand on the right of the strong arm, and cease to talk about "the Gospel of Humanity." It appears that Democracy can use hollow words as much as kings and priests, for competition is to be the basis of the new society as much as of the old.

Not all Labour is yet military in Australia, a few Labourites still have hopes that International Peace will somehow save them from an army and navy. But their numbers are few. It is generally believed that, whatever compacts the European democracies might form, Asia would stand outside them. And all Australia is aware how close Queensland is to Asia; every eye is fixed on the progress of Japan in Korea, and the invasion of the South Pacific by Hindus and Chinese. Whether by warlike or peaceful penetration, these waves of popular movement seem destined to wash over Australia, and once that begins, Australia becomes, like South Africa, a scene of racial conflict. Anticipating that day, Australia is already arming.

At present (save for the central aborigines) colour is excluded from the land. I did myself meet, far in the interior, one or two Indian pedlars, who were greatly amazed at hearing a white man speak Hindustani. One of them I asked how he liked Australia; he paused in thought awhile, and answered, "Sir, the white men here are different from the white men in India. They are not men of the same standing. They think it would make no difference to England if she lost India." I should have liked to question him further, but the topic was embarrassing in the presence of Australians, and I left it alone. No absolute law forbids the entrance of a coloured man into the country; but a dictation test is prescribed, and a coloured man (if he presented himself) would be asked to write a passage in Icelandic. I am not sure whether a Maori from New Zealand would be allowed to land; the Kanakas, once kidnapped for service in Queensland, have now, in accordance with the new policy, been ejected. A few Chinese linger in

Sydney, doing business, like Chinese, as washermen. The Japanese hardly exist; though once in Melbourne, on the steps of the Roman Cathedral, a young voice said to me, "Say, Mister, can I go in here?" and turning round I beheld a little Jap in knickerbockers, whose vernacular was English.

The future of this policy is uncertain. Can the white man really live by the sweat of his brow in Queensland? The same question is asked in British East Africa, and the hot parts of the United States are alleged as examples showing that he can. The doctors have promised to extirpate malaria, and with that the white man's health, it is said, is assured. Time will show; it has not shown yet. A few generations are not much in the history of a nation, though none of us will live to see the experiment through. It is artificially fostered just now, and large bounties are paid by the State on sugar raised by white labour. A few miles away, much cheaper sugar is raised by coloured labour in Fiji; but Australia is a rich country and can at present afford to exclude it.

The objection to colour in Australia (as in New Zealand) has none of the personal intolerance that it has in America. One of the Labour papers relates with satisfaction how two American sailors (during the famous visit of the fleet) threw out of a Sydney tram-car a Jap whom they found sitting next a white woman. It would not have occurred to an Australian to do this, partly, I suppose, because coloured people are really uncommon in the country. And I noted that the Indian pedlars, whom I have mentioned, were allowed to share in the ballot for land—and one of them obtained a holding. But the feeling is that the white people of the country

might be swamped by an Asiatic invasion; that Asiatic standards of living would ruin white labour, and that coloured immigrants would not understand, or be fit for, the political institutions of the country. Now, a mere philosopher might like to try an experiment here. He might like to infuse a certain number of Japanese into the country, and let them work and play along with the Australians, vote with them, and marry with them. It is by no means certain that evil would result. But evil *might* result—I do not say even the disappearance of the white race, or the appearance of a race of decadent mongrels, but the formation within the country of enclaves of hostile races, and perennial social war. White Australia is not unreasonable in refusing to chance such a result.

We have now viewed briefly Australia and Australian history up to date. With what general impressions do they leave us? I think, in the first place, with a strong impression of the genuinely British character of the country. The ring of the voice is British—at least it recalls Southern England, and everything speaks to the Englishman of England. There is not a trace, for instance, of America. The newspapers follow British models; the shops and shop windows, the houses, all are English. With all the stir of Australia there is still, in places, something of the old-fashioned calm of England. Away from the big wool industries, in the New South Wales forests, life moves on at the same pace of an English village. There are some things wanting; more acquaintance with the country would perhaps lead one more to miss the English artistocracy; the tourist scarcely knows whether they are there or not. He will, however, find nothing strange, he will

always be as much at home as it is possible for a stranger to be.

This tone of life is, in the main, accompanied by a warm feeling towards the old country. I was slow to believe this when I landed in Australia, but before I left I had changed my views. Criticism of England, of course, there is;* but there is no desire for separation from her. The Colonial Governors may or may not continue to exist; Australians smile at them a little, but even the Labour party does not much impugn them. They are the only visible sign of the far distant Motherland, and people are not in a hurry either to end or mend them. It is certain, at present, that real national trouble in England would find Australia loyal, even when she might escape by hoisting her own flag. Australia, of course, feels now—more than twenty years ago—that perils of her own may arise, and she is not able to stand alone. She has looked more than once wistfully towards America, but America has not responded. The truth is, that, to Americans, Australia is an insignificant place, and they do not much value her friendship or assistance. England, on the other hand, probably overrates the present strength of the country, and gives her credit for an unaccomplished future.

Should that future take shape, Australians will probably become not only a larger but a more altered people. At present the visitor does somewhat miss ideas in her. The contrast here with America is immense; the material life of both countries is perhaps equally vigorous, but in America the air is full of ideas and hopes and visions. In Australia the tone of Social-

* The leading and most characteristic paper of Australia, the *Bulletin*, is contemptuously hostile towards England.

ism is too narrowly polemical to enrich human life in this way, and religion is more on stereotyped lines. There is, relatively, a larger mass of people with whom the work or pleasure of the day is everything. Possibly this means there is also more sobriety and balance in Australian judgments, but this advantage will not for ever survive the selfish controversies of politics.

One does not wish to leave so noble a country with mere doubts and apprehensions. It cannot yet be true that English people have lost their power to find harmony among themselves; perhaps authority, which Labour has now attained, may endue her representatives with correct judgment, and Australia, as her motto directs her, may advance. Canada, at present, occupies the thoughts of the old country as a field for expansion; Australia is not yet fully known or valued. Europe has scarcely heard of her*—indeed, another chapter in her history may be opened if this is changed. And, in any case, it cannot be thought that four millions of people are all that the land needs or promises to support. Sooner or later its destiny will be revealed.

* Some five hundred German settlers arrived when I was there; but this was an exceptional occurrence.

CHAPTER VIII

NEW ZEALAND

NEW ZEALAND is a mountainous land, a Caledonian of the Southern Cross. There is one great plain in the southern island, the Canterbury Plain, where one forgets the mountains; but even there, except in the broadest part, they show themselves glimmering on the horizon. They rise in both islands to great heights. The southern alps, the back-bone of the southern island, possess peaks little lower than those of Europe; in the northern island five or six thousand feet is the limit. In most places, the coast falls abruptly to the sea, and the towns find it difficult to gain a footing on the land. You see the houses rising above each other in terraces, while at the water's edge man subverts nature by blasting and levelling the shore, and driving back the deep.

The scenery is full of impetuous changes and contrasts. The Canterbury Plains are pastoral lands smiling with pastoral riches, treeless, but well watered and closely cultivated. Pleasant farms may be found elsewhere throughout the islands, but most of the country measured in acres is still a wilderness, not all of it a picturesque wilderness. Many of the mountains are dry rolling hills, devoid of trees and almost devoid of pasture, useless and unpleasing. If these were all New Zealand had to show she would be no land for tourists.

But in the very heart of these dry, unattractive mountains we alight suddenly on some of the mystic scenes of the world, on the region of geyser and hot springs. There are several groups of them. The largest is at Whakarewarewa, it is the most visited and belongs to Government. There is a pleasant little town near, with a spa (for all hot springs either are or are supposed to be medicinal). On the edge of the springs is an excellent hotel, and all arrangements, under the watchful eye of Government, are admirable. You will be detected in a moment if you try to break the silicate formations, or scribble your name on them. But the geysers are so much mixed up with seats and shelters and books and notice-boards and railings, and watch-towers for detectives, and places of residence, that their charm is impaired. The best that can be said is that Whakarewarewa, being comfortable and accessible, satisfies the crowd and keeps them away from other places.

Of these other places I recommend, first, Waiotapu, which, not being sensational, is little visited and not all spoilt. Half of it belongs to Government and half to a private owner (for in this socialistic land one occasionally finds some exasperating forms of private ownership). I shall enlist my pen in the service of Waiotapu. You reach it by coast from Rotorua, not improbably in a very bad humour. Coaching in New Zealand is not the pleasure that the tourist circulars depict, it is simply a form of suffering that present conditions in the islands necessitate. The cloud of dust is such that often you cannot see the horses from the box seat, and if you have a following wind, the dust pursues you the whole day. At the close of such a day a place like Waiotapu seems to contain little to reward you. There is noth-

ing visible but a few white and yellow patches, looking something like the refuse of a chemical works. Grumbling at your foolishness you set off to explore them.

You soon find that the contours of the ground are not so simple as you thought, that little ravines wind through it, with brawling streams and cascades, reproducing in miniature all the heroic scenery of the Rockies. The ti-tree, a sort of heathery shrub, clothes the banks, and were these all the features of the scene, time would not be wasted in explaining it. But such scenes are not uncommon in any land; what you have come here for is the "thermal wonders." So let us catalogue and describe them.

The simplest of them are the hot springs or pools. These vary in size from a diameter of a few feet to lakes that you can scarcely throw a stone across. The smaller pools are perhaps the most poetic. The colour of the water is some shade of blue, steely or cerulean; if you draw a glass of it, you will find it clear and limpid; but in its nature will it show always the same marvellous, soul-satisfying blue. Peering closely into it, you discern the rocky sides vanishing in the deeps; but bottom there is none, no line or plummet has ever found one. Sometimes the water is fiercely boiling, sometimes as still as a mirror; one silent little stream trickles away to prove that life is stirring within it. The margin is of hard rock, you may approach as closely as you will, but put not the tip of your finger in that smiling pool! The rock varies in colour, according to the mineral predominating in the water; purple, yellow, blue and even black formations are found. All round the pools vegetation flourishes with redoubled vigour; the

vapours seem to form a natural hot-house, and ferns and mosses crowd down to within an inch or two of the boiling water.

Not all of the wonders are beautiful. By the side of the pools there are holes of boiling mud, strange spectacles, as weird as Mąlebolge of the port. These holes are sometimes quite large, and the mud in them boils with a dull regular motion, like porridge in a cauldron, bubbles open and bursts, and splashes of mud rise heavily in the air and sink heavily back. Even here the variety of nature shows itself; in one hole the falling mud forms the outlines of flowers, in another the sound resembles the croaking of frogs; almost every hole has some feature of its own.

From the boiling pools and boiling holes, you may turn to the terraces where the mineral water, flowing down, has gradually left behind coloured formations on the soil. As you approach these closely you find the delicacy of hue and texture marvellous, most beautiful, perhaps, are the sulphur formations, whether here or in the sulphur caves. The sulphur caves are hollow where sulphur vapours form crystals on the walls and roof. The best is a little cave where you have to creep in cautiously on hands and feet—a warm corner of the earth's surface. Every inch of it is decorated with sulphur crystals; true Alladin's cave, or at least not less beautiful or wondrous. There are no geysers at Waiotapu; or, to be accurate, there is one, but it needs a dose of soap to display itself. In unspoiled charm, however, this is now first among the centres of the district.

To see geysers your best plan is to visit Wairaki. You will find here, as at Waiotapu, a stream flowing

through a ravine with springs of geysers, and mud holes along the banks. The region is private property and belongs to a hotel company, but has not been much disfigured yet. The vegetation is most beautiful, and the open-air harmony of stream and ferns and shrubs and geysers, transports the mind to ecstasy. The mouths of the geysers are usually surrounded by little piles of rocks, which sometimes form natural grottoes, with openings in the roof through which the water spouts into the air. They are deeply incrusted with mineral deposits, sometimes pearly white, sometimes glowing red or yellow. Every geyser has its own period and manner of eruption. Some go off quite suddenly; there is a splash of water in the air, and all is over. Some continue playing a minute or two. There is generally a rise in the water's level just before the eruption.

For a scientific discussion of geysers, please see the "Times Encyclopædia," which claims to make everything perspicuous to the meanest intellect. It appears that geysers are due to some relation between the boiling point of water and pressure; that, given a column of hot water, if you decrease the pressure at the surface, the steam from the superheated depths flies up into the air. So much, I believe, is settled, more by token; if a geyser is unwilling to go off, and you put shreds of soap into its mouth, you *compel* it to play. The soapsuds relieve the pressure on the column of water. But there are many things about geysers which still puzzle savants; the periodicity of some, and the irregularity of others, and in general, the effect of the various passages and caverns by which they are connected. The guides, by empiric procedure, can often play tricks with the geysers; by stopping certain holes they can cause

eruptions and so forth. But we do not know enough to enable us to preserve their marvels. Every geyser tends to wear itself out. The orifice becomes too large, or something happens, and the geyser turns into a mere pool. Variations of the barometer affect them, and sometimes for long periods they are unaccountably sullen. When I was at Whakarewarewa there was little visible but steam.

The great glory of the geyser world was Waimangu, a giant geyser near Rotorua which rose to a height of 1500 feet. Its period was uncertain, but premontory grumblings heralded a manifestation, and visitors camped on the edge of its water to await it. Once upon a time a stone flew out of the watery column and, cracking as it reached the colder air, slew three spectators with its fragments. Truly, this was something to travel for; but Waimangu is silent now, and nothing is left but the crater.

I will not say this is void of interest. Indeed, there is probably no place on earth where a certain chapter of the earth's history may be better studied. Nor anywhere will you find a more inspired guide than Mr Bob Ingle. A gardener by caste, self-taught in volcanic lore, Mr Ingle has so identified himself with volcanoes that he seems to feel our solid globe is nothing but one vast theatre of steam and fire. Trudging off, staff in hand, at the head of his tourists, Mr Ingle descends into his caverns and lays bare the secrets of the abyss. He traces the vaults that convey the steam, and points out the intersections; the deposits withal of minerals that steam transports. He points out the runlets of hot water and their algæ, and the metals they steal from the stream. We see before our eyes nature at

her mysterious alchemy, separating and refining the elements, and laying them up in store for man. Upon any encouragement from the tourists, he expands into ampler visions, and unfolds the lines of a whole cosmology. I know not if in all these matters he is as safe a guide as in the defiles of Waimangu's Water. He may be not; but never have I felt the poetry of science as I felt it in these days we spent together. And it was something, too, to have realised once more that water, under the influence of heat, is the great motive power of this terrestrial globe. Not only the rain and the rivers, but the steam of volcanic agencies examplifies this truth. Indeed, volcanoes themselves are perhaps mere effects of steam, steam that in the very early ages of the world was somehow imprisoned in her crust.

Waimangu is no more. The pink and white terraces are no more. Once, like the smaller terraces of Waiotapu, but larger far, they were miracles of beauty that drew all the southern world to them, and some day would have drawn the north. But years ago the volcanic demons stole from destiny our love of triumph, and rent the side of Tarawera with a mighty chasm, whence a tide of lava and showers of silica went forth to ruin nature and man. The whole region was buried many feet deep in these showers, which in their early days are hostile to all forms of life. The silica, vaporised by the steam, hardens as it grows cold, and settles on the land in a harsh unfertile deposit. Time mellows and fertilises it, and presently it is clothed with grass and crops, but—— "Nature restores her ravages, but not all." The pink terraces lie deep under a wilderness of sand and mud, and partly under a huge boiling lake. A small steamboat plies on the lake, and visitors make

a tour, such as Danti beheld in visions, but never in his waking hours. New Zealand, one may suppose, has yet to witness volcanic eruptions on the grand scale. To remind her whereof, she has not only the desolation of Waimangu, but the smoking cone of Ruapchu afar. It is a volcano of the classic type, with a white cap of snow and a cloud of steam sotting lazily from its summit. But perhaps, after all, the foreseen will not occur. The volcanic age of the world's history is almost gone, like the age of forests and the age of savages.

As New Zealand has some of the best volcanoes, so she has some of the best forests in the world. The settlers are fast clearing them off, and in many places have banished them altogether. Not always with bad results; the climate of the southern island in the forest days was too wet and damp. But much of the northern island is too hot and dry; more trees are wanted there.

Just, however, as the traveller begins to feel this, behold, the trees advance in such a dense and vast array that the whole island seems to be one uninhabited forest. This, at least, was my experience when I journeyed from Waiotapu to Ruatahuna. It was a sultry day, and the road one of the dustiest of New Zealand's roads, the country flat and treeless. It seemed impossible to believe we were anywhere near a forest. Yet slowly the outlines of hills appeared beyond the plain, and as evening closed, and we entered their defiles, we were already in the forest at Te Whait. I knew of a surety I was back in old New Zealand.

It was even so. This corner of the northern island is —or was then—the last unbroken Maori reserve; the last unviolated virgin forest. There was one Govern-

ment road through it, and that road (like some other New Zealand roads) stopped short at nowhere. Beyond its terminus there was nothing, not even a track. As to means of getting through, the tourist office had no information; they even said they would be glad if I would send them some. So I made my "bundobast" as follows. I hired a half-caste Maori guide, and three ponies, and bade him make such arrangement as he thought proper for the journey. The arrangements he made were chaotic and comfortless, as, I suppose, the arrangements of such people usually are; unmethodical, dirty, and wasteful. Indian camp-life is scientific and comfortable; African camp-life the same, though less so; the system of the American backwoods I have never seen. I suspect it was often like that of my Maori guide. The presence or absence of coolies makes a lot of difference in these matters; when you have to do everything yourself, pack and unpack, unsaddle and picket the horses, light the fire, fetch water, cook and wash up, you are apt to grow careless of details. The washing up, for instance, you consider as a matter which may be omitted. This was my guide's view. For food we resolved to rely on the Maoris; he did not tell me, though he must have known, that the Maories had nothing but potatoes. However, as regards the Maories, I anticipate; and with respect to the journey, I will only add that it was made, and had to be made on horseback. This corner of New Zealand is the only part of the world where I have yet found it quite impossible to walk. There being no roads, you have to follow the beds of the streams.

Walking here would be out of the question. In dry weather the water is seldom more than a few feet deep; but rain may always come on and you and your horse

will have to swim.* In any case under any circumstances, the horse has an arduous time of it. The river-beds are strewn with boulders, and the horse progresses with standing leaps, as the devil is said to have passed through Athlone. At other times, a short cut over a ridge is deemed expedient, and the horse has to climb like a cat on the tiles of a roof. The performance of my pony continually amazed me. I believe he could have swarmed up a rope if it had been necessary, and the aplomb with which he shirked precipices was truly beautiful.

It was my horse's business to carry me; it was mine, in the first place to admire the scenery. I have never seen a more complete and glorious forest. What avails it I should tell you the names of the trees! They were not unlike the forest trees of Europe, less cumbered with undergrowth, and less mantled with creepers than the jungles of the Tropics. Most clearly I remember the tawhai, a tree with somewhat the habit of the oak; vast knotted arms, heavy with moss and lichens, a true sensation of the forest. High up on the giant ranges of the Huirau, there trees abound and flourish. Well do I remember our descent from Huirau to the lake. We rode down the bed of a stream, following a deep and gloomy ravine. The ground below was miry and stony, the trees enormous, and the aspect of nature had something transcendent and overwhelming. Something of a very early incarnation must have awakened within me; I felt an impotence, almost a fear, that the mere world of nature cannot now inspire in man. True, I knew well enough a few settlers with fire and

* New Zealand is not yet a country of bridges, and countless lives have been lost in crossing rivers.

axe could sweep away that forest in a few years; but its day was not yet come. Can we wonder that the old Maori seers beheld troops of spirits crossing the Huirau and vanishing in the skies? It is hard to realise what the world was like when it was *covered* with forests like this; but an impression of such an age steals across the mind after a few days in their lonely wastes.

New Zealand is not a land of flowers, like Australia—perhaps it was too wet—but it is pre-eminently a land of ferns. Especially of tree ferns, which give the woods a character of their own, and of deep luxuriant bracken. The new bracken was growing when I was there; it was already six feet high, and the plains were often covered with it. This bracken was a great pattern of warfare in old days; the vanquished Maori retired into the bracken, and what was the use of looking for him then. The roots of certain kinds of bracken furnished him with food; and the young tip of the frond, just uncurling, was the source of his chief inspiration in art.* There are a few flowering trees, one especially with rich, red blossoms that glows here and there in the depths of the verdure.

From end to end of New Zealand there are not only many streams but many lakes. They lie embowered in lofty mountains, with winding arms and creeks where every effect of such scenery can be witnessed in perfection. Whakaremoana in the north, Manapuri in the south, Te Dran and Lake Ada I saw, and I saw them in every mood. Smooth and blue as the poetic waters of Italy; dashed into billows by sudden winds; smiling in the sunlight; concealed in clouds and rain.

* Though some believe that he borrowed this inspiration from an older race.

I can dream them over again; I cannot reproduce them by any art of speech. But something must be said of the Milford Sound top. Milford Sound is one of many sounds on the south-west coast of New Zealand. They are like the fiords of Norway, but grander and more varied. Their rocky walls rise some thousands of feet towards the skies, forests cling to them here and there, their summits are crowned with glaciers, and cateracts thunder down their faces. Milford Sound is the only one accessible by land. The New Zealand Government has made a path there, and divided the journey into three stages. Huts are provided at each stage, and at Milford Sound an old Scotch settler, Mr Sutherland, receives visitors in his house. The trip is strongly recommended by the Tourists Department, and during the summer many visitors make it.

Certainly they add something to their experiences, and something more than the Tourist Department holds out to them. In the first place, they learn what it is like to be rained on for six days together, for, in Milford Sound during the summer, it is almost always rainy; 300 inches in the year means a good many wet days. In the next place they make the acquaintance of a small fly yclept the "sandfly." This creature was produced, no doubt, by Vishwamitra, in order to show that he could invent something which, while differing from the mosquito in every particular, should yet be more detestable. It is noiseless, whereas the mosquito buzzes; its bite never fails to be perceived; it retires at night and is most active in the sun; it leaves you alone while you are walking, and settles on you when you stand still. It is withal sluggish in its movements, and can easily be picked off

your flesh and killed. Some of these points may seem to be in its favour, but against them all must be set its horrid, indescribable pertinacity. Wherever, whenever you pause for a moment on the Milford Track your eyes, your ears, and your nose are infested by sandflies. It soon ceases to be a consolation that you can kill them; you cannot ignore them; the only remedy is a thick veil. But, then, what is scenery seen through a veil? Now the scenery in itself passes all description. The route lies through one long valley, sublime at every turn, with massive rocks, woods, streams, and eternal snows. You review all the charm of the Tropics and the higher alps,* and you end with the lonely grandeurs of Milford Sound.

The flies and the rain, however, between them spoil things, and your best plan is, perhaps, not to take the scenery too seriously, but to make friends with your fellow-travellers and enjoy the humours of the trip. These are sure not to be wanting. Many of the visitors come badly provided with clothes, and while their garments are drying in the evenings they look very unfashionable. But talents of some kind will be found among them and there is plenty of good conversation, serious and frivolous, as you prefer. Among the types present you will probably find New Zealanders taking a holiday, and professional globe-trotters. It is notable what a large and growing community these latter form in our age, and how many of them are unmarried women. As a rule they are tedious companions. Their minds lack depth, like the minds of almost all who have never in their lives been serious students of anything. They never dream of studying history; their views of present-

* There are now Alpine flowers along some parts of the route.

day life, expressed as a rule with much assurance and self-satisfaction, are shallow and stupid.

So much for New Zealand's scenery; a few words now as to her climate. It contains specimens of many climates, all truly temperate, for they are none of them extreme. The climate of Auckland is something like that of Naples, that of Invercargill like that of the south-west of Scotland—perhaps milder. This, at least, is what I thought, judging by the impressions of a summer visit. It is disputed whether all parts of the islands are equally healthy, and I certainly felt the children of Auckland looked a little like the white children of Bombay. But school records of games are satisfactory, and, on the whole, any adverse conclusions would be premature. Though New Zealand is not so dry as some parts of the world, its climate is, on the whole, not surpassed anywhere. "On the whole," because many countries have glorious climates for two or three months in the year, while the rest is misery. Moreover New Zealand offers changes of climate within easy reach, and there is plenty of land to wander over.

But the scenery of New Zealand, to my mind, is altogether second in interest to its people, the Maoris. The world has heard of them, and, having heard of them, thinks it has heard enough of them. It has no time to do justice to this great sea of men. But whoever sees things in the true proportions will always think of New Zealand as the home of the Maori, and the scene of a tragic act in the sombre drama of human history.

The Maoris in New Zealand, like ourselves, were invaders. They belonged to the Polynesians of the South Pacific, and at some time in the past they reached New

Zealand in long, seafaring canoes. Genealogies fix the date of one invasion in the fourteenth century, and this is the single fact of their history known to us. The place of their origin they call Hawaiti—a name occurring all over the Pacific. They are the only race of men who have ever migrated from the tropic to the temperate regions of the earth.

In colour they are brown, and in feature so various that it is difficult to fix a type. Sometimes Mongolian, sometimes Caucasian features seem to show themselves. To-day, much mixture of European blood has unsettled all conclusions, but I think Caucasian features must always have been the rule. There is nothing special to remark about their stature. In strength and endurance they equalled any race known to history. During the Maori wars a band of prisoners were stationed in a hulk some three miles from the shore. One stormy night they all dropped from a port-hole into the sea, swam ashore, and vanished. Their chief, who was too old to swim, they supported on the passage, several perishing in this act of service.

They were never very numerous. They dwelt mostly near the shore, though some tribes were scattered in small clearings through the forest. In any case their material surroundings were very humble; no race that has left a mark on history ever lived on so low a plane in respect of food. New Zealand possessed no fruit, no cereal, and on edible animal of any consequence. Some of the settlers brought sweet potatoes and *taro* plants, but these natives of the Tropics would not thrive everywhere in New Zealand. On the coast they had fish; inland the chief resource was fern root. After much pounding, washing, and straining, this hard esculent

was fit for the stomach, and when it was available, at least, the Maori did not starve. But he had always to work hard and long to fill his belly. In certain seasons he trapped birds and rats, and he had a plan of preserving these in melted fat. Whatever else was eatable, he ate. The list included all kinds of worms and grubs, indeed certain kinds of worms (like the hind quarters of dogs) was reserved as delicacies for the chiefs. In times of scarcity extreme measures were needed, and the Maori did not scruple to lick the excrements of birds off the leaves of bushes. Given materials, however, he knew how to cook. He dug a hole and fitted it with smooth pebbles, and lit a fire on them; when they were red hot, he brushed away the fire, threw water on the stones, and set his meal in the steam, covered with a mat. His dishes were juicy and well-flavoured, and I can say from experience that civilisation knows no better way of cooking potatoes.

The clothes of the old Maoris were called by the Europeans "mats," from their stiff texture and square shape. They were flung loosely about the body, and seem to us but chilly coverings. However, they left ventilation free, and perhaps on this point we might learn something from the savage. The material was "flax," the fibres of a sedge that grows in the New Zealand marshes. After careful preparation it was woven in a strong white fabric, very beautiful and regular. This was ornamented, sometimes covered with feathers; in some cases mats were made of dog-skins. Such robes were the prized possessions of chiefs, and as specimens of human dress, would bear comparison with the state robes of a mandarin.

Maori art, in general, reaches the highest level of

savage art, that is to say, it is not inferior to the decorative art of any age. It is chiefly in wood-carving that their skill is shown, and especially in the stem-pieces of their canoes. These are covered with spirals and scrolls of open work, perfect both in conception and finish. We stand amazed to learn that these works were executed in hard wood with stone tools, and yet the very difficulties of the task may have had something to do with its finished execution.

> "Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
> D'une forme au travail Rebelle,
> Vers, marbre, onyx, email."

Besides stem-pieces, boxes and other utensils were executed. Moreover, every Maori had his face tattooed with spiral lines, and became himself a work of art, and that by no means a contemptible one. There was, however, little naturalism in their art, and they attained to no power of dealing with the human face. Images of ancestors, heroes, and gods are common on their buildings, yet they equal not in life-like power the scratchings of the bushmen, and they lack the dignity of which the true grotesque is capable.

The Maori had a rich and varied music, and a host of poetic legends beyond numbering. Their religion was Shamanism; in their old villages were little huts where the spirits came to hold converse with the mediums. Of the future life their ideas were vague; they held no belief in re-incarnation. But fragments of verse show that they had asked themselves the ancient riddle:

> "It is well with thee, O moon,
> Thou returnest from death, spreading thy light on the little waves.
> Men say, 'Behold, the moon re-appears,
> But the dead of this world return no more.'"

Amid their wild myths we meet with philosophic musings which have, perhaps, a history more ancient than the hills. Here is a fragment of cosmogony:

"Night had conceived the seed of night; the heart, the foundation of night,
Had stood forth self-existing even in the gloom.
The shadows screen the faintest gleam of light.
The procreating power, the ecstasy of life first known,
And joy of issuing forth from silence into sound,
The progeny of the great extending* filled the expanse of Heaven."

The progeny here spoken of were the primordial beings who preceded man. These beings were bi-sexual, yet woman strictly so-called was not known till Tane sought for and found her, the *whare o aitua*, or "source of trouble," for the Maori, like the Babylonian, had an idea that evil came into the world through woman.

Perhaps his most interesting conception was that of the *mana* belonging to all animate and inanimate things. It was a latent power, a secret energy that evoked them to somewhat play their part in the world. It took the place of destiny as other races have conceived it. A club might be supposed to have its attendant *mana*, which made it prosperous in war. The fall of their race, they really say, is due to the loss of their *mana*.

The spiritual life of the Maori was dominated by the conception of *tapu*, a conception prevailing throughout the Southern Seas, but developed in New Zealand more than elsewhere. *Tapu* was a prohibition restricting the use of certain things to privileged persons, usually priests or chiefs. These same persons had the right to impose or extend such restrictions, their posses-

* Presumably "extending" means "process of extending."

sing a power which according to circumstances, might be very useful or very dangerous to society. Violations of *tapu* were punished by the powers of the spirit world, and it is a fact that when the white man first entered New Zealand, the violations of *tapu* were seen to waste away and die. Awkward and even ludicrous restrictions arose in connection with *tapu*, and under some circumstances it became impossible for a man to feed himself. Among quaint relics of this age are the feeding bowls (like those we use for infants), which were used for chiefs under *tapu*, beautifully made and carved. Connected with *tapu* was the sentiment which regarded the cooking of food, or the place where cooking was done, as unclean. This curious and unparalleled feeling was very strong; even to mention people's names in connection with cooking food was an insult, still more so to bring cooked food near their person, especially near their head.

Their social system was closely knit under an aristocracy of birth. The chiefs were men of power, first in war and peace, and closely associated with mystic knowledge. Was it not an old chief who showed Bishop Selwyn a miracle? He cast into the air a withered leaf and it fell on the ground a green leaf. "Match that," said he, "and I will be your concert." The Bishop declared, somewhat evasively, that neither his Master nor he dealt in signs, and the old chief perished in his heathenism. No doubt he was a chief of the old school, and ruled his people firmly. Once such a chief and some of his people were hiding from a party of enemies, when a baby along with one of the women began to cry. Turning to her he said briefly, "*I* am that child"; she understood at once and strangled it.

War was the constant occupation of the Maori, for no two tribes lived at peace together. War began chiefly over hunting rights, but often from the use of insulting language by one tribe to another. The Maoris, like most savages, were sensitive alike to ridicule and curses, and some of the most furious wars arose over "the point of honour." Their weapons were clubs; no mizzle was known. The clubs were of wood, stone, or whalebone, short flat weapons, with which the warrior sought to cleave his enemies' skull laterally, then, with a turn of his wrist, to lift the top of it off. These clubs were of most beautiful outline, marvellously smooth and true; they represented the work of years. There were eight of them for sale in Auckland when I was there, the price asked was £1000.

The most precious material used for clubs was the greenstone or jade found in the northern island. It was also used for images of the god Tiki, and was regarded with a veneration resembling that which the Chinese regard the same stone. It is one of the hardest of stones, and that a people with no metals whatever could work it, is one of the wonders of human history. Year after year, one must suppose, some man would work away at a club, rising in the night to rub it a little, when he felt sleepless, and patiently waiting till it assumed its perfect form. Are savages or civilised men the more patient? Their patience takes different forms, and it is hard to say.

The Maoris were a martial people; they showed especially good judgment of defensible positions, and still in fortification. Their *pas* or fortified villages were strong and crafty retreats. All are now vanished, but one or two copies of them may be seen, and notable

is that Mar Tewhaiti which a modern chief built to please himself. It stands on a square mound; a double palisade, with great figures of heroic ancestors defying the foe. The double palisade was to tempt assailants, through certain attractive holes, into places where their heads might conveniently be clubbed.

The fate of prisoners, and often of civil offenders too, was to be eaten. This practice may have had a ritual origin, but actual want of food or other circumstances led to a cost and practical view of cannibalism rare elsewhere, even in the South Seas. Human flesh was outspokenly relished. An informant of mine once asked an old cannibal how it tasted, and learned that "Six days after I had eaten it, the smell of my breath would have made you hungry." In the last dreadful days of the Han-Han war one Kereopa swallowed the eyes of a missionary, and a follower of his, on being reproached with the act, explained, "There is no difference between a dead man's eyes and a dead fish's eyes. As he swallowed the right eye he said 'This is the Queen,' as he swallowed the left eye he said 'This is the Parliament.' It was a symbolic act."

One seems to see the unpleasant possibility that cannibalism might be more justified than many things the white man does or has done; and perhaps it is best not to inquire too closely into the matter. One may add that the victim's degradation did not end with his death. The Maoris had a way of preserving the heads of their enemies (like the Jiaros of Peru). The features shrank, but could be recognised, and the head became a permanent memorial of triumph. Its humiliation was completed by setting it up in a cooking house. The bones of the skeleton were utilised for parrot rings.

One result of these institutions was that the Maoris buried their dead in secret places.

Their lives in peace were sensible and moral, and women were well treated. Marriages were by arrangement, endogamous; the token system was unknown. One may suppose, except in times of death or defeat, things went well enough; there was ample occupation, interest and happiness. The Maoris was one of the few savage races whom the white man has found in the hey-day of their vigour. What has he gained from the white man's arrival?

The first white men to land in New Zealand were Tasman and Cook. Later on the island became a rendezvous for whalers and traders. The traders often settled there, like clients in old Roman days, under the protection of powerful chiefs. The articles they bought were dried heads for museums, and "flax"; the payment was made in drink, guns and powder. The drink does not seem to have done much harm; the Maoris showed great self-control. The guns and powder revolutionised native war. * It had always been cruel; it now became devastating in the extreme. The first tribes to acquire European weapons greedily exterminated their enemies. They paid themselves, however, a penalty for this greed. The flax with which they bought their arms was only to be obtained by long toil in the unhealthy swamps; to this and to the unhealthy excitement of the period the first decline of the Maoris was due.

The next arrivals were Protestant missionaries. They worked on familiar lines, and met on the whole

* It is worth recording that the Queen of England innocently made presents of arms to Maori chiefs.

with success. The spiritualistic system vanished before Christianity, and, in some districts, the Maoris began to cultivate the arts of peace which the missionaries introduced. Here and there this was encouraged by far-sighted chiefs, and I may pause to recognise the prescience and character of these men. They perceived that the *mana* of the European was superior to that of the Maori, and some of them resolved to visit the European in his own home and learn the secret of his civilisation. Unaided, in some cases, they worked their way to England as sailors, with a courage and constancy unsurpassed in the history of man, undaunted alike by suffering and by insults, which no mortal brooked less than a Maori chief. Some of them starved to death in the streets of London; others, rescued at the last moment, returned to New Zealand. Among such was Duaterra, whose struggle to save his countrymen is one of the most moving things in history. He was especially anxious that they should learn to plant corn; he saw where their weakness lay.

> "Truths would you teach or save a sinking land,
> All fear, none aid you, none understand."

If I remember right, Dauterra was poisoned by a woman who disliked his innovations.

What might have happened had the Maoris been left to the missionaries and to officials, one cannot say; the nineteenth century saw settlers arrive. The settlers long preceded the British flag but that came too, and a British Governor. The early Governors were incompetent men, but the credit of Britain was redeemed by Sir George Gray, who made a long and noble attempt to protect and reconcile both Maoris and settlers. That attempt seemed to be meeting with some success, when

the Maori War broke out. It was a war over land; a certain Maori claimed rights over a piece of land which the British Government considered they had bought. Technically, the British Government seem to have been wrong; but then, owing to the Maori communism, it was impossible to know when all claims to a piece of land had been satisfied, and since the Maoris would not abandon this system, a secure purchase of land became almost impossible. The British Government acted in good faith, and I do not see how they can be blamed. Moreover, it is certain that the increasing number of settlers had alarmed the Maoris, and they thought it high time to fight for the possession of the islands.

Thus began the Maori War, which lasted for ten years. It ended, of course, in the victory of the Colony, at the cost of many millions; but it is not superfluous to observe that only the possession of superior arms enabled the white man to triumph. The Maoris fought with heroic valour, and the war was a long series of attacks on fortified places which were carried with difficulty, and gave no great advantage to their possessor. One such occasion is remembered for the answer which the garrison gave when they were summoned to surrender; "This is the word of the Maori; we will fight for ever and ever and ever." The war, unlike the Indian wars of America, was marked by no wanton horrors; the Maoris did not kill women and children and torture captives, and their opponents also treated them with forbearance. Many tales survive of chivalrous conduct on both sides.

One thing the Maoris certainly gained from the war, and that is the respect of the white man. They possess it still; Maori blood is not, in itself, a disqualification

for any office or society in New Zealand. Many mixed marriages still take place, and the children lie under no reproach. I believe this is the only instance in the world where a savage race has extorted such a position from the white man, and it should be recorded to the credit of both sides. But when this is said, all is said. The Maoris who now survive—4000 in number—are, for the most part, sunk in hopeless poverty and misery. There are some few rich men among them, and those are regions where, owing, I believe, to missionary effort, something like civilised society has been created. But for the most part, and everywhere in the regions I traversed, the Maori is fallen. He has shown no power whatever to learn the lessons of civilisation. His home is dirty and comfortless; whatever money comes into his hands he wastes in yam and artificial flowers; steady work he cannot endure, he would rather, like his fathers, take the chance of the day and pass, according to the season, from sluttish plenty to starvation.

He is "educated"; schools are open to him, with curricula as useless and unsuitable as it is possible to make them. The Maori language, it is needless to say, is not officially recognised.

The great political problem connected with these people was the land problem. The old treaty of Waitangi, in 1840, recognised the whole of New Zealand as the property of the Maoris, and provided that only Government should have the power to buy it from them. It would be long to tell the story of the troubles that arose out of this; but the upshot of all is, that in seventy years the Maoris *have* lost almost all their land. Partly because they have always been anxious to get rid of it, and to lay

their hands on a little money. The land they had and have still is rendered useless to them by their communistic system, which makes it hopeless for any particular person to start cultivation. It is easy to suggest that the British Government might have taken the Maoris by the hand and helped them to reform their system and replace their old ideals, but there is no reason to suppose that any such efforts would have succeeded. The Maoris have never appreciated the new world before them any more than that old chief of theirs who died with the words, "Be brave, my children, that you may live." They have never perceived that courage without *union* is powerless; for on that the white man's success is built upon certain commonplace virtues which they possess not. It is a dreary tale. One cannot look unmoved on the faces of the old Maori chiefs. Like that of the American-Indians they show "a courage never to despair or yield," which seems to be one of the highest gifts of man. Yet in their hour of trial it was useless to them.

Day after day I rode through the Urawere country, whose woods and streams I have described, and stayed with the Maoris all night. Very few, they were, and I was startled to find among them English children, derelicts of civilisation, whom the Maoris (like the white men of New Zealand), exempt from race feeling, had adopted. I saw also old men of the past, very old men, with tattooed faces, to whom the past was present, and the present non-existent. They sang for me Maori songs; the war song of Te Kooti, and songs about the stars—why does Canopus mistrust the other stars and keep to himself in a corner of the sky? I listened with greedy ears, for there will soon be no mortal men to sing

such songs, not till Shiva has danced the *tandeva*, and the procession of the æons starts anew. I was at a great Christmas feast, something in the old savage style, veneered with civilisation; joints of oxen, dried eels, heaps and heaps of potatoes, and long, long speeches in Maori about nothing at all.

But above everything else I visited Rua. This Rua was a roadmaker in Government service, who felt himself called to found a new religion. Something more than a religion it was at first, till Government sent him a hint that "there could not be two suns in one sky." Then he confined himself to religion. Knowing from Christianity its millenarian dreams, he proclaimed the foundation of New Jerusalem in the forests of Tuhoeland. He called on his countrymen to sell what land or treasure they had left, and to join him in clearing the forest for the city of God. Many of them obeyed, and the city was some three years old when I visited it. A more curious sight I have never seen. In a clearing of that gigantic forest, on the side of a hill, was a small group of wooden huts with a palisade round them. One good house was Rua's; and by it was a round building of fantastic form—his temple, adorned with mystic emblems of Unity and the Trinity. The other houses within the pale were those of the elders. Outside it were other houses, and some buildings for agricultural purposes.

Rua I met; his face was open, bright, and sunny; his long hair gave him a resemblance to the usual pictures of Christ. He spoke little English, and I gathered no impression of his character—unsuitable, probably like the characters of other leaders of religious movements. This much is certain, that he had the best house in the

settlement, much household staff, and eight "wives"—for from the Mormons* he had borrowed the doctrine of polygamy. One of these "wives" was ill when I was there, and this, perhaps, was why Rua did not attend morning prayers next day. I did so, however, rising betimes, and ascending a hill-top, to a flat place where Rua's followers were holding sunrise service. They were all people of simple mystic type; a touching sight, for if ever sheep were gathered without a shepherd it was there. The movement was just collapsing; there were only about fifty people in the settlement, people who had lost all; and I heard that during the past year some had perished of starvation.

Had the Maoris been wise they would have entrusted themselves wholeheartedly to the Church of England or the Church of Rome. As it is, they have coquetted with Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists, and other sectaries; the result is, Rua, I fancy, their old Shamanism, is extinct, though Spiritualism among the Europeans may at any time revive it. But no distant date will probably see the Maoris themselves vanish. Their numbers are falling. Disease, drink, and unchastity are thinning them out; probably they will soon be a memory or merely a strain in New Zealand blood. What the dominion will have to watch carefully in the meantime is that no deprived clan of Maori, or half-caste Maoris, is formed.

I bethink myself how that not a word have I yet said about the wild animals of New Zealand. Let justice be done to them. This will be easy enough, for New Zealand was simply devoid of fourfooted aborigines. One there was, the Maori rat, which perhaps the Maoris

* The Mormons carry on an active propaganda in New Zealand.

brought with them, a succulent rat, now extinct. There were, however, many birds. The most interesting to the stranger are the wingless birds, the *kiwis* and others, still visible in the remote jungles. They look something like jay-fowl and are bold in the neighbourhood of man, not knowing that dogs will presently make an end of them. Many pretty and many vocal birds inhabited the New Zealand jungles, and with the increase of clearing their numbers might perhaps have increased, if it be true, as is sometimes said, that song birds multiply where cultivated land meets forest. Things, however, have not taken this turn in New Zealand; weasels and other enemies have almost exterminated the native birds. It is said, however, that the last few years have shown a small increase in their numbers; they have perhaps learned to protect their nests. It is a pity they should vanish; one of my pleasant recollections of the country is the parson bird singing near Lake Waikaremoano. The Government has set apart one of four islands near the coast as resorts for them.

One curious problem of New Zealand ornithology is the date of the Moa. This was a gigantic wingless bird, whose bones have been pretty freely picked up throughout the country. Now bones are perishable relics, and it would seem that the last Moa cannot have died long ago. Why is it, then, that the Maoris know nothing of him, and there is not a trace of him in their legends? He was not only large enough to see, but large enough to be an important dish at their feasts.

Be it added that New Zealand seas lodge within them the only fish with a personal history. "Pelorous Jack" is his name; he haunts Pelorous Sound, and twice a

week, for many years, he has never failed to pilot the steamer through the Sound, plunging and splashing by her side. He has been photographed and recognised as a kind of dolphin; but there this strange intercourse between man and the finny tribe comes to an end. Some years ago, an attempt was made to shoot him, but a special act of Parliament now prohibits such an outrage.

Perch and trout have been introduced into the country, and the trout not only thrive but show the most extraordinary increase in weight, running up to twenty pounds. This is a fact without parallel in natural history.

Pass on now to the white man in New Zealand, viewing him no more as the instrument of Providence against the Maori, but in himself and his achievements, and let us first do just justice to the old emigrants. It is amazing to think that their story has passed from the minds of men, even Englishmen; 1830 and 1840 are as far from us as the stone age. Seeing what New Zealand is to-day men fail to realise that there was anything remarkable in its settlement. Yet so remarkable was it that a deeper reflection will leave us lost in wonder as to what can have been the *motives* of the early emigrants. They had before them a six month's voyage; that they knew; did they know what the uncleared forest was like? Why did they leave their country? What hope or what illusion possessed them? Those who went to New Zealand were not for the most part men who would have failed at home; they were strong and capable men, and often men with a little means. The crest of the war, in a *Volks vev wanderung*, is not always of this kind; I have seen in some parts of the world, the advance guard of a race to be wastrels,

whom society has extruded; but the colonists of New Zealand were really picked men. Whether or not they knew what lay before them, when they reached New Zealand they set to work, and drove before them the demons of the wilderness. Scorning comforts, and medical appliances, and newspapers, they educated themselves to the day's word; "chop, chop," and "dig, dig" for the men, "wash, wash," and "mend, mend," for the women. Varied this was for the women by the cares of childbirth, and for the men occasionally, by broils with the Maoris. Little record remains of the nations feelings and experiences of this age; but a few old books tell monotonous tales of the voyages, its hard fare, crowded quarters and tumbling waves; and the sentiments of the early homesteads may sometimes be gathered too, sometimes even in the present day, from veterans at first hand.

New Zealand now, like Australia, though not quite to the same degree, dislikes country and frontier life. Government encourages it, offering land on favourable terms—which is easier to do in New Zealand than in Australia, because large holdings are not so common. I remember one new settlement which I visited in Tuhoeland. It was situated in reclaimed country which the Government had offered in small holdings to dairy farmers. This had all been taken up, and a lucrative business in cheese was afoot. I visited the co-operative factory, a clean and vigorous institution, and stayed with one family who let rooms. It was clear, however, that no great content reigned in their bosoms. They disliked the loneliness of the station, and the seven days' work which dairy farming involves. Their children may—or may not—think differently. At present,

so far as I can see, the taste for the settler's life is dead among the Anglo-Saxon people. If at all alive, it is only alive in Canada, a part of our "empire" which I have scarcely seen.

As New Zealanders made a good beginning in material affairs, so, too, they have continued well, and neglected none of their opportunities. They had before them a virgin land, and truly they have wooed and enjoyed her. They have turned her forests into timber, and extorted gold and Kauri* gum from her soil. They have reared up millions of sheep, not the merino of Australia, which needs a drier climate than that of New Zealand, but a sturdier animal, that ends his life in the refrigerating chamber. Moreover, the fisheries of the coast are turned to good account, and even Australia, which sniffs at things New Zealand, enjoys her smoked blue cod.

The towns of New Zealand are all bright, attractive places. There are four that lead, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, and it is a happy circumstance that no one is pre-eminent. They are very English in their appearance, there is nothing in their streets that speaks of the Southern Cross. If, moreover, the four towns I have mentioned lead, those that follow them are only smaller, not less solid or attractive. Far away in the south is vigorous Invercargill; in the north, delightful Napier, to which I mean to retire some day. It has the climate of lotus land, and a lovely park,

*The kauri is a magnificent timber tree (now approaching extinction). It produces on its bark a gum-like amber, and there are places where lumps of this gum, now buried in the soil, are the sole relic of ancient forests. It is too brittle to be used for the purposes of amber, but the best pieces are very beautiful, and have the water and fire of precious stones.

and if little tidings of the world vex its repose, that is the true milieu for an old Anglo-Indian.

Now with respect to their riches and pleasures of New Zealand, the great point to observe is that they are equally shared. New Zealand, as all the world knows, is a Socialist experiment. Everything there either belongs to or is strictly regulated by the Government. Hours of labour are so fixed, wages, and conditions of labour. You are sure of your eight shillings a day; and rigorous rules prevent any man from doing the least little bit of a job that belongs to any other trade. Old age pensions, I think, ten shillings a week; state insurance of all kinds; and, altogether, for the humblest citizen, a life secure from care. Strange course of history that has brought this to pass where, not long ago, every man fought nature for himself.

The programme is not quite complete. Private ownership of land survives, though not large estates. There are one or two large industries, some of which I visited, amongst others the Gear Meat Company. It is a large concern, that slaughters and refrigerates sheep and cattle. I saw, I believe, every corner of it, and wish to record its wonderful cleanliness, its light and airy rooms, and, of course, its economy of labour, and products. Not long afterwards I saw Chicago, which in all but economy, is a whole age behind it. Public sentiment in New Zealand does not allow women or children to be employed in such a place; America, please notice.

How far, now, is this Socialist experiment a success? At the moment, apparently its success is real. Perhaps the chief drawback to the system is its unfair pressure on the professional and upper middle classes.

The fixed refusal of women to accept domestic service makes domestic life very tiresome for these; higher education is comparatively expensive, and the middle class parent is the least fortunate person in New Zealand. Were I one of his number I should not hesitate to bring up my own sons as carpenters; but class sentiment, still surviving in the country, forbids this expedient to the New Zealand doctor and lawyer. Now the future of the situation remains to be seen. The present is satisfactory to those who opine that men who are not manual labourers should be repressed. It may not always pay society to take this view. At present, the culture of New Zealand is chiefly imported from the old world, which she has improved on, but one day she will have to decide whether to do without it or produce it herself.

At present, the tone of society is happier than that of Australia. There is not the same previous class hatred. Perhaps because there are no great fortunes in New Zealand to excite men's cupidity or outrage their moral feelings. Perhaps because it may really be true that in some parts of Australia, labour is underpaid—though these are not parts that I visited. Anyhow, the fact is certain. But I do not think New Zealand has any special lessons to teach a larger and more complex world. Moreover, when we reflect that in these islands, a people even now less than a million in number have received from Providence a rich and virgin country to plunder, and were themselves originally picked men, and have been able to borrow £72,000,000* from the old world, it is not surprising that one should find them

* I have not seen this figure in any official book, but it is the figure which usually appears in print as the sum total of the public debt of New Zealand.

living in comfort. The day will come later on when the value of their social fabric is tested.

The general expenses of life are moderate, except in the case of house rent and certain manufactured articles. Like Australia, the country is strongly protectionist, the usual argument for the policy being that cheap articles from England and elsewhere are made by sweated labour, and should be excluded. As in Australia, the value of this position will be tested when the natural resources of the country begin to fail, or to bear a smaller proportion to the population.

In politics, adult suffrage and female suffrage prevail. The father of the family weighs no more with the state than the boy or girl who is still a student and lives at his expense. However, at present, no great harm seems to be done. The tone of political life is pure; there is no bribery of individuals. Bribery of constituencies is recognised as legitimate; the constituency which does not return a representative of the right colour will find the central government indifferent to its local needs. Here again, however, the country is in general so prosperous that no great harm seems to be done. It must be noted, however, that New Zealand politicians do not seem to manage their money affairs very well, and financial crisis recur as regularly as famines in India.

The influence of the female vote is difficult to determine. Probably it has something to do with the strict attitude taken by all authorities against drink and "vice." To what results this attitude leads no one could really say. It is certain that in many districts, especially in the "dry" districts of the south, open drinking has disappeared. So, too, has open professional vice all over the islands. But I remember what one

New Zealander said to me, " This suits the father of a son much better than the father of a daughter." I will say no more myself for I have no more to say; I was frankly a tourist, and what serious study I gave to anything was given to the Maoris.

With regard to the orthodox religions, they are feeble causes. The people have listened to another Gospel:

" Ein neues Lied ein besseres Lied,
O Volk will ich euch dichten;
Wir werden jetzt auf Erdenplatz
Das Himmelreich errichten."

Some of the older school are left, for New Zealand altogether is not three generations old, but I wrote of the Spirit of the Age. The Sabbath Day is still observed.

Public institutions fall short of Australia's level, yet there are some good museums. That at Auckland has a fine collection of Maori art, and at Christchurch there is a spirited attempt to illustrate the history of older civilisations. The educational system, at a casual glance, appears to be much in arrear of that of Australia; it is too local.

One may close with a glance at New Zealand's place in the British Empire. It is first to be noted that sentiment towards the Motherland is warm and friendly. There is nowhere to be heard in New Zealand concerning England the contemptuous tone of the Australian *Bulletin*. New Zealand is conscious of this and insists on it. It is one of the things by which she had thought herself to be distinguished from Australia. These two countries see little of each other, and in spite of common ideals and the alarm of any grievances, their mutual feeling is one of dislike. Perhaps the New Zealanders took once too superior a tone towards Australian

origins, and Australia has not forgotten this. So even to-day, New Zealand and Australia both deal separately with the old land and do not take counsel with each other even for defence. New Zealand, being the smaller of the two and obviously too weak to stand alone, is impelled by many considerations towards England. Perhaps she, too, would move less in this direction were it not that the Tropics and the millions of Asia are so near her. Four days sail from Auckland is Fiji, and Fiji, which has already a large Indian population, will soon, like the rest of the South Seas, be a dependency of Asia. New Zealand, with its population of less than a million, feels that seven hundred millions of Indians, Chinese and Japanese would easily engulf her. Thus her sentiments are hostile to colour, though here, too, her hostility is less fierce than that of Australia. Asiatics are excluded.

To England, of course, she will have to look when trouble of this or any other sort overtakes her. And, to be just, she is ready to help the old country, though her help is still that of a child "helping" its mother. If I am not mistaken the battleship which she lately presented to England was built in England with money borrowed from England, and the interest on the same is New Zealand's real contribution to Imperial defence.

The first need of the future is more men. How many men New Zealand could support one cannot say, much of the country is sterile, but certainly more than a million, and New Zealand sentiment would welcome them. What is wanted, however, is still pioneers.

So here my story ends. One day in February, 1910, I found myself on the *Haurotu* leaving Wellington for

San Francisco. I watched the sunset on the New Zealand cliffs, and said to myself, Farewell here to the old world, for though New Zealand, like her Mother, has swept into a newer age, she still belongs to the old world of our fathers. But America is a newer cycle, I leave behind me here the sights and sounds of England; it will be long before I meet them again.

CHAPTER IX

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

THE Hebrews of old, and the Greeks who followed them, made a threefold division of mankind; Columbus added a fourth, and the eighteenth century a fifth—the South Sea Islanders. Here, once more, emerged a people, not of Ham nor Shem nor Japheth, a people unknown to history, and a land unknown to geographers.

It was no such discovery as that of America. No cosmology was overthrown by it, no theology dislocated, and no dreams of Indian gold tempted soldiers to conquest or princes to annexations. Yet, for a while, the new islands drew the eyes of the world to them. Not only the savants, but the more general readers of Europe were pleased to have a new race of savages brought up for inspection. Indeed, the savage of that time had scarcely lost his novelty as a human figure; to contemplate him was still a luxury, like the smoking of tobacco, untasted by the philosophers of Greece or Rome, or the monks of the Middle Ages. The Polynesians, moreover, were a fascinating people. Their sea-girt home, their tabu and other quaint customs, their liberal ideas in "love," and their cannibal feasts, these were all piquant features in the scene. They had the advantage of Cook's faithful pen, and they gained a leading place in the topics of the age. After a time they lost it. The islands were forgotten, Captain Cook became a boys' author, and little

was heard of Polynesia for a hundred years. Not long ago they came into notice again, when the European Powers, to save trouble in the future, made a friendly division of them all.

Nevertheless, the islands had a hundred years of history, and always in the northern hemisphere some interested eyes were fixed on them. Naturalists, ethnologists, and religionists all studied them with different aims, and a few dreamers dreamed of them as a refuge from civilisation. Perhaps not many of these voyaged beneath the Southern Cross; but they beheld Polynesia, like the prophet, afar off, always a fairyland of fancy, peopled by coevals of Mariner and Cook. Vain fancy! Civilisation, that swallows up everything, has not left Polynesia unmeddled with.

Not that the South Seas of to-day are less beautiful in aspect than of old. The sea is not less blue, nor mantled with less charm upon the shores. The fringing reefs with their green shallows, the lines of foam, the many contrasts of smooth and troubled waters, they still are as our predecessors found them; and never can the first sight of a South Sea Island lose its power to transport the mind. There are low reefs, indeed, like the Paumotus, which must steal their way into the affections, but not so the great volcanic masses of Fiji or Tahiti. Straight up from the water they rise, three or four thousand feet in height, green with masses of trees, or fronting the skies with bastions and towers of rock. It is well to draw near them at early dawn, when the land breeze is blowing, welcoming the mariner to the shore. What a burden of scents it brings! Scents of earth, and grass, and flowers, how welcome to the voyager at sea! In such an hour we can appreciate

what the old sailors felt, when, after months of toil and hard sea-fare, they hailed the land, and promised themselves, in a few hours, new faces, new sounds, the smooth waters of the harbour, and the pleasures of the shore.

Pen and pencil can hardly paint these island shores, for they cannot render their *harmonies*. Their very air seems part of them, and the sea and sky belong to each other. The sky is mirrored in the lagoon, and, on the horizon, the firmament above melts into the firmament beneath. The soothing winds and the day-long murmur of the breakers persuade every sense to take its fill of pleasure.

If you visit one of the large islands, like Fiji, the interior is hardly less charming than the coast. I made choice myself of Fiji, for a month's excursion, choosing rather to have a month there than one or two days at several islands. Unfortunately, while it is easy to visit any island from Australia or New Zealand, when you get there, you have always the choice of a few hours in port, while the steamer calls, or a month between two steamers. You cannot make a tour of the island, calling a week at each, unless you charter a boat of your own and make your own way about. To do this you would not need a very long purse, but you would need to be a good sailor and (probably) to be proof against the smell of copra. There are few boats that do not carry, or have not at some time carried, copra, and the oily, rancid smell of this article, once established in a boat, never forsakes her. Possibly, too, your fortitude may be tried in another way; high winds may get up, and you may be blown almost any distance from your course. Small boats have met with incredible adventures in the Pacific,

and even native canoes crossing narrow straits have been blown hundreds of miles away.

Now I have no adventure of this kind to record, for I travelled to Fiji from Sydney in a Union steamer; we had high seas on the passage, but reached Suva very comfortably in October 1909. This is not the best season of the year for a visit; the weather in the south of Viti Levu is hot and wet, but travelling is possible. And this is perhaps the place to speak of the geography of Fiji, and of routes and means of locomotion.

The name " Fiji " covers a numerous group of islands. The largest is Viti Levu, the largest island in the South Pacific; the second largest is Vanua Levu; there are many others smaller. All are masses of volcanic rock, and the scenery is the same in all. The climate is thoroughly tropical, there is little difference between the seasons, and almost everywhere there is a heavy rainfall. The northern half of Viti Levu does not share in this rainfall, it is dry and treeless (as I was told), and sheep will live there; elsewhere, especially in Suva, the rains are long and heavy—thirty-six inches have fallen in twenty-four hours.

Owing to this rainfall, and to good fortune in its levels, the island of Viti Levu is watered by magnificent rivers. They are worthy of a great continent, broad, and deep, and navigable for many miles; we have no such rivers in India. I travelled in a steamer up the Rewa fifty miles, as far as Viria. Once you leave the river, however, locomotion becomes as hard as it was easy. There are scarcely any roads in the islands; the British Government has made one or two—steep and narrow and muddy tracks. No carts could pass along them, and, as there are no beasts of burden, your only

resource is coolies. These, however, scarcely exist. The Fijians, big as they are, make clumsy and feeble porters compared with Indians, and unless you have Government or missionary influence to help you, you will not get their services at all. No, no matter what you pay them; and a rupee a day is the least a Fijian will look at. I owed everything to the kindness of Mr Brown, a missionary of Bau, who gave me a circular letter to the village pastors (*tala-tala*). They, on receiving the same, arranged for my food and lodging, and for coolies to the next village. The accommodation cost me about three rupees a night, and the coolies a rupee a head.

Everything went smoothly, though the paths led sometimes over cliffs and sometimes through swamps, and the fords were not a little trying. (You should, if possible, be a good swimmer to travel through Fiji.) My chief difficulty was with the language. The Fijians speak no English, and no interpreters exist. I took a little English boy with me to Bau, who spoke Fijian, but he was not equal to the longer excursion. At Bau I found a retired Sergeant of the Fiji Contingent, who spoke English well, and might have been very serviceable if he would have come with me. I offered him the pay of his rank and a travelling allowance, but he stood out for twice this sum, and I would not give it. (As I left Bau he was making a speech to the lookers-on, exposing my folly and pointing out how he could have bullied the villagers into bringing me fowls.) My chief resource was the Hindu traders, who spoke a very quaint Hindustani, and went between me and the Fijians. Thus I got some questions asked and answered, but every traveller will know how little I learned and how much I failed to learn.

The scenery everywhere was stupendous. The mountains rose up to five thousand feet high, masses of prodigious grandeur, clothed with forests of sombre green. Round their bases stole and wound the rivers, bordered by a few cultivated fields; signs of habitation were few or none. Never have I seen more splendid the pomp of the skies, for, when thunder-clouds gather in the Tropics, the sun ruling in the zenith envelops them in a glory of rays and reflections unknown in Europe. We travelled in perfect security; order reigns throughout the island; there are no savage animals, there is no malarial fever. On the other hand, there was not the interest of animals; there are very few birds in Fiji. I saw no wild parrots, but there is a native parrot of great beauty, which is caught and sold by Hindu traders. Throughout the South Sea Islands wild pigs abound, descended from those forefathers whom Captain Cook brought over. They are much esteemed as food by the islanders; it is even related that women suckle little pigs to bring their flesh to perfection.

Let me turn now to speak of the race and history of the Fijians. There are plenty of books about them, and a few words will be sufficient here. They belong to the Melanesian stock of the Southern Seas, which is very different from that of the Polynesians. Take up the map if need be, and observe how wide is the area of the South Sea Islands, from the Caroline to Easter Island, from Hawaii to New Zealand. The chief home of the Polynesians is in the east and south, the Melanesians occupy the west. Leaving the Polynesians, for the present, alone and speaking of the Fijian, as our type of the Melanesian, the first thing that strikes one about him is his gigantic, muscular form. His colour

is a deep chocolate brown, you might almost say black; his hair is long, stiff, and crisp, and it stands out from his head like a great brush. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world, and the Fijians of old time, in their pride, reinforced its dignity with wigs and "transformations." The men's features were bold and resolute; they have the lips but not the noses of negroes; though not attractive, they are not repulsive, and seem fitter to inspire fear than disgust. There is not much softness about the women, though a few of them, as in any country, are pleasant looking. I could not perceive that they had any distinct smell. Nor did my own impressions lead me to classify them with any other race I have ever seen.

When Fiji was first discovered, society was organised under various chiefs, whose power was hereditary. Frontiers and capitals changed, but within his own district each chief was paramount. His rank was more than human, and he was ever approached with scrupulous ceremony. There was at times a recognised king of the wide island, whose court, at the close of the epoch, was at Bau. Here a special dialect was in use, as in Burma and the Malay States, and a harem of the old Eastern type was maintained, in so far, at least, that the fairest virgins were sent there for the king to delight in.

Society under the chiefs was largely communist; property was held and work was carried on in common. Women were not secluded, though custom, as in all such cases, kept them a good deal apart. Men associated with men, and women with women. Money was unknown.

Food was abundant. On the seashore fish were

caught; on land yams and taro were grown. The yam is a long root that cooks and tastes like a potato; taro is the allocassia, not unknown in India, but seldom used there for food. The root is a round lump of three or four inches diameter, purple in colour. It is boiled for use; the stranger finds it heavy and tasteless. I had a fortnight of taro and yams on my travels and was glad to get back to the fleshpots of civilisation.

The original clothing of the Fijians was bark-cloth, made of bark beaten out with a mallet. There were many varieties of it; the most costly was as fine as tissue-paper, and could hardly be worn more than once. Much labour was needed to keep the chiefs supplied with this article.

Houses were built, as they are still, of matting fastened to uprights of tree-fern stems. The floors were covered with matting, much of it beautifully woven. The man of position was distinguished, then as now, by the number and style of the mats he could produce. They were sometimes decorated with birds' feathers, and their pattern proclaimed their place of origin.

The state of war was general and habitual. No missles were in use, only clubs of endless size and variety. Their curious shapes are pretty well known, for every museum in the world possesses some. Their weight testifies to the strength of the old Fijians, for only a race of giants could have swung them; and it is still worth while to watch a man go through the traditional drill with one. But I gather that the Fijians were no such fighters as the Maories and the Red Men of America. Old stages in the island disparage their prowess, and allege there was more sound and fury than bloodshed in their fighting.

I do not gather that life in old Fiji was vile or unhappy, except in the one article of cannibalism. It is this that has given Fiji its bad name in the moral legends of Europe; its people were great and shameless cannibals. Prisoners-of-war and offenders against the chiefs were clubbed, and steamed, and eaten—sometimes with dreadful cruelty, for the limbs of living men were sometimes eaten before their eyes. How the practice arose we do not know. Perhaps, solely, as a measure of revenge, for it was considered a shameful end to be eaten, and the victor eating the vanquished gloried in his triumph. But a real delight in human food was not unknown, and it is literally true that such meals were the banquets of Fiji. Perhaps a craving for animal food may have led to this, if such a craving exists in men, certainly there was nothing in Fiji to satisfy it. Foreigners, however, were not sympathetic, and did not make excuses for cannibalism, nor for the practice of carving the victims' bones into fish-hooks and parrot-rings.

Such was the world discovered by Tasman in 1643, and visited a century later by our own Captain Cook. Slowly Europeans began to make themselves felt there. Whalers put in for water and vegetables; traders for copra. In 1804 a few convicts from Australia escaped to the island, and the rascally tribe of European runaways turned up. The first missionaries arrived in 1834. They closed the epoch of village war, but other troubles followed as white adventurers crowded in, and the native king was too feeble to repress them. The British flag was at that time the only flag known in the South Seas, and the British Government was entreated by the king to take over and administer the country.

For many years it refused. The British Empire is not, as some suppose, the fruit of greedy and far-sighted annexations; had our rulers been as grasping as they might have been the British flag would float over much territory that is now French or German, over all Australasia in particular. Most of what we possess has been in some way thrust upon our Home Government, by adventurers of our own sometimes, and sometimes by destiny in other shapes. Thus we came by Fiji, which indeed seemed no great prize at the time, but needed rescuing from circumstances.

The rescue was effected. King Thakombau's debts were regulated, and law and order introduced among the white residents of Fiji. I suppose, somewhere, the story of these same residents could be excavated; it is hidden away nowadays, I do not know where one should look for it. It is little to the white man's credit. The beach-combers of the Pacific do not attract us by such feats of hardihood as those of the American pioneers; they were thieves and loafers who stole boats, and cadged on the natives, and drank and lusted after women. One hears of such a one, how many " wives " and how many children he had, and how he spent his worthless life cheating and pilfering. These gentry, perhaps, did little to break up native society, but they injured it by spreading drink and disease. The more adventurous were masters of slaving vessels, who carried off kanakas from the northern islands, and sold them to the sugar planters of Fiji or Queensland. I put the thing in this way, because this is what it came to; and one observes that while Britain was fighting a long campaign against the Arab slavers in Africa, slave raids were growing up under her own flag in the Pacific.

It is just to add that few great horrors occurred in the business, which was long ago put down. "Blackbirding" was the cant phrase for it; the common plan was to anchor in some quiet little bay, invite the natives on board to trade, entrap them below on the hatches, and sail off. More than once a sham bishop in a white robe was posted on the deck of a slaver to decoy the victims on board.

The half-caste white is to be found everywhere in the islands. His status varies. In many cases he is simply one of the natives—a position that never occurs in India. In others he has risen to comfort and dignity. But the spirit of the times is against him. Race sentiment is hardening, and the half-caste is worse off in Suva, the modern capital, than in old Levuka. He cannot go—or can scarcely go—to the Government school, and the pure white educated in Europe takes a firm attitude against him.

It is a sad sight to see the poorer children of this class playing about in Suva. Puny, underfed little things—there is not much of old England or old Fiji about them. "Association by contrast" recalls Tennyson's lines:

> "Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they should
> leap and they should run."

Poetic dream! But how little literature has to do with life! Facts are perhaps the grain from which literature is distilled; they are related as a loaf of bread to a bottle of whisky.

Captain Cook describes the old Fijians as the most ingenious of the South Sea Islanders. He was a good judge, and no doubt he was right. I do not think their art is so beautiful as that of the Solomon Islands, from

which all the best art of the Pacific comes. But some of their patterns are excellent. They show no influence of natural forms, whatever their origin may have been; they are sharp, angular pieces of geometry. But they are often well displayed; it is curious how piquant is a good geometric pattern on a round surface. Their clubs and sceptres are imposing relics of savage state.

These are practically all lost to Fiji. The British Government, which is slow to think of museums, had not started one when I left, though a fair collection was just then being offered them.

I found a good sceptre (if such it were) in one of the village huts where I stayed, and argued with myself the question whether I should or ought to buy it. At the moment it pleased me to be magnanimous, and to give the owner a solemn injunction against parting with such treasures. He ought to keep it as a relic, an inspiration. And so, as far as I am concerned, he kept it; no doubt he has sold it since then for less than I should have given him. What is the right thing to do in such cases? As usual, it is difficult, if not impossible to say—unless you are born to hold strong opinions.

One may wonder that the marvels of nature have struck the Fijian so little; but natural beauty is a thing that escapes the natural man. The Kashmiri highlander, the Red Man of America, the Fijian, and even the Moari have scarcely noticed that Nature is worth looking at, though they live in the presence of her masterpieces. So, too, in Europe; we must not go to Switzerland but to Holland for the rise of landscape painting. The history of human development takes its own course; we know nothing of the inner impulse that guides it. Reason fails it and we must submit to facts.

The Fijian was not an unpoetical person. He had even names for his pedigree clubs: "the weeping impels me to action." His memory was stored with legends, and one that I heard I will repeat to you. "Would you know why the Drui-dela-kula's breast is red? Let me tell you. Once upon a time a goddess caught sight of a young chief sleeping. His beauty inflamed her heart, but she remembered that the eternal laws forbid goddesses to accept the embraces of men, and she would not make herself known to him. Nevertheless, she resolved to keep him in sight and protect him, and to carry out this purpose she turned herself into a parrot. Every day at dawn she settled near him on a bread-fruit tree, and went on calling till he noticed her. Presently there was formed a league of tribes against the chief, and he went out to fight them. The parrot followed him. One night she found the enemy gathering to surprise his camp, and she flew there and cried till she awakened him. He recognised the parrot, and, suspecting some danger, called his men together to meet it. Throughout the engagement the parrot hovered near him, and once, when an arrow was flying towards him, she interfered herself and received it. Then she flew away, sorely wounded, and sank down dying in the forest. The Drui-dela-kula heard her calling for water and brought her a little in a leaf. As he offered it her, the blood from the goddess' wounds fell on her breast; and that is where you see it to-day, and that is why the little brown bird's bosom is flecked with red."

Another legend tells you why the rocks of Yatutagani and Yatuabron stand fronting each other, the one bare, the other mantled with verdure. These are a chief and a goddess who lived and loved once in the forest, but

perished, when he sought to cross to her, in a flowing tide. Has ever there been a Fijian Ovid? No doubt he might have found many a tale like this, for these stories of magical change are one touch of imagination that makes the whole world kin.

The Fijians of the present day will mostly be found living in villages, buried somewhere in the forest. There are no villages on earth more beautiful. The houses are usually grouped round a stretch of turf, as green and level as any turf can be. The huts are slightly raised on plinths of earth, and round them are rows of foliage plants. Canna, croton and dracæna blend or contrast with each other, helped out by tobacco and kava plants that supply the simple luxuries of the country. The background is of cocoa palms, and plantains, and bread-fruit trees, fringing the tall and sombre forest. Behind this rise the mountains, whose mountain streams come down to join the river. There are few villages far away from a stream of clear water, where old and young spend many delightful hours.

A conspicuous building is the church, a structure of mat and thatch like the rest, only larger. Outside it is something like a thick, wooden canoe, which is really a drum, sounded by two wooden sticks with which the sides are beaten. This is the bell and belfry of the church. There is little furniture inside it; dirty mats are spread on the floor, covered on Sunday by clean ones. Entering one of the houses, the chief object you will find is a bed, generally a very large one, raised upon the ground on a wooden frame. There are no bedclothes, but matting and pillows supply their place. There may be a mosquito net hung from the

roof; if you are going to use it yourself one is sure to be produced. One or two cupboards or shelves, enamelled cups and basins, a book or two; nothing else, except the women's dresses hanging against the wall.

The only work carried on is cultivation of the soil. There are no village industries; everything the people want they buy at the village shop. The principal figures in society are the chief, if there is one, and the village pastor. The chief is still a reality; it is through him that Government controls the district, and it is he who makes arrangements for travellers. If you descend upon his village some evening, in need of a night's lodging, it is he who will settle which house is to be given you, and where your mats and food are to come from. The pastor is an influential man, too. He is also the schoolmaster of the village, and holds his little school in the church every day. There, too, or in his own house, he holds service morning and evening, to which—more or less—the villagers repair.

My impression of the village pastors was quite favourable. They are all educated men, genuine centres of village life, and regular in their duties. They preach and pray with obvious fervour, and I am told they speak with power. I heard of one who was preaching a missionary sermon on behalf of some island where a station had been abandoned; while he was speaking he noticed that one of the lamps had gone out, and he seized on the incident as a figure of what had happened and implored the audience to relight Christianity. Was this less inspired than Pitt's famous Virgilian quotation:

"Illi sera rubens accendit lumina vesper."

But, in truth, eloquence is the possession of almost

all savage races; it is no less the last gift to depart when civilisation perishes, and its presence does not prove the presence of anything besides itself. So let us turn to ask seriously, what have the Fijians gained or lost by the changes of the last fifty years?

First of all, what have they lost? They have lost, in the first place, the arts of life. They once made pottery, they have ceased to make it; they make bark-cloth, fishing apparatus, boats, and arms, they have ceased to make them. European articles are better, or apparently better—the Fijians have money to buy them; why should they not do so? And as they have lost their useful arts, so they have lost their fine arts. They have lost, that is to say, a frame of mind, for this is the essence of fine art. They no longer make or delight to make, or have the patience to make, beautiful objects. They have lost the habit of industry. Did they ever possess it? Without doubt, I think, in a much higher degree than to-day. It has been their misfortune to be too well off. The British Government has left them their lands and the power of leaving their lands, and the Fijian's riches have been one chief cause of their ruin.

I dwell on this point because it is worth noting. The case of Fiji is more truly disappointing than that of any other savage race. They have had a better chance than any other (save, perhaps, the Baganda). The British Government has really rescued and protected them; they have received a religious system liberal and well suited to their needs; they have had means and time to face their problems, yet they have never made any headway against them, and it seems as though the very circumstances that ought to have encouraged have

depressed them. Such a circumstance is the possession of wealth; another evil is the cessation of war. One is here on debateable ground; not everyone will agree that savage war develops savage virtue. Nor can it be doubted that war too long or too fierce drains away the blood of nations; but it is just as true that occasional war braces and ennobles the character. It not only develops courage and self-sacrifice, but it gives men a basis of self-respect. If men lay aside war for peace from a conviction that peace is nobler than war, their self-respect is not impaired, because other achievements support it; but where peace is merely imposed by authority, self-respect suffers. I think this has happened in Fiji—not always, but very often.

The communism of early times has not disappeared as a sentiment. I cannot say precisely how it affects life, but it is clearly there. Especially it prevails over the distribution of food, a point on which all Pacific islanders have always been sensitive. They never hesitate to share food with each other, and scarcely hesitate to take it whenever they see it and want it. The beachcombers made the most of this sentiment, and you could still to-day, as a needy European in Fiji, make certain you would never starve (unless some Government official or some missionary insisted upon it). Now this system may have had its advantages once, but it is not a system with any merits in an age of transition. It discourages personal enterprise, when, whatever a man makes belongs equally to the lazy and thriftless circle around him.

This is an evil abundantly at work in Fiji, though, by one of the usual paradoxes, the Fijian, so liberal in some respects, is grasping in others. If the traveller

has any money he is expected to part with it; if he wants to buy anything, he will be cheated in the bargain. This, to be sure, is a lesson which the trader soon teaches the native; unsophisticated savages, as a rule, have no idea of a bargain; the trader fleeces them without mercy, and dishonesty is one of the first lessons of civilisation. Cupidity is another, and the Fijian has learned it.

I suppose, too, he has learned to be dirty and untidy in his home. I know this is disputed; but I suspect it is true. At any rate, nowadays, his untidiness is atrocious, no less the dirt on his floor, and his habit of spitting on the walls of his house. I saw *one* clean and orderly house in Fiji, that of the Sergeant I have mentioned. In one important respect good rules are followed; village privies are maintained (or something like them). Captain Cook long ago mentioned that he found such a thing in Fiji, "that decent article of civil convenience, a privy." They might learn from the Indians to clean their teeth.

The general health of the islands to-day is good. Government watches strictly over new arrivals, and has been successful for some time in keeping out epidemics. The great visitation of measles took place in the seventies, when some forty thousand Fijians died of the disease. Like the Athenians in the plague the victims suffered from burning thirst and fever and plunged into the mountain streams and killed themselves. Nevertheless, infant mortality is high, and children in general look sickly. This, no doubt, is largely due to improper food. Under the savage system, children are nursed at the breast for as long as two years, and when they are weaned they are able to face the food of their elders.

This is rendered possible by the polygamous system, which segregates nursing women from their husbands. Christianity, confining one husband to one wife, restores that wife to her husband's embraces much sooner after confinement, and the infant is weaned too soon. There are no patent foods amongst savages to help the process, and pretty often the infant perishes.

But here we are stumbling upon the greatest and least tractable of all social questions, the relation of the sexes. What changes have fifty years seen in them in Fiji? This is what I cannot tell; but I will relate what I heard in answer to my questions. The old Fijians, I am assured, were not in the main a lustful or unchaste race. Marriages took place at a mature age, and ante-nuptial intercourse was rare.* So was married infidelity. The sleeping houses of the men were separate from those of the women, and most life was led under the public eye.

To some extent these customs survive; the men and women of the family seem to sleep in separate huts. But there is not so much watch and ward, the old women have not the same inquisitorial powers, and perhaps (though I am not sure of this in Fiji) the adulterer's penalty was more deterrent in earlier days. At the same time monogamy makes new demands on the self-restraint of men, and they are sometimes unequal to them. How much evil occurs I cannot say; some witnesses take a despondent tone.

The same tone is taken over the decline of the Fijian

* One man—a good witness—an Englishman who was legally married to a Samoan, assured me that in some islands in the Pacific, notably in Samoa, ante-nuptial unchastity was severely censured, and arrangements were made resembling those of the old Hebrews for proof of virginity.

population. This decline, till now very marked, has lately, it is said, been arrested; but we must wait for proof of that. Some reasons for it have been given above; another closely connected with them may be added. The monogamous system makes one woman responsible for the work of a house, which work she must somehow carry out through all the stages of her pregnancy. We English people know by what hard shifts this is managed among our poorer classes; it is not surprising that Fijian women decline the ordeal. In the old days of communism, the work of the houses and fields were alloted to those capable of it; nowadays, this is impossible. It is a common practice amongst women to meet the difficulty by abortion. The influence of the men is not cast against this because they have no such desire for sons as when they needed them in war.

These are all melancholy facts, but they must be prominent in any picture of present-day Fiji. I do not see how we can charge them very well to anybody except Destiny; certainly I am not going to charge them against the missionaries. The history of these men throughout the Southern Seas will bear any amount of inspection. It has been written elsewhere for those who wish to read it; we shall not rewrite it here. Yet let us pause a moment to pay a tribute to those who, eighty years ago, went out to Fiji. Long before modern communications were formed, wholly unsupported by the civil arm, they entered a world from which they could scarcely hope to reappear, a world thronged with hideous images, and, to human eyes, almost void of promise. The good that we can see in it now was inevitably hidden; what everyone could

see then, and we have almost forgotten, is the savage wars, savage executions, and cannibal orgies. Undaunted by the prospect the missionaries landed; they painfully possessed themselves of food and shelter, grappled with novel tongues, and taught the Fijians to understand and respect them. It is a mystery, still, how it was done, or why, exactly, the Fijians accepted Christianity. The simple narratives of the pioneers throw no light on this; they saw the finger of God in the change and that was all. I think myself that the Fijian chiefs did, somehow, recognise a higher morality, and a true impulse of self-devotion led to their conversion. It was mainly through the chiefs that the change came; their people obeyed their chiefs or their orders. There was at first some persecution of isolated converts, but afterwards the movement was swift and general.

The Fijian Islands were the sphere of the Wesleyans, and the system of church government followed theirs in England. It entrusts affairs to church councils, and throws responsibility as much and as soon as possible on the people. This plan was certainly a generous one, and it has been in the best sense popular. It has, I think, enlisted more vigorous support for religion than any other plan would have done. At the present day, the Fijian church is *entirely* self-supporting, only the personal expenses of the white missionaries coming from England.

If we are to criticise the proceedings of the early missionaries, we can only complain that they hardly realised the many-sided effort that the reconstruction of society would require. One sees this alike in the spheres of work and amusement. They did not foresee

how both industry and recreation would perish with the old order, and how much help would be needed to recreate the interests of society. I suppose they had something else to do than to think of amusements, yet the common man living on a lower plane than that of the saint must admit, with a sigh, that life has been a dull affair since the great change. Not only war has gone, but all the dancing and singing and shouting that enlivened peace; there is nothing stirring now. One night, as I lay in a Fijian hut, I heard the sounds of music from the church, and making my way there, I found a company of men and women seated on the ground in rows singing. What they were singing I know not, for there was no one to tell me; but they sang full blithely, and I seemed to catch an echo of the past. And, indeed, it is so all through the Southern Seas; the old memories linger still and bring up images of a gaiety, an " unbought grace," that is sadly missing there to-day. As for industry, the Wesleyan Mission has now bestirred itself in earnest; the question of technical instruction has come to the front, and its importance is on every tongue.

" Christianity," said one of the missionaries to me, " has given the Fijian a *home*." I think this was true; under the old system there was no such thing in his world. That a man and woman should live together, supporting and comforting each other, and rearing their own children together, was a notion they had not arrived at. The missionaries placed it before them, with every hope, and every reasonable hope, that the institution would be, as it has been in England, the shelter of virtuous thoughts and deeds. I will not say their hopes have been quite disappointed, yet progress

has been slow and small. One sees reasons for this. A home seems to need some privacy, yet the climate of Fiji discourages this, and the natural bent of the people rejects it. I do not see how you can have a home where all the life of the family passes in one large room and strangers are always present. At any rate the conventions of family life require working out anew, and the Fijians have never troubled themselves to do this. Their family life strikes one pretty often as slipshod and make-believe.

I know little of the old heathenism of Fiji, but gather that it was a sort of Shamanism, and its chief pretension was intercourse with spirits of the dead and guiding genii of the race. The practice is not extinct yet. There is a secret society, the Luveniwai, which holds midnight meetings, and it has its own mediums and clairvoyants. I met an Englishman, born and bred in Fiji, who assured me he had joined the order, and I place before the reader his account of his initiation.

"The ceremony took place one night in a Fijian hut. You must picture this hut as an oblong building, with one door at the end, and nothing inside it. There were four of us in the party—myself, my sponsor, the priest, and his attendant.

"We entered the hut, closed the door, and sat down in complete darkness. The priest recited an invocation, in which he employed an old dialect of Fijian, now extinct, known as the Mother-water dialect. When he concluded, we heard a rustling in the tree above the hut, a scuffling in the thatch, and a voice from the far end of the room demanding his purpose. He replied that he sought an interview with the paramount spirit,

and the being replied that he would summon him. We heard him depart, the noises attending his arrival being reversed; and after an interval the same noises announced his return. They were repeated more than once, and finally were accompanied by a louder uproar which heralded the paramount spirit. He, in a harsh voice, demanded what a foreigner like myself sought with him. My sponsor answered that not curiosity, but a friendly interest in Fiji brought me there, and I desired admission to the order on all conditions required from its members. The spirit acceded to my wish, and accepted a bowl of kava which my sponsor presented, but cautioned me that if I disclosed the secrets of the order I should be chastised 'even as this upright is hacked with the axe.' As he spoke, the blows of an axe resounded on the far upright with such force that the whole building shook. A promise was then added that the axe should be entrusted to my keeping, and my sponsor and myself were invited to advance and take the spirit's hand. We crawled forward on the mats and I took in turn the hands of the spirit and his subordinate. The hand of the one was bristly, with thick hairs inside it, of the other cold and smooth. Both spirits then departed with the same noise in the roof and trees. I returned home, and found under my bed that night a hatchet of antique pattern, which I still possess. The sentry at my door* asserted that no one had entered my house since I left it.

"Next day I revisited the hut, and observed that the indentations on the upright were parallel with the ground, in a place where there was no room to swing an axe."

* My informant was an official.

The student of occult lore will notice some coincidences in this tale, however he may explain it. Let him disdain it if he holds there be no such things as powers of the air. The belief in such is not dead in Fiji; and if you wish to stir a Fiji gathering from its usual calm, spill a few drops from a bowl of kava before you taste it. You will perceive some uneasiness abroad. Government have proscribed the Luveniwai, perhaps not sufficiently discriminating white magic from black. Black magic was known in the past, but never had such a hold on people's minds as amongst the negro races.

I have written of the missionaries as though the Wesleyans were the only people in Fiji calling themselves Christians. Such is not the case. Nine years after the Wesleyans came the priests of Rome. It has ever been the wisdom of Rome to cultivate with special zeal those fields where heretics have begun to sow tares, recognising that the Protestant errors, while not less fatal to the soul than heathenism, are more difficult to root up and more pernicious. I visited no Roman mission, and can say little of their work except that in Fiji it has not been very prosperous. True, the noblest building in the islands is the Roman Cathedral, signalised by its arches, in the one eternal style, and doubly impressive because every stone of it came by sea from Australia; true, there are some hundreds of Roman converts, but in Fiji the Roman system is not popular, and the Wesleyans triumph. It is not so everywhere. In the Polynesian Islands the Roman Church is advancing, and the Protestants find their converts deserting them for the " Popi." Not, I fancy, from any depth of conviction; the change takes place

sometimes in the reverse order, according as missionaries are personally popular, more or less strict in morals or school discipline, or so on. Of the Roman missionaries' zeal no one needs to learn from me; a great author has told the world the story of Father Damien. I will note, without imputing motives, that the policy of Rome differs in one particular from that of the Wesleyans; the latter have acquired no land in the name of the mission, the former, as always and everywhere, make landed property a chief resource of the Church. Both plans may be defended; but credit must be given to the Wesleyans for refusing an excellent chance of replenishing their funds. In this, as also in their refusal to trade, they have proved a disinterested and self-denying spirit.

I am sorry that I cannot adorn this tale with a first-hand account of the fire-walkers (for which see Mr Lang's collection). I met many, however, who had seen them, both in the Fiji Islands and at Raiotea in the Tahiti group. The procedure is well known. A pit is dug and filled with huge stones, fuel is piled upon them and burned, till after several hours the stones are glowing at a red heat under a layer of ashes. The ashes are knocked off and the stones brought into order with long poles, after which the fire-walkers march across them. It does not appear they use any invocation or ceremony, and different accounts are given of the apparent heat of the stones and the length of time spent in crossing them. All witnesses agree that the performers are uninjured, and all are very puzzled to account for what they see. The observer who struck me most was a Rationalist, who tried to believe that the stones were not really very hot, and the Fijians' feet

were very thick-skinned; but he seemed dissatisfied with this view even while he put it forward. Mrs Besant holds that some spirit protects the performers by interposing a veil of subtle matter. What the performers themselves say in Fiji is that once upon a time their ancestors, while fishing somewhere, caught the King of the Eels, and proposed to eat him, and he gave this magical power as a ransom to his captors. What is said in Raiotea I do not know.

The performance takes place once a year in Fiji; in Raiotea, and possibly in Fiji too, it can be seen by command, but a high fee is charged. I met sometime afterwards an impresario who had taken the fire-walkers of Raiotea to San Francisco. He was very bitter against the professors of California University; they were all rooted sceptics, and refused even to witness the performance. I told him he must look for such conduct from scientific men, whose vocation prevents them from keeping their minds open. One of his troupe was a woman, whose dress caught fire as she walked across the stones.

The fire-walkers of Fiji are known to fame everywhere, but, locally, other magical powers are believed in and attested to. The Tongans possess incantations which summon up sharks. Demand a shark from your Tongan boatman and he will chant a song, which the nearest shark will hear; not long afterwards you will see a shark's fin showing above the water. This seems a degree less credible than the fire-walker's gift; but we are too apt to judge of strange things by the little we know about things wholly different.

I spent most of my time, as I have said, in Viti Levu, a week in Suva. It is a straggling town, streets and

shops pretty good, mostly European in design. Expenses are high, except the expense of European articles sold by Europeans. There is a Carnegie library, which reminds us we are not in India. But Suva is no place to stay at, you must move on, to Levuka for example, on Vanna Levu, if you want another European settlement. It lies just under a starry-pointing mountain, clothed with glorious verdure; there is not a place of more dazzling beauty in the world. It was the old European capital; you may still meet old stagers here, and listen to yarns of maritime adventure, close calls in cutters and streaks of shady luck.

Levuka is a great place for hurricanes, which at times afflict most of the Southern Seas. A "big blow" comes once in every few years; every occupation has to reckon with it, for it makes a hole in everyone's profits. Everything is flattened out; huts, trees, and fields of plantains; a tremendous sea gets up, and the waters invade the land. Even big ships are carried inland, and never get back to sea again. Low-lying islands are submerged; sometimes whole populations perish. The season for these phenomena is the beginning of the year.

I paid a brief visit to Bau, the old capital of the island. It is itself a small island, separated by a shallow channel from the coast. On it are groups of huts and a missionary's residence; a charming and peaceful scene. The ruling prince still lives here, and the pretty faces of the Bau children remind us that, in early days, the choice virgins of the island were sent here for the king. I did not see the prince, who was absent; he lives chiefly in the simple Fiji way, but has some rooms in European style.

It was here I tasted *kava* for the first time, more properly known in Fiji as yaquona. This famous drink is made from the roots of an ugly bush with broad leaves and knotty stems that grows everywhere in the Southern Seas. The roots are dried and finally pounded in a mortar; water is poured over them and the infusion strained and drunk. It tastes like soap suds; but I was determined to like it, and did so. Most Europeans soon take (or used to take) to it ; it is certainly refreshing, and, taken in small quantities, harmless. Men are never satisfied, however, with small quantities of anything, and kava in large quantities enfeebles the intellect and paralyses the limbs. The missionaries, therefore, frown upon its use, and pastors abstain from it.

But I do not suppose that I have finished this subject of kava; truly speaking I have not indeed opened it. What soma was to the "Aryans," or wine to the Greeks, or tobacco to the Red Man, all that kava was to the Fijian. It was the symbol of hospitality, of conviviality, and of all intercourse with the *devas*. Nor was it prepared with such commonplace adjuncts as a pestle and mortar; the root was chewed by girls, and from their mouths it was transferred to the sacred bowl.* The infusion was made and passed round with intricate ceremonies, the chiefs and the guests drank in order of precedence. "Prepare the libation to the chiefs of the Sokula who has died on sea or land! Be

*This procedure is now forbidden by ordinance. Nevertheless I met an Englishman—a cultured man—who spoke with hesitation in its favour. But he was an Englishman without and a Fijian within; truly we are a variable race. Custom rules us all, said the Greeks, and a man may drift into anything. Only "race prejudice" can preserve us.

gracious, ye lords the gods, that the rain may cease and the sun shine forth."

Then, again, I visited Lautoka; it was indeed the first place where I landed in Fiji. But Lautoka is not Fiji of the Fijians; it is the chief centre of the Colonial Sugar Refining Company. Here you may see, what is not to be seen in India, a modern sugar-mill. My memory is not charged with figures concerning its size and power of production; the place was really colossal, if that is the final epithet to designate overwhelming size. I was there in the height of the sugar-making season; trains of cane were incessantly arriving, and mountains of sugar departing for New Zealand. Machinery for traction, and for crushing canes, vats and separators all incessantly at work; the factory does not stop in the season day or night. There is a large European staff; they take a pride in the economy of their working, and boast that no factory in the world loses so small a percentage of the precious crystals. But I was not much enchanted with the scene; it was only a degree better than the packing houses of Chicago. One may grant the enterprise of the concern, and its ingenuity; it is even a legitimate business (unless those are right who think sugar is an invention of the Enemy). But the heat, the grime, and the uproar are intolerable; and the white supervisors and the Indian coolies alike are out of their element, overworked and lost to the higher ends of existence.

It is time now to speak of these Indian coolies. They exist in Fiji because the Fijian will not work, in a sugar-mill or anywhere else, hence the Hindu has been invited to take his place. The Hindu, being civilised, though he does not like work, sees the necessity for it;

he gets himself shipped off to Fiji, eats his rice, saves his one rupee a day, and rises in the world. The original idea was that he should make a small fortune and return to India; but once located in Fiji he has, pretty often, resolved to stay there. He has sent for his woman, leased a plot of land, and started out to found a Hindu society in Fiji. This society now numbers about forty thousand souls.

It is at present very disorganised. Hindu institutions do not easily travel across the sea, and, for the present, the Hindus of Fiji have pretty well forgotten and relinguished everything Hindu. Their children scarcely know what caste is, or recognise the names of Vishnu and Shiva. A few tulsi plants, a few Brahman astrologers to calculate lucky days, these are all the vestiges of Hinduism I saw or heard of. As a class they are well-to-do; I have seen people wearing strings of sovereigns, but their homes are poor and wretched in the extreme. In the interior they keep petty shops, selling biscuits, tea, and tinned salmon to the villagers. (Tinned salmon—"fit for human consumption." It comes from British Columbia, and is sold in the heart of Fiji for fourpence half-penny a tin. Curious that the energy of several civilisations should be directed to this end, the organisation of sweated labour all round the globe, and the supply of bad food to the lazy Fijian.)

The future of these Hindus is an interesting theme, it is part of the wide subject of the future of the Southern Seas. There is no doubt that in Fiji the Hindus will increase in number. They may easily, in a few years, outnumber the Fijians; while the latter, so far from increasing, may perhaps decrease and dis-

appear. This cannot yet be considered certain; there are too many Fijians still alive, and they may perhaps learn to take care of themselves. At present they are living in a fool's paradise. They do not realise the position of their island, not with all the geography and history they have been taught. They do not see that, only four days from New Zealand, a rich and empty country like Fiji is not going to be left alone for ever. When the British Government took over Thakombau's debts, it took over also the empty lands of Fiji as a Government domain. This, at least, was intended, but the claim has never been pursued, and hitherto the Fijians have enjoyed the satisfaction of owning the land, leasing it to Hindus and Europeans, and spending the proceeds. I doubt if this is going to last for ever; one of these days the Fijians will find that somehow or other their title to the land is gone, and they have nothing to live upon. The remedy lies in their own hands; I have said before and say again, they have had the best chance of all the unhappy tribes of savages.

European colonisation, in the strict sense, is probably not going to succeed in Fiji, though there is no malaria there. Dengue fever there is, and other complaints, and, in general, a climate that tries a white man's blood. Yet the planting community may increase and is likely to do so. European children will probably, if possible, go for education to New Zealand, though the European schools in Fiji are good. Levuka, in particular, has one of the best ordered and most inspiring schools I have ever seen, and with genuine pride I beheld it. All is not lost for Britain and the British name when, in so remote a spot, men can be found like the headmaster of the Levuka school, to give these waifs and strays a

chance in the modern world. How easily disorder and lethargy might have prevailed in such a place, and what perseverance is needed year after year to expel them!

At Levuka I paid a visit to the Gardens of the Sea. By this name you must recognise a coral reef, as viewed from a boat gliding over it. The edge of the reef is perhaps a mile from the shore; on the seaward side it sinks abruptly into deep water, while between this and the shore is a lagoon where the coral grows within a few inches of the surface. You need a day and an hour when the water is as smooth as glass, and you can look down from your boat on the branching growth below you. It is very beautiful; the living coral shows a blue or rosy tip on its branches, and little fish of radiant blue, "the genii of the stream," flash about in its groves and thickets.

Levuka was the last place I saw in Fiji, and my last acquaintance with the Melanesian. The Polynesian I saw but for a moment in Rarotonga and Tahiti. For a moment, therefore, let us recall him.

His home, in these volcanic islands, is like the home of the Fijian; I have described it already. (Can it be that Sicily in classic times looked something like Polynesia?) He himself is a very different person. Slender in build, olive hued rather than brown, with flowing, wavy hair, he calls Adam father by some other line than the Fijian. His social organisation was the same; in the arts, perchance, less inventive, in daily life he was a blither creature. First impressions between him and the European seem to show mutual delight. The loose morals of the women suited the European sailors; one is not surprised by the story of the *Bounty*. That good ship, under the command of Bligh, stayed at

Tahiti to collect bread-fruit trees for the West Indies, and it seems that when she left the island some of her company resolved to return there and fleet away the rest of their lives in the lotus land of the Southern Seas. They set Bligh with a few men adrift in a boat, and two of the strangest tales in history began. Read them, if you will, elsewhere; they used to be read years ago, and no greater feat has ever been accomplished than Bligh's voyage in that open boat, three thousand six hundred and eighteen miles to Timor. We are thinking now of the Tahitian aborigines and their licentious lives. It seems the morals of Tahiti even then were declining. Society was dominated by the Areoi, a military league, which you may well contrast with the orders of chivalry. Vowed to want and celibacy, an inspiring ideal, the members of it came to prey on their own countrymen, and passed their celibate lives in orgies of unbridled lust. There seems to be no doubt of this, and the subject is one for those philosophers who would have us follow the maxim, *Faites ce que voudrez.* Sometimes one finds something attractive in the idea of flouting morality, and making the pleasures of our six senses a deliberate aim. The programme has even a dignity of its own. It is, however, just as tiresome to carry out as morality itself; sensual indulgence, if not regulated by the strictest prudence, ends so soon in loss of power and failure to repeat its pleasures. Savages, like civilised men, have made the same disappointing discovery.

In Tahiti of to-day, of course, you will not find the Areoi, nor anything else of old Tahiti. The Polynesian has died out more completely than the Melanesian, and what Tahitians there are left seem to be all hybrids.

Some trace of their old charm lingers here and there, but for the most part they look like aged paupers, sitting around, waiting for death. They still love, as of old, to twine flowers in their hair.

The town of Tahiti is a collection of decayed bungalows and fetid lanes. Brothels abound. It lives, I suppose, largely on visitors; many Americans make the round trip from San Francisco and back; it is a way Americans have to take great interest in scraps of effete societies.* French officials are numerous and ill-paid; French residents themselves criticise the administration severely. (But then, residents everywhere, under every flag, do the same.) I do not see, however, why the necessaries of life should be so dear; with abundant corn in New Zealand why should flour cost two and a half times what it does in France?

I visited the Government school. It was attended by children of every race; co-educational throughout; French the only language recognised. This policy is the exact opposite of what we have followed in Fiji. The school was well housed and well equipped, the teacher a courteous and competent man. No religion, of course; plenty of moral instruction. The Roman Church has a school of its own; so have the Tahiti Protestants.

* But a few years ago, not twenty, a small American ship reached Fiji, with a company of armed adventurers on board, who proposed to occupy a South Sea island and repeat the story of Pitcairn Island. They had read old history correctly, but neglected recent events, thus they did not know that the grasping European powers had forestalled them. Not an island was left. The company broke up. Nevertheless they had come so fully prepared that they even had phials of poison on their persons, as a last resource in case of misadventure among cannibals.

There stands on the beach a fine monument of Bougainville; a memorial of a time when French explorers all the world over led side by side with the British. What has happened to the French since then that they no more produce such men? Such men have not yet ceased to emerge from England, from Britain, perhaps one should say. In the South Sea Mr William Macgregor was the British pioneer of British influence in the past century, one of those resolute ubiquitous, far-sighted men who created the British Empire before the days of Cecil Rhodes and "Imperialism."

There are few Hindus in Tahiti, but many Chinese. Some day, perhaps, the Hindus and Chinese will divide Polynesia between them; it will be interesting to see which race triumphs when the two meet as competitors.

West of Fiji come the Papuas, the denizens of New Guinea and others still more or less savages. Life is not so much changed here; the ferocity of old days continues, and you have still a chance of being steamed on hot stones, *more majorum*, if you explore the New Guinea jungles. New Guinea is a vast island, and corners of it are still amongst the least known parts of the earth. All I saw of it was fragments of art-work in the Sydney curio shops. New Guinea and the Solomon Islands seem to lead in art production, and much of their art is in the highest vein of decorative inspiration. It is kindred in style with all the art of the Southern Seas, but perhaps more varied and more finished.

The charm of this art is irresistible, and it is wonderful in its combination of design, finish, and utility. No workman could ever do more with stone, and bone, and shells than the Polynesians have achieved.

Museums all over the world bear witness to this; indeed, it is not in the islands that you will see much of Polynesian art. Traders have swept them clean of everything—wheedled, cheated, and bullied the people out of everything. You must go to Sydney if you want to recall their past and judge them as they were.

Here and there in this paper I have tried to suggest such a judgment, but ultimate questions I have not tried to answer. To what other branches of our race are the Polynesians akin? Shall we ever know? Probably not. The flighty speculations of the past are discredited to-day; few writers say confidently that the negroes or the Malays have produced the Fijian or the Tahitian. We are content at present to take them as we find them; peoples with many traces of mixed blood, yet united by a common culture that has few points of affinity outside the Pacific. I shall leave it to the Theosophists to tell us whether Lemuria survives on these reefs and peaks.

It seems as though Nature had amused herself with creating a continent of islands, to contrast with Asia and Africa, and discourage general views of life. Here we see man at home on the sea; the Polynesian *prahus* answering to the *caravans* of Central Asia. Which was the harder problem for him, the desert of Gobi, or the leagues of sea that lie between Easter Island and the world? Yet in Easter Island stand those giant images, by some ascribed to *anakim* of prehistoric ages, that do in truth silence all conjecture. There is one of them mouldering outside the British Museum; how few that see it pause to venerate its mystery!

There was no general empire of the Southern Seas. Perhaps without some such phrase "civilisation" is

impossible. Not that empires are exempt from mortal change, but the small communities of the savage world seem to rise and fall more quickly. We must, I think, conceive of the islands as witnessing constant growth and decline everywhere; races (within the race) moulding and asserting themselves, and perishing. The drama of life is probably the same on the civilised and uncivilised plane. Civilised life achieves more results—at least more material results. Whether civilisation brings more morality, on the whole, is doubtful, and it is not at all doubtful that it brings no increase of happiness. But civilisation, when it comes, is inevitable; when Destiny decrees it, a race must move on and play out its drama on the higher plane. Whether we reject the past or not, we cannot restore it; we can only cast now and then a lingering, longing look behind. And assuredly few visit the Southern Seas without once and again reverting their eyes to the past.

PRINTED AT THE NORTHUMBERLAND PRESS, THORNTON STREET, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

00085817

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hermès India
a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay

on 10 August, 2018